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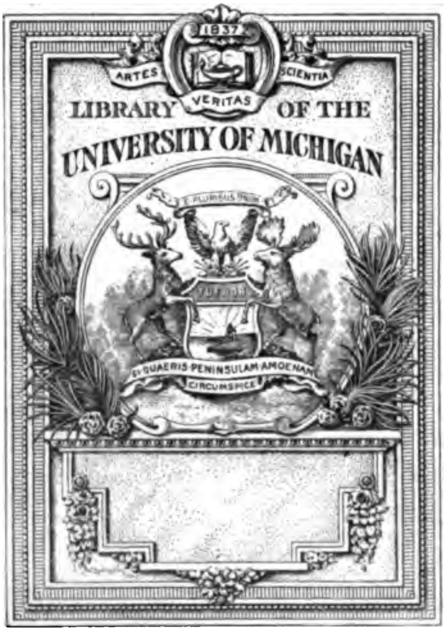
CAPTAIN CARTWRIGHT
AND HIS
LABRADOR JOURNAL

EDITED BY
CHARLES WENDELL TOWNSEND M.D.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CAPTAIN CARTWRIGHT AND HIS LABRADOR JOURNAL

W. Hilton, Pinxt. T. Medland, Sculp.

Captain Cartwright Visiting His Fox-traps

Frontispiece

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Cartwright, George

Captain Cartwright

AND HIS

LABRADOR JOURNAL

EDITED BY

CHARLES WENDELL TOWNSEND, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "ALONG THE LABRADOR COAST," "A LABRADOR
SPRING," "THE BIRDS OF ESSEX COUNTY," AND JOINT
AUTHOR OF "BIRDS OF LABRADOR"

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL

*Illustrations from Old Engravings, Photographs,
and a Map*

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INTRODUCTION

BY

DR. GRENFELL

Having been myself long familiar with the admirable diaries of Captain Cartwright, and having received no little personal inspiration from them, I have often regretted they were not within reach of more men of the present day. I have even gone so far as to try and set time enough aside to do a work myself that it had not pleased any one else to do. I firmly believe, however, it is only the scarcity of copies, and the little knowledge of them, that has led to their not being previously published. Thus it may readily be conceived how gladly I learned that Dr. Townsend had undertaken this labour of love—a work I consider altogether worthy of commendation. There are too few classics of the type of Borrow's "Bible in Spain" and White's "Natural History of Selbourne" that picture so clearly and obviously truthfully, the struggles and trials, the joys and interests of a very human being—such as most of us find ourselves to be. This book does not conventionally portray the life of a saint, but faithfully depicts that of a sinner—a class of books perhaps likely to do just as much good—being more interesting and therefore likely to

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reach further, even if it would be classed by some as not so directly edifying to the soul. The Journals are a concise illustration of the enterprise, pluck, perseverance, self-reliance and stoicism of the old English stock. Cartwright is even more than candid in the revelation of his own derelictions. But his carefully recorded series of facts about himself and the country paint a graphic picture which leaves one's mind informed and stimulated. It is, moreover, valuable, if for nothing else, for its contrast with the style of the journalistic records of passing events in the modern press, where a minimum of fact is made the basis for a maximum of letter press, so that the oculist rather than the mind or spirit benefits from the search for knowledge. Personally I feel very grateful for an accessible edition of these Journals. It would be a distinct loss to literature if they were permitted to disappear. It strikes me as somewhat appropriate this foreword should be written from the home of the gallant Captain himself.

WILFRED GRENFELL, M. D., M. A., etc.

Oct. 6, 1909.
S. S. Strathcona.
Cartwright, Labrador.

PREFACE

Before my first visit to Labrador in the summer of 1906, I came upon the Journal of Captain George Cartwright, published in Newark, England, in 1792, detailing his experiences during a residence of nearly sixteen years on that inhospitable but interesting coast. I found it to be a mine of valuable information and acute observations on many subjects connected with Labrador and Labrador life and adventure, including accounts of the birds and beasts that he hunted and trapped, and of the people, both Eskimo and Indian, all told with a fidelity to truth that cannot be doubted.

Cartwright's tact and judgment in dealing with the Eskimos, who had formerly been negotiated by the Europeans only at the musket's mouth, and his uniform justice in his treatment of them, together with his interesting account of their customs and of their behaviour both in Labrador and at the court of King George the Third, are all admirable.

His account of the habits of polar bears and beavers studied under exceptionally favourable circumstances, his observations on the caribou, on wolves, otters, wolverines and other fur-bearers, and on many species of water-birds, including the long extinct great auk, as well as his notes on matters botanical, are all of exceeding interest.

His treatment of labour difficulties, his adventures with American privateers during the Revolution and the side-light he throws on the character of Benedict Arnold, with whom he happened to share a cabin on a voyage to England, are all interesting; but above all one admires his keen sense of honour and his cheerful philosophy that cling to him in his numerous misfortunes.

The care with which his observations are made, his avoidance of exaggeration and his evident intention to state the truth as clearly as he could, together with his excellent judgment, make these volumes of great value and ever increasing interest, as they deal with conditions many of which are now passed for ever.

Intermingled with these interesting parts is much that is of necessity tedious and of little interest to the general reader, and much that is mere repetition, for the Journal, of over one thousand pages, in three large quarto volumes, is the every-day record of Cartwright's life, put down without embellishment evidently for his own convenience, and, as he himself says, with no thought of publication. The volumes are now rare, and, in this age of hurry, few would care to wade through the great body of the work for the sake of the plums.

In the following pages I have reproduced the Journal without any changes in the wording, spelling or punctuation, omitting only the unimportant details and the mass of repetition. Occasionally, only, have I introduced, but always in brackets, a few words of my own to explain any omissions. I have also added in foot-notes from time to time explanatory comments, and have given as far as possible the common and scientific names of the beasts, birds and plants mentioned. In interpreting the names as given by Cartwright, I have been aided by finding many of them still in use on the Labrador coast, and also by the fact that Cartwright often uses, very naturally, the names of allied or similar species in England. All of the animals and plants mentioned, with the exception of a few extinct species, are known to occur in Labrador to-day. As these names are often repeated a reference to the index will show the page where the explanatory notes occur. Cartwright's notes are indicated by asterisks, mine by numerals. Many of the unusual words are explained in Cartwright's "Glossary," also entered in the index.

I wish to express my thanks to Mr. Walter Deane for assistance in the identification of the plants and to Dr. Glover M. Allen in the identification of the mammals and fishes. I am also indebted for some of the photographs of the Labrador coast to Drs. W. P. Bolles, W. R. MacAusland and Glover M. Allen.

A brief account of the family history and of the life of Captain Cartwright subsequent to his residence in Labrador — he himself gives his earlier life — is to be found in the introduction.

Perhaps no more interesting picture of the man himself, nor any better praise for his Journal can be found than that in the following from the poet Southey, which I have already quoted in " Along the Labrador Coast," but it is worth quoting again:

" I saw Major Cartwright (the sportsman, not the patriot) in 1791. I was visiting with the Lambs, at Hampstead, in Kent, at the house of Hodges, his brother-in-law; we had nearly finished dinner when he came in. He desired the servant to cut him a plate of beef from the sideboard. I thought the footman meant to insult him: the plate was piled to a height which no ploughboy after a hard day's fasting could have levelled; but the moment he took up his knife and fork and arranged the plate, I saw this was no common man. A second and third supply soon vanished. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, who had never before seen him, glanced at each other; but Tom and I, with school boys' privilege, kept our eyes riveted upon him with what Doctor Butt would have called the gaze of admiration. 'I see you have been looking at me' (said he, when he had done). 'I have a very great appetite. I once fell in with a stranger in the shooting season and we dined together at an inn. There was a leg of mutton which he did not touch. I never make more than two cuts off a leg of mutton; the first takes all one side, the second all the other; and when I had done this, I laid the bone across my knife for the marrow. The stranger could refrain no longer. "By God, sir," said he, "I never saw a man eat like you."'

"This man had strength and perseverance charactered in every muscle. He eat three cucumbers, with a due quantity of bread and cheese, for his breakfast the following morning. I was much pleased with him, he was good-humoured and communicative; his long residence on the Labrador coast made his conversation as instructive as interesting. I had never before seen so extraordinary a man, and it is not therefore strange that my recollection of his manner, and words, and countenance should be so strong after an interval of six years.

"I read his book in 1793, and, strange as it may seem, actually read through the three quartos. At that time, I was a verbatim reader of indefatigable patience, but the odd simplicity of the book amused me — the importance he attached to his traps delighted me, it was so unlike a book written for the world — the solace of a solitary evening in Labrador. I fancied him blockaded by the snows, rising from a meal upon the old, tough, high-flavoured, hard-sinewed wolf, and sitting down like Robinson Crusoe to his Journal.

"The annals of his campaigns among the foxes and beavers interested me more than ever did the exploits of Marlborough or Frederic; besides, I saw plain truth and the heart in Cartwright's book, and in what history could I look for this?

"The print is an excellent likeness. Let me add that whoever would know the real history of the beaver must look for it in this work. The common accounts are fables.

" Coleridge took up a volume one day, and was delighted with its strange simplicity."

Cartwright reveals himself in these pages as a lover of the truth, a good observer and hard worker, a philosopher in good fortune and in ill fortune, a resourceful man in many trying experiences, and above all a man of strict honour and justice. In a larger field he might have attained great eminence. The memory of his labours and observations in Labrador are well worth cherishing.

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A CHART OF PART OF THE COAST OF LABRADOR

The Chart original is 34 by 24 inches; the small map of the straits of Belle Isle inserted in the lower left hand corner of the chart is a portion of the map of Newfoundland published with the original Journal.

The design on the cover is from a photograph of a Labrador racket or snow-shoe.

INTRODUCTION

BY

DR. TOWNSEND

George Cartwright, the second son of William Cartwright, was born at Marnham, Nottinghamshire, England, on February 12th (old style), 1739.

One of his ancestors, Sir Hugh Cartwright, who died in 1656, married the daughter and co-heiress of Cartwright, of Edingley. He was faithful to the cause of the unfortunate Charles, and was one of those who made themselves responsible for the debts contracted by the King during the siege of Newark. Had it not been for this loyalty of Sir Hugh to the cause of Charles, it is probable that the Labrador Journal would never have been written, for the family fortunes were so depleted in those stormy times that George Cartwright, instead of being able to follow his bent and live the life of a sporting English gentleman, was obliged to seek his fortunes over the seas among the rocks of Labrador. Owing to this same depleted state of the family exchequer, his education was cut short, and we have in his Journal possibly a more vigorous and less flowery record than we might have had if George's education had been embellished with all the latest touches of the age.

Another of the ancestors of the subject of this memoir, Edmund by name, married the sister of

Archbishop Cranmer, which enured to his temporal if not to his spiritual interests, as is shown in the following document: "Hee [Edmund Cartwright] was a scholar and Master of Artes of Jesus College, Cambridge, where hee was intimately acquainted with his countryman and fellow student, Thomas Cranmer, son of Thomas Cranmer, of Aslacton, whose only daughter Cartwright married: which Cranmer, becoming afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, tooke his brother Cartwright and sister into his house, and, at the dissolution of the abbeys, provided for him the abbey of Mauling in Kent, Rowney in Bedfordshire, and Ossington in Nottinghamshire, which are at this day worth three thousand a year, and married his heir, Hugh, to one of the Lord Cobham's daughters."

The father of our hero, William Cartwright, who married in 1731 his cousin Anne Cartwright, daughter of George Cartwright, was a man of very considerable talent and energy of character. He effected — temporarily it may be added — the abolition of the practice of giving vails[1] to servants, which had become an intolerable abuse, and to his exertions the public are indebted for the execution of the work at Muskham near Newark, where the road for more than a mile was preserved from the effects of flood by being carried over thirteen brick arches. It was once observed of William Cartwright that "he had a genius for encountering difficulties," and it is evident that

[1] Tips.

some of his sons inherited the same propensity in no common degree. He was blessed with five sons and five daughters. The oldest son, William, obtained a place in the Treasury, but died young. George was the second son. Then followed John, Edmund and Charles.

John, the third son, was born at Marnham on September 28, 1740. At the age of five years he was sent to a grammar school at Newark, and later to Heath Academy in Yorkshire. A great part of his vacations from school were spent at the house of his uncle by marriage, John, Viscount Tyrconnel. Lord Tyrconnel, although eccentric, was a man of learning and integrity. He was a Whig of the old school, and it is related of him, "that when divine service was performing in the Chapel at Belton, the old lord was observed to be greatly agitated during the reading of the prayer for the Parliament, stirring the fire violently, and muttering impatiently to himself, 'Nothing but a miracle can mend them.'"[1]

At the age of eighteen, in 1758, John entered the naval service of his country, and was present at the capture of Cherbourg, and the destruction of its naval basin. At this siege he showed his courage and generosity, by leaping from the deck of a 90-gun ship under sail to save the life of a man who had fallen overboard.

In 1759 he joined the "Magnanime," commanded by Lord Howe, whom he ever afterwards regarded with feelings of the greatest affection and respect. The French fleet under Admiral Conflans were attacked in the great sea fight of November 20th of that year by the English Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, and notwithstanding their knowledge of the coast, which enabled them to retire to the dangerous shallows amid rocks, more than half of their vessels were either captured, disabled or driven ashore. Of the twenty-six men under the command of John Cartwright in this battle, thirteen were killed, while he escaped with but a slight scratch from a splinter.

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[1] The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright. Edited by his niece, F. D. Cartwright, London, 1826.

In 1766 John was appointed by Sir Hugh Palliser, the Governor of Newfoundland, to be his deputy or surrogate within the district of Trinity and Conception Bays, and the following year he was made deputy commissary to the Vice-Admiralty Court in Newfoundland. Here he served with great efficiency for five years. During this time he explored the River Exploits to its head-waters, in a lake named by him Lieutenant's Lake. Poor health, however, obliged him to relinquish the post and he returned to England in 1771.

Such was the spirit of fairness of the man that at the outbreak of the rebellion among the American Colonists, he refused to accept a tempting appointment to fight against a cause which he believed to be just. These views of his were first expressed publicly to the world in 1774, when he published a pamphlet entitled: " American Independence the Glory and Interest of England."

John Cartwright

John Cartwright

The full title page of the second edition of the work is interesting and furnishes much food for reflection as to what might have happened if Great Britain had followed the sage and far-seeing advice of the author. It reads:

"AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE
THE
INTEREST AND GLORY
OF
GREAT BRITAIN
A NEW EDITION

To which is added,

A copious APPENDIX, containing two additional Letters to the Legislature; a Letter to EDMUND BURKE, Esq.; controverting his Principles of American Government

AND

A POSTSCRIPT, containing new Arguments on the Subject; A Draught for a Bill proposed to be brought into Parliament for restoring Peace and Harmony between Great Britain and British America, and for perpetuating the same:

Together with

The essential Materials for a proposed Grand British LEAGUE and CONFEDERACY, to be entered into by Great Britain and all the States of British America.

The whole of which shews, beyond Denial or Doubt, that by granting the Colonists an unrestrained civil Freedom and *Legislative Independence*, we may most effectually secure their future *Commercial Dependence upon*, and consequently shall best promote the Interest and support the Glory of, Great Britain.

It is not to be hoped, in the corrupt State of human Nature, that any Nation will be subject to another, any longer than it find its own Account in it, and cannot help itself..

....

No Creatures suck the Teats of their Dams longer than they can draw Milk from thence, or can provide themselves with better Food; nor will any country continue their Subjection to another, only because their great Grand-mothers were acquainted. This is the Course of human Affairs, and all wise States will always have it before their Eyes.

Trenchard on Plantations and Colonies, in Cato's Letters
No. 106 Anno 1772

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR, by *H. S. Woodfall.*
Sold by *J. Wilkie*, No. 71 St. Paul's Church-yard;
and at the Pamphlet-Shops
M.DCC.LXXV."

Later he published many pamphlets on reform in Parliament, and worked incessantly in the holy cause of liberty. The first, and perhaps the most famous of these pamphlets, was entitled, "Take your choice: Representation and Respect, Imposition and Contempt: Annual Parliaments and Liberty, Long Parliaments and Slavery: The People's Barrier against undue Influence and Corruption: Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform etc." This appeared in 1776, that momentous year for the American Colonists when they proclaimed their independence. Later this pamphlet appeared as "The Legislative Rights of the Commonalty vindicated." John Cartwright always strove for annual parliaments and universal suffrage. In 1780 he originated the "Society for Constitutional Information." Although much beloved by his family and friends, it is needless to say that such advanced and independent thinking on matters political made him displeasing to the higher powers, and in 1819 he was indicted for conspiracy, and mulcted by a fine to the extent of a hundred pounds sterling. Only his excellent character, and the almost universal esteem in which he was held, prevented a sentence of imprisonment.

In 1775 he was appointed major of the Nottinghamshire militia, and his love of liberty was shown by a design for a regimental button which was in use by this militia for many years. The design consisted of a cap of liberty resting on a book, over which appeared a hand holding a drawn sword. The motto was "*Pro legibus et libërtatė.*" Eighteen years later, after several attempts had been made to obtain his resignation, he was finally discharged from his position in the regiment, owing to the opposition in the ruling powers to his liberal views. He received, however, many extraordinary testimonies of friendship and thanks from his brother officers for his long and meritorious services.

Major Cartwright died quietly at Hampstead on September 23, 1824. The great respect and love with which this remarkable man was held showed itself in the form of a popular subscription for a monument, which was erected to his memory.

The fourth son, Edmund, born at Marnham on April 24, 1743, displayed a great diversity of talents. Educated at the grammar school at Wakefield, he went in due course to Oxford, where he began his academical studies in University College. In 1764 he was elected a demy of Magdalen College, and succeeded to a fellowship there in the same year. In 1770 his poetical genius blossomed forth in a legendary tale in verse, entitled "Armine and Elvira." So successful did this prove that seven editions appeared in somewhat over a year.[1] This was followed in 1779 by another successful poem, "The Prince of Peace." In the latter year he was made rector of Goodby Marwood, Leicestershire, to which was added a prebend in the Cathedral of Lincoln. Here it would seem his life would probably be passed in the peaceful occupations of a country clergyman. His attention, however, having been called to the possibility of applying machinery to weaving, his inventive genius declared itself, and he produced and patented in 1785 the power-loom. The first machine was somewhat rude, but he afterward gradually improved it, so that it became almost perfect. The opposition on the part of the hand weavers, which went to the extent of destroying by fire the first mill constructed on his plan, delayed, but did not prevent the complete success of his great invention. Besides the power-loom, Edmund Cartwright invented machines for comb-

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[1] The first and last verses of "Armine and Elvira" will give some idea of its scope. They are as follows:

"A hermit on the banks of Trent,
  Far from the world's bewildering maze,
To humbler scenes of calm content
  Had fled from brighter, busier days.

. . . .

"Joy, Gratitude, and Wonder, shed
  United tears o'er Hymen's reign,
And Nature her best triumph led, —
  For Love and Virtue join'd her train."

Edmund Cartwright

ing wool and making ropes, and he was also the author of many improvements in the arts, manufactures and agriculture. In 1803 he was given the silver medal of the Society of Arts, for the invention of a three-furrow plough, and in 1805 he received the gold medal of the Board of Agriculture for an " Essay on Manures."

In 1793 Edmund removed to London, but in 1800 he accepted the position of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Bedford, who gave him the management of an experimental farm at Woburn. In 1806 the University of Oxford conferred on him the degrees of B. D. and D. D.

On June 10, 1809, Parliament voted him the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling in consideration of " the good service he had rendered the public by his inventions of weaving, and as some recompense for the losses he had sustained in bringing to perfection the inventions by which the country had materially benefited." With part of this money, which made him independent, he bought a small farm at Hollander, between Sevenoaks and Tunbridge in Kent. He died on October 30, 1823.

Of the fifth son, Charles, history has recorded but little. When a lieutenant on board the " Argo " he distinguished himself on the African coast by taking the Dutch fort of Commenda, for which he received the thanks of the African Company. He refused, however, notwithstanding his own scanty means, to take his share of the prize-money, amounting to about a thousand pounds, but insisted on distributing it among the sailors who served under him.

Of the five daughters I can say nothing, but if, as was doubtless the case, they partook of the character and spirit of their parents and brothers, they filled well their stations in life.

The manor house of Marnham where this interesting family was reared, was pulled down a century ago and a new hall built in its place. It occupied a lonely site which commanded extensive views of the lovely valley of the Trent.

In the introduction to his Labrador Journal, which follows, Captain George Cartwright has given a brief account of his life before he went to Labrador. The Journal itself recounts his life during his sixteen adventurous years in Labrador. Of his life in England after his return for the last time, we have only occasional glimpses, but it is evident that his sturdy habit of mind and body remained with him to the last, and that his interest in Labrador never waned.

Miss F. D. Cartwright, from whose excellent "Life of Major Cartwright" I have obtained many of my facts, speaks of her uncle George as "a man of great strength of mind, as well as personal courage." In another place she says: "Captain Cartwright was possessed of uncommon vigour both of mind and body; his journal of 'A Sixteen Years' Residence in Labrador,' has been long known to the public, and though from the nature of the subject, it contains much tedious detail, it cannot be perused without interest, as the work of a man of naturally strong, though uncultivated talents, of great observation, and unimpeached integrity. In early life, he served as aide-de-camp in the German War under the Marquis of Granby, to whom his activity and energy rendered him very useful; and it is probable he might have risen to considerable eminence in his profession had he not, as soon as peace left him at liberty to follow his inclination, preferred to military idleness, an adventurous life amidst the snows of Labrador.

" In the latter part of his life he accepted the office of barrack-master at Nottingham, which he held for many years, till finding himself too infirm for a service of that nature, he retired to Mansfield in the year 1817.

" His energy of mind continued to the last, and only a few months before his death, he was busied in proposing to the Hudson's Bay Company, various plans and contrivances for hunting, &c. and nothing but increasing infirmity prevented his offering his services to put them in execution.

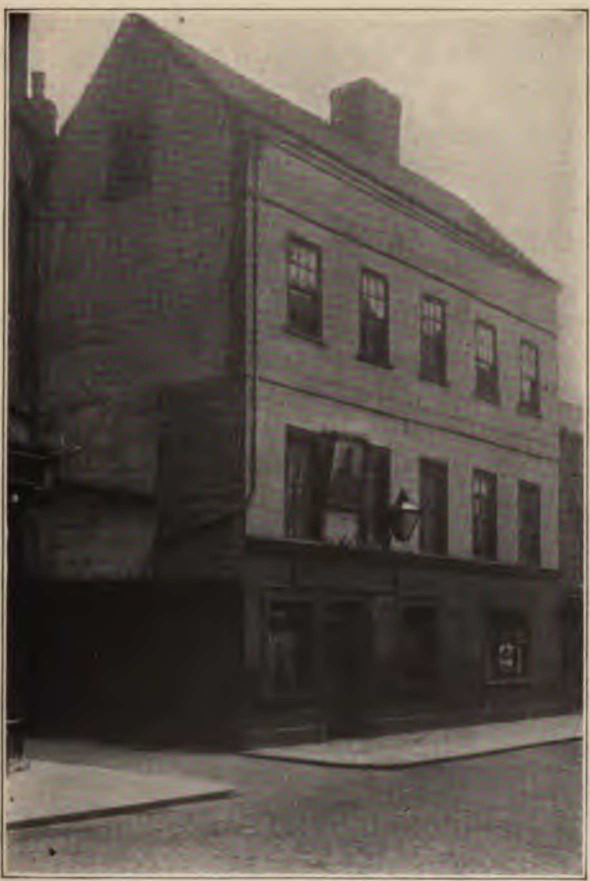
" His features were handsome, and his complexion blooming. His Herculean frame retained, even in age, a peculiar air of dignity, and although a great part of his life had been spent in hardy exercises and rough pursuits, his manners in company were courtly, and his conversation agreeable. Though differing so materially in politics with his brother [Major John], whose forbearance on these subjects he certainly did not fail sometimes to exercise, their mutual attachment continued through life, and Major Cartwright was not so much absorbed in political speculations as to be prevented from entering with apparent pleasure into those discussions on hawking, bear-hunting, wolf-catching, and deer-tracking, in which he had once taken an almost equal interest."

These pleasant relations must have been particularly tried at the time that the Duke of Newcastle, to whom the Captain was particularly attached, treated his brother John with much severity and appointed another officer as major of the Nottinghamshire militia in his place.

In 1803, at the time of the electioneering disturbances, George Cartwright was barrack-master of Nottingham, and " though holding an obnoxious situation, and known to be a violent Tory politician, he used to walk and ride through the streets in the midst of the popular commotion; and while others on the same side were afraid to show themselves, a way was invariably made for him to pass without insult or molestation."

During his residence in Nottingham he lived in a house in Broad-marsh, which afterwards bore the sign of the Black's Head,[1] and was generally known as " Old Labrador." He much enjoyed the sport of hawking, and " previous to the enclosure of the open lands, in the vicinity of Nottingham, he might be seen wending his way up the Mansfield road, during a fine autumnal morning, on horse-back, with his servant behind him, and the hawks on his wrist, in pursuit of his vocation.

[1] At this Inn Lord Byron's body lay in state on July 15 and 16, 1824.



Black's Head Inn, Nottingham

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But after the enclosure took place, the Captain entirely abandoned his favorite amusement."[1]

In 1811 he was much interested in having a device of his own tried that would make any boat answer the purpose of a life-boat. He stayed with his brother John at his house in Westminster at the time, and, as he was unfortunately confined by a severe rheumatism, his brother very kindly attended to the business. The invention "consisted of a portable apparatus formed of bladders and corks, so arranged as to be easily attached to the sides of a ship's boat in case of emergency, and, by affording the greatest possible degree of buoyancy, enabled it to support an extraordinary weight. . . .

"The experiment was tried on the 7th of October immediately below Blackfriars Bridge, and the apparatus was attached to a six-oared cutter belonging to the Cabalva East Indiaman, Captain Birch.

"It appeared that with twenty-three men on board all standing on her thwarts, and eight hundred-weight of iron in the boat, which was also crowded with sail, the thwarts were an inch above water, so that the weight actually sustained must have been equivalent to at least forty-five men properly stowed in case of a wreck."[2]

But a few years later, in 1819, his brother John received news of the dangerous illness of his elder brother George at Mansfield. Although John was in the midst of an important election he hastened to his brother's bedside, where he remained until the 26th of February.

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[1] Annals of Nottinghamshire. Thos. Bailey.

[2] Life and correspondence of Major Cartwright, loc. cit.

A letter written by John to his wife at this time reveals some interesting traits of the character of both brothers.

"To Mrs. Cartwright

"My Dearest and Best Friend,

"I have the pleasure to report that I think my brother much better; he makes very affectionate inquiries after all at No. 17; and though he gave me a little scolding in his way, for being at the trouble of so long a journey, I am glad to see that he is pleased with my coming.

"His voice is strong, and though not much inclined for conversation, can occasionally talk with much animation of Hudson's Bay and a North-west passage. The chief thing I observe a deficiency in, (for the medical attendant is a man of skill and experience,) is an inattention to have in readiness suitable articles of nourishment. I am not much skilled in such things, but have been of some use in this respect."

This improvement was of but short duration, for soon after Captain George Cartwright was again attacked by a severe illness, and on the 11th of March, 1819,[1] in the eighty-first year of his age, he expired.

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[1] This date, which is from Miss Cartwright's book, does not correspond with the date given in the inscription; if the difference were only twelve days it might be explained by the difference between the old and the new styles.

Many of the methods used by Cartwright in the capture of birds, beasts and fishes are still employed on the Labrador coast, and many of the local names for these methods and for the game still remain. Some of the methods have been improved, but in agriculture Cartwright seems to have been far in advance of the Labrador dwellers of the present day, and they could learn a lesson from his experiences.

The names bestowed by Cartwright on the islands and harbours of the Labrador coast still remain. One of his chief seats of residence there, Caribou Castle, near the entrance of Sandwich Bay, perpetuates his name as the Hudson's Bay Company's Post of Cartwright. At the little graveyard at this post is a stone erected by Miss F. D. Cartwright to the memory of the two brothers George and John. This reads as follows:

In Memory of
George Cartwright
Captain in his Majesty's 37th Regiment of Foot.
Second son of William Cartwright, Esq., of
Marnham Hall in Nottinghamshire.
who in March 1770 made a settlement
on the coast of Labrador
where he remained for sixteen years.
He died at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire
the 19th of February 1819.
Also of
John Cartwright
Lieutenant of the Guernsey, five years surrogate of Newfoundland
And afterwards Major of the Nottinghamshire militia.
He died on the 23d of September 1824

To these distinguished brothers, who in zealously protecting and befriending paved the way for the introduction of Christianity to the natives of these benighted regions

This memorial is affectionately inscribed
by their niece Frances Dorothy Cartwright.

JOURNAL
OF
TRANSACTIONS AND EVENTS,
DURING A
RESIDENCE OF NEARLY SIXTEEN YEARS
ON THE
COAST OF LABRADOR;
CONTAINING
MANY INTERESTING PARTICULARS,
BOTH OF THE
COUNTRY AND ITS INHABITANTS,
NOT HITHERTO KNOWN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PROPER CHARTS.

By GEORGE CARTWRIGHT, *Eſq.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEWARK:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY ALLIN AND RIDGE;
SOLD ALSO BY G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, IN PATERNOSTER-ROW, AND
J. STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

1792.

EXPLANATION
OF THE
FRONTISPIECE

The FRONTISPIECE represents a Winter Scene on the sea coast of LABRADOR, with the Author taking his usual walk round his fox-traps. He is supposed to have got sight of some deer, and has put his dog's hood on, to keep him quiet. His hat (which is white,) northwester, wrappers, cuffs, breeches, and buskins, are English; his jacket (which is made of Indian-dressed deer-skin, and painted,) sash, and rackets are Mountaineer; and his shoes Esquimau. The pinovers of his northwester are loose, and hang down on the right side of it. On his back is a trap, fixed by a pair of slings, in the manner of a soldier's knapsack. A bandoleer hangs across his breast, from his right shoulder; to which are fastened a black-fox, and his hatchet. A German rifle is on his left shoulder. In the back ground is a yellow fox in a trap; beyond him, there is a white-bear crossing the ice of a narrow harbour; and at the mouth of the harbour the view is terminated by a peep at the sea, which is frozen over. The tops of a few small rocks appear, and the rocky summits of the distant hills are bare, but all the rest of the ground is covered with snow.

PREFACE

Conscious of my inability to entertain the reader with the Style and Language of some late writers, I humbly solicit his candor and indulgence for the many inaccuracies he will meet with in the perusal of the work. However great some of its defects may appear, I hope they will in some measure be compensated for by the veracity of my narrative. I do not pretend to give animated descriptions of a country I have never visited, nor of the custom and manners of a people I have never seen. The transactions of the day were in general entered at the close of the same; and little did I then suspect, that they would ever be exhibited to the eye of the Public. They were written for no other purpose, than to serve as memorandums for my own use and personal reference.

After my return to England, I had often been solicited by some of my friends, who had occasionally read parts of the manuscript, to print the work; but I never could prevail on myself to do so, until I was urged thereto by one in particular, to whom I should have thought myself guilty of great ingratitude had I refused.

I flatter myself that it will not be deemed impertinent, if, by way of excuse for not acquitting myself better, I give (to those who do not already know it) a short sketch of my life.

I was born on the twelfth of February (old style) 1739, of an ancient family at Marnham, in the County of Nottingham. Not being the eldest son, and my father having but a moderate estate and nine other children, it was not in his power to do much for me. I received part of my education at Newark, and during a few of the last years, attended the Latin School. I was one year at Randall's Academy, at Heath in Yorkshire; from whence I returned and continued another year at Newark. On the first of February 1753, I was appointed a Gentleman Cadet, in the Cadet Company at Woolwich, where I had the opportunity of improving myself, at the Royal Academy in that place, for one year. But, sorry am I to say, that either the want of genius or application, rendered of little use to me, the instructions of those excellent masters with which that institution was then furnished.

On the sixth of March in the following year, I embarked for the East Indies, being the seventh of twelve Cadets, who were sent to fill up the commissions which might become vacant, either in a detachment of Artillery, commanded by Captain Lieutenant William Hislop, or in the Thirty-ninth Regiment of foot, which was then sent to that part of the world, under the command of Colonel John Adlercron, who was appointed Commander in Chief of all the Forces employed, or to be employed in the East Indies.

In little more than a year after my arrival in India, I obtained an Ensigncy in Colonel Adlercron's Regiment, by the death of Captain Lyon. But I had not the good fortune to be one of a detachment which went to Bengal on board Admiral Watson's squadron, where they were landed under the command of Lieutenant Colonel * Clive, and assisted in the re-taking of Fort William, the taking of Chandernegore from the French, and in obtaining the signal victory over the Nabob of Bengal, at Plassy; which laid the foundation of the British power in that part of the world, and filled the purses of all who were employed on that service.

In the year 1757 Colonel Adlercron and his regiment were recalled. At the end of the next year I was one of six officers who landed at Limerick; and soon afterwards I was promoted to a Lieutenancy.

Early in the Year Sixty, on the application of the late Marquis of Granby, I was ordered to Germany; where I had the honor to serve his Lordship in the capacity of Aid de Camp, during the remainder of the German War.

An Aid de Camp to a Commander in Chief, is always supposed to be in the sure line of promotion; but it was my ill luck to obtain nothing better than the brevet rank of Captain. I still remained a Lieutenant in the Thirty-ninth Regiment: but after my return to England, at the express desire of the Marquis, to save me the mortification of serving under two junior officers who had been permitted to purchase Companies over

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* Late Lord Clive.

my head without their ever being offered to me, I exchanged to half-pay, and received two hundred and fifty pounds for the difference, between that and my full pay. The greatest part of this sum was appropriated to the payment of the debts which I had contracted in Germany; by being obliged to keep a number of horses and servants, to enable me to attend his Lordship on all occasions.

In the Spring of 1765 I made an excursion to Scotland, to indulge my insatiable propensity for shooting: but I soon found that two shillings and fourpence a day, was too small an income to enable me to live in a Baronet's country seat, and to keep a female companion, two servants, a couple of horses, and three brace of dogs. As my pocket would not permit me to have any dealings with the butcher, myself and family were compelled to fast, when neither my gun nor fishing rod would supply us with provisions. No sooner did my resources fail, by the scarcity of fish and game at the approach of winter, than I made an auction of all my furniture, and returned to London by sea with the lady and dogs.

London being no place for a man of my scanty circumstances to remain in, I soon went down to Plymouth, where my brother John then commanded the Sherborne Cutter, and cruised with him against the smugglers, until he was discharged from that vessel, and appointed first lieutenant of the Guernsey, of fifty guns, then lying at Spit Head and bound for Newfoundland; on board which ship the present Sir Hugh Palliser, who was then Governor of that island, had his Broad-pendant. Having no particular engagement, and hearing that bears and deer were plentiful there, I felt so strong an inclination to be among them, that I accompanied my brother on that voyage.

On our arrival at St. John's, the command of a small schooner was conferred on my brother, and he was sent on some service to one of the Northern harbours, where I accompanied him; and it was then that I obtained my first knowledge of the Red, or Wild Indians.

On the return of the ship to Portsmouth, I found, that my good friend the Marquis, who had been appointed Commander in Chief of the Army during my absence, had obtained for me a Company in the Thirty-seventh Regiment of foot, upon a vacancy made by the death of Captain Slack, who died in consequence of a wound in his shoulder, which he received from one of the last shots that were fired by the French army in Germany.

The regiment was at that time at Minorca, and I joined it there the following Summer. I very soon caught the inveterate endemic ague of that island, and in six months was so greatly reduced, that I must shortly have died, had not Lieutenant Governor Johnstone been so kind, as to permit me to return to England. I had a tedious passage home, but was perfectly free from my complaint while at sea, although it constantly returned the instant the ship entered a harbour. It was the end of April 1768, when I arrived at Spit Head, where the Guernsey Man of War was then lying, under sailing orders for Newfoundland. Finding that I could not live on shore, I obtained leave from Lord Granby and made a second voyage to Newfoundland in that ship. By these means my health was perfectly restored.

During the Guernsey's stay at St. John's, I went upon an expedition against the Wild Indians; and it was that which first gave rise to the voyages which I afterwards made to Labrador. My design being laid before the King, his Majesty was graciously pleased to permit me to retire on half-pay, early in the year 1770, in order that I might put it in execution, and I soon after sailed for that country.

The reader may naturally conclude, from the life I have led since my leaving the Academy at Woolwich, that it was not probable that I should have improved the slight education which I received in my youth; and indeed such a conclusion is very just, as I had seldom, during that time, attempted to read anything but a newspaper. On my arrival in LABRADOR, being secluded from society, I had time to gain acquaintance with myself: and I could not help blushing when I perceived, how shamefully I had misemployed my time. The little improvement I have since made, has been entirely owing to writing my JOURNAL, and to reading a small collection of books which I took out with me; but it was too late in life, for me to receive much benefit from those helps.

It was suggested to me, that I ought to have put the manuscript into abler hands, who would render it less unworthy the Public eye; but as it appeared to me, that by so doing I should arrogate to myself an honour to which I was not entitled; and also pay such a price as would swallow up the greater part, if not the whole, of the profit arising from the sale of my books, I did not approve of the one, nor could I afford the other.

The only merit to which I have any pretensions, is that of a faithful Journalist, who prefers the simplicity of plain language and downright truth, to all the specious ornaments of modern style and description. I humbly trust, that this apology will satisfy my friends, and serve to extenuate those errors, which must be too obvious to be overlooked by critical examination.

A

JOURNAL

OF

TRANSACTIONS AND EVENTS

ON THE

COAST OF LABRADOR

THE FIRST VOYAGE

Sunday, March 30, 1770. Some previous communications having passed on the subject, Lieutenant Francis Lucas of the Royal Navy and I went down to Bristol and on this day engaged to enter into a partnership with Messrs. Thomas Perkins and Jeremiah Coghlan, merchants of that city, under the firm of Perkins, Coghlan, Cartwright, and Lucas, for the purpose of carrying on various branches of business upon the coast of Labrador; and particularly, of endeavouring to cultivate a friendly intercourse with the Esquimaux Indians,[1] who have always been accounted the most savage race of people upon the whole continent of America. They have at different times committed several robberies and murders on the property and persons of the adventurers in Labrador. Three years ago, they murdered three servants at Cape Charles, who belonged to * Mr. Nicholas Darby, an adventurer from Bristol. This occasioned him to abandon that place, and has ever since interrupted all commerce between that nation and the British. That affair has also deterred every other adventurer from extending his business to the northward of Chateau Bay, where Government, near five years ago, erected a blockhouse in a small Fort, which is garrisoned by an officer and twenty men from the Governor of Newfoundland's ship. A Sloop of War is also stationed there during the Summer, not only to protect the merchants and their people from the Indians, but also to prevent encroachments from the French, who carry on very extensive fisheries in all the northern harbours of Newfoundland.

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[1] He refers to the Eskimos, not to the Indians. Cartwright frequently uses the word Indian when he means Eskimo. This latter race were in his day often called "Fishing Indians" to distinguish them from the true Indians, who were called "Hunting Indians."

In consequence of our partnership it was resolved, that we should purchase from Messrs. Perkins and Coghlan (who are in the Newfoundland trade) a schooner of eighty tons, then lying in the harbour of Poole; that Mr. Lucas should have the command of that vessel; and that I should reside in Labrador, to direct and manage all our concerns on shore.

In the beginning of May I returned to Bristol in expectation of going out to Labrador in the schooner which we had agreed for with Messrs. Perkins and Coghlan, but, by some extraordi-

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* Father to the since much celebrated Mrs. Robinson.[1]

[1] A famous actress who wrote poems and novels under the pen name of Perdita.

nary management of those gentlemen, I found that the vessel was already sailed for Fogo, a small island contiguous to the eastern coast of Newfoundland (where they carry on the principal part of their business) in order to be delivered to us there. Messrs. Coghlan and Lucas sailed for Fogo on the morning after my arrival; and as no other vessel was going from thence to that part of the world, Mr. Perkins and I purchased a schooner of fifty tons, which had lately arrived with dispatches from Boston. We named her the Nimrod, appointed a Mr. French to the command of her, and on the 25th I sailed in her for Fogo. My suite consisted of Mrs. Selby, my housekeeper; Charles Atkinson, who was a soldier in my company in the thirty-seventh regiment of foot and my servant for the last four years; and to whom, at my request, General Grey gave his discharge; and Edward Watson, late an under keeper in Averham Park. I took also, three couple of foxhounds, one couple of bloodhounds, a greyhound, a pointer, a spaniel, and a couple of tame rabbits.

Saturday, July 7, 1770. Nothing material happening during the voyage, we arrived safe in the harbour of Fogo this day. I found here Messrs. Coghlan and Lucas, who had been employed in getting ready our schooner called the Enterprize, for the purpose of landing me upon some part of Labrador, and Mr. Lucas was afterwards to explore the Coast to the Northward in quest of the Esquimaux. From these Mr. Lucas had great expectations, in consequence of the interest he had with Mycock, the woman whom he took to England about a year and a half ago, and from whom he had learned their language.

Finding that it would still be some time before the Enterprize was fit for sea, I borrowed a small sloop of Mr. Coghlan, took Captain French, Mrs. Selby, Charles and Edward, together with all the dogs, and sailed this morning on a cruise up the Bay of Exploits, in hopes of meeting with some of the Wild Indians,[1] as numbers of them frequent that bay at this time of the year.

Wednes., July 11, 1770. We got under weigh soon after daylight, and as we towed towards Comfit Island I discovered, by the help of a pocket Dolland,[2] a party of the Wild Indians upon a very small island which lies contiguous to the East end of Little Cold Hall. They had two whigwhams, about a hundred yards from the shore, with a fire in each, and two canoes lying on the beach; one of which they seemed to be mending. I counted six people, and one of them appeared to be remarkably tall, but I could not distinguish of which sex they were; they did not seem to be alarmed at us, because their ignorance of the powers of the telescope, made them not suspect we had discovered them at that distance.

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[1] The long since extinct and little known race, the *Beothuk*. They are now considered to have constituted a distinct linguistic stock of the Indians. Carmack's Expedition, conducted in behalf of the Beothic Society in 1827, failed to find a single individual of this once prominent tribe. The cause of their extinction is only too plainly shown by Cartwright in his valuable account of them.

[2] A telescope made by John Dollond or Dolland, an English optician, the inventor of the achromatic telescope in 1757.

These Indians are the original inhabitants of the island of Newfoundland, and although beyond a doubt descendants from some of the tribes upon the continent of America, and most probably from the Mountaineers of Labrador, yet it will be very difficult to trace their origin. They have been so long separated from their ancient stock, as well as from all mankind, that they differ widely in many particulars from all other nations. In my opinion, they are the most forlorn of any of the human species which have yet come to my knowledge, the Indians of Terra del Fogo excepted; for these are not only excluded from all intercourse with the rest of mankind, but are surrounded by inveterate enemies, and not even possessed of the useful services of a dog.

As far as I can learn, there were many Indians on the island when it was first discovered by Europeans, and there are still fishermen living, who remember them to have been in much greater number than at present, and even to have frequented most parts of the island. They are now much diminished, and confine themselves chiefly to the parts between Cape Freels and Cape John. The reason, I presume, of their preferring that district to any other is, because, within it are several deep, winding bays, with many islands in them, where they can more easily procure subsistence, and with greater security hide themselves from our fishermen. I am sorry to add, that the latter are much greater savages than the Indians themselves, for they seldom fail to shoot the poor creatures whenever they can, and afterwards boast of it as a very meritorious action. With horror I have heard several declare, they would rather kill an Indian than a deer!

These Indians are called *Red*, from their custom of painting themselves, and everything belonging to them, with red ochre, which they find in great plenty in various parts of the island; and *Wild*, because they secrete themselves in the woods, keep an unremitting watch, and are seldom seen; a conduct, which their defenceless condition, and the inhuman treatment which they have always experienced from strangers, whether Europeans or other tribes of Indians from the Continent, have compelled them to adopt.

They are extremely expert at managing their canoes, which are made with a very thin, light wood-work, covered with birch rinds, and worked by single-headed paddles; they vary in size, according to the number of persons which they are intended to carry.

They are excellent archers, as many of our fishermen have too fatally experienced, and they are likewise good furriers. Indeed, if they had not these resources, the whole race must long since have been extirpated by cold and famine.

Formerly, a very beneficial barter was carried on in the neighbourhood of Bonavista, by some of the inhabitants of that harbour. They used to lay a variety of goods at a certain place, to which the Indians resorted, who took what they were in want of, and left furs in return. One day, a villain hid himself near the deposite, and shot a woman dead, as she was furnishing herself with what pleased her best. Since that time, they have been always hostile to Europeans. I fear that the race will be totally extinct in a few years; for the fishing trade continually increasing, almost every river and brook which receives salmon is already occupied by our people, and the bird-islands are so continually robbed, that the poor Indians must now find it much more difficult than before, to procure provisions in the summer; and this difficulty will annually become greater. Nor do they succeed better in the winter; for our furriers are considerably increased in number, much improved in skill, and venture farther into the country than formerly; by which, the breed of beavers is greatly diminished.

About two years ago, I went on an expedition up the River Exploits, which is the largest in Newfoundland, many miles higher than any European ever was before, and I there saw a great number of the Indian houses uninhabited; I concluded from thence, that the Indians retired into the country at the approach of Winter, to feed on venison and beaver, and, if I may judge by the number of deer's heads which I saw by the river side, they must be very dexterous hunters. The very long, and strong fences which they had made, were convincing proofs, that they knew their business. I observed, that these fences were of two kinds. Those Indians who lived on the South side of the river, erected theirs on the top of the bank, and extended it for a mile or two in length. Where they found plenty of tall trees, they felled them so as to fall parallel to the river, and one upon another; the weak places they filled up with the tops of other trees. Where any open place intervened, they made use of a sort of sewell, made of narrow strips of birch rind, tied together in the form of the wing of a paper kite: each of these was suspended from the end of a stick, stuck into the ground in an oblique position, that it might play with every breeze of wind. These sewells were placed at no great distance from each other, and the effect produced by their motion, was considerably heightened by the noise of the strips, when they struck against each other. By these means, the deer[1] were deterred by the sewells from attempting to enter the woods at the open places, and the fences were too high to be overleaped, and too strong to be forced. Of course, they were compelled to walk along the shore, until they could pass those obstructions, and proceed to the Southern parts of the island, to which they always resort in great numbers, at the approach of Winter. They find there many extensive tracts of land destitute of wood, and covered with plenty of Reindeer Lichen,[1] Empetrum Nigrum,[2] and other herbage; and which the want of trees keeps free from snow, by the wind drifting it off, from all such places as are exposed to its force. The Northern parts of the island are in general so well covered with timber, where the snow never drifts, that the herbage is buried too deep for them: yet there are some small spots of open ground in those parts, where a few herds of deer find subsistence every Winter. At certain intervals the Indians make stands, from whence they shoot the deer with their arrows, as they pass along under the fence: some of those I observed were erected in large spreading trees, and others were raised behind the fence.

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[1] The name *deer* is used by Cartwright as it is by the present day inhabitants of Newfoundland and Labrador for the caribou, — the American reindeer. There are no other deer native to either Newfoundland or Labrador. The Newfoundland caribou, *Rangifer terræ-novæ*, belongs in the group of woodland caribou. In Labrador the woodland caribou, *Rangifer caribou*, occurs throughout the wooded portions and in Cartwright's time was abundant on the southeastern coast. In the treeless northern region the barren ground caribou occurs, *Rangifer arcticus*. The reindeer of northern Europe, *Rangifer tarandus*, is a smaller animal and is at present writing being introduced by Dr. W. T. Grenfell into Newfoundland and later into Labrador to take the place of the Eskimo dogs as a beast of burden, and to supply milk, meat and clothing.

The other kind of fence is always built on the North side of the river, and is so constructed, that a herd of deer having once entered, it is almost impossible for one of them to escape. From their house, which is always situated by the side of the river, they erect two high, and very strong fences, parallel to each other, forming a narrow lane of some length, and stretching into the country. From the farther end of each, they extend two very long wing-fences, the extremities of which are from one mile to two, or more, asunder.[1] The deer travel in small companies, few of them exceeding a dozen head, and when they meet with these hawk, or wing-fences, they walk along them, until they are insensibly drawn into the pound, as partridge are into a tunnel net. The women prevent them from returning, and they are all killed with great ease by the men.

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[1] *Cladonia rangiferina.* Cartwright is correct in calling this a *lichen* and not a *moss*.

[2] This is the scientific name still used for the crow-berry or curlew-berry.

Besides the whigwhams (which are constructed with slight poles, in the form of a cone, about six or seven feet in diameter at the base, eight or nine in height, and covered with birch rinds, or skins, and often with sails which they contrive to steal from the fishing-rooms) we also observed several houses substantially built of timber. They were about ten or twelve feet square; some of the sides were constructed with squared timber, laid horizontally upon each other, with moss between; others were built of upright logs standing very open, with a slight frame of lattice-work on the inside; upon the latter we observed deer's hair, from which we concluded they made use of the skins of those animals to keep out the weather. The roofs were low pyramids, with a hole in the top for the emission of smoke; the fire was in the centre, and the inhabitants sleep round it.

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[1] Carmack (or Cormack) in his descent of the River of Exploits in 1827, previously referred to in a note, says: "But what arrests the attention most, in gliding down the stream, is the extent of the Indian fences to entrap deer. They extend from the lake downwards, continuous on the banks of the river, at least thirty miles, with openings here and there, for the animals to go through, and swim across the river."

The bows of these people are made of sycamore, but they do not seem to think a straight clear piece any way essential; for we found none of them to be so. The backs were round, the inner side flat, except in the grasp, and we observed, that all of them had one edge thicker than the other, which we supposed was for the truer direction of the arrow; a principle not attended to by other archers. The length was about five feet and a half.

The arrows are made of Weymouth pine;[1] they are slender, light, perfectly straight, and about three feet long. The head is a barbed lance, made out of an old nail, and about six inches long, let into a cleft in the top of the shaft, and secured there by a thread of deer's sinew. They are feathered at the other end from the wing of the goose or eagle.

As they cannot always get a regular supply of provisions; in times of plenty, they take care to provide for those of scarcity. This they do by jerking venison, seal's flesh, birds, and fish; and by making sausages, several of which I often found when I was formerly in Newfoundland. They consisted of the flesh and fat of seals, eggs, and a variety of other rich matter, stuffed into the guts of seals; for want of salt and spices, the composition had the *haut gout* to perfection.

It is a singular and almost incredible fact that these people should visit Funk Island,[2] which lies forty miles from Cape Freels, and sixty from the

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[1] Or white pine, *Pinus Strobus*.

[2] Funk Island was a famous breeding ground for the great auk, *vide infra*.

Island of Fogo. The island being small and low, they cannot see it from either of those places, nor is it possible to conceive, how they could get information from any other nation. The Indians repair thither once or twice every year, and return with their canoes laden with birds and eggs; for the number of sea-fowl which resort to this island to breed, are far beyond credibility.

That our people might easily have established a friendly intercourse, and beneficial traffic with these Indians, the circumstance which I have already related renders highly probable: but vile murder first produced a spirit of revenge in them, and that has been made a pretence for unheard of cruelties, on the parts of our fishermen. I could relate several recent instances, some of which I had from the accounts of the perpetrators themselves; but they are so diabolically shocking, that I will spare the reader the pain of perusing, and myself that of writing, an account of acts, which would disgrace the greatest savages.

What number of these Indians may still be left, no person can even hazard a conjecture; but it must decrease annually: for our people murder all they can, and also destroy their stock of provision, canoes, and implements of all sorts, whenever a surprise forces them, by a precipitate retreat, to leave those things behind them. This loss has frequently occasioned whole families to die by famine. The Mickmack Indians,[1] who come from

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[1] These belong to the distinct Algonkin family, the same family to which the Nascaupee and Montagnais Indians of Labrador belong.

Cape Breton, and are furnished with firearms, are also their implacable enemies; and greatly an overmatch for these poor wretches, who have no better defensive weapons, than bows and arrows.

In consequence of their having so many, and such formidable enemies, they generally keep themselves concealed in the woods, in places best situated for discovering the approach of danger; and from whence they can make a safe and unperceived retreat. Whole summers therefore often pass without an Indian been seen, although fresh vestiges of them are daily observed. When I was formerly in Newfoundland, both in the years 1766 and 1768, I met with whigwhams upon several of these islands (which are very numerous) in which the fires were burning; yet I never saw an Indian: nor should I have been gratified with a sight of one now, had they not supposed, that we were at too great a distance to discover them.

Thursday, July 12, 1770. We got under sail at day-light, and went to Night Island. At six o'clock we came to anchor off the west end of it, and landed with all the hounds. It was not long before we found a fox, and chased him for four hours; but the weather was then so very hot, that the dogs could hunt no longer. We then re-embarked and made sail for Charles's Brook, where we arrived at sun-set.

Friday, July 13, 1770. I took a short walk this morning into some neighbouring marshes, and expected to have met with a deer, but saw none. On my return, I fixed up a boat's sail between two trees, at a short distance from the buildings, to keep off the rain, under which Mrs. Selby and I sat watching a bear-path until the evening. At that time a large bitch bear[1] made her appearance, and I shot her through the heart with my Hanoverian rifle; she had not had a cub this year, and was very poor. We immediately roasted a joint, and, although it tasted rank, it served very well to satisfy a craving appetite, as we had lived very indifferently since we left Fogo.

Saturday, July 14, 1770. As soon as we had dispatched some plentiful dishes of bear steakes this morning, we took a walk to a pond which lies upon the brook, and not far from the mouth of it, to look at a new beaverhouse, in which the salmoniers had killed four beavers.[2] The appearance on the outside resembled a heap of earth, stones and sticks; it was built adjoining to the bank, and the crown of it was about four feet above the level of the water. I examined it very strictly, to see if I could discover those marks of sagacity and contrivance, which are related by those authors who have entertained the world with the natural history of these curious animals; but, for want of a competent knowledge in architecture, I presume, I could perceive only the *order of confusion.* As to the inside I can say nothing, for we did not open it; but that, I am told, is in the form of an oven.

[1] Black bear, *Ursus americanus.*

[2] Canadian beaver, *Castor canadensis.*

I shot a black-duck,[1] which is an excellent bird; it is the size and shape of the English wild-duck, but the feathers are black, with a bar of shining blue on each wing: there is no perceptible difference between the duck and the mallard, the latter not having the curled feathers on the rump.[2]

Tuesday, July 24, 1770. The time between the eighteenth and this day, was employed in making the necessary preparations for our departure for Labrador. Mrs. Selby had the misfortune to fall down in walking to a neighbouring house: by this accident she broke the small bone of her right leg and dislocated her ancle.

This morning I embarked on board the Enterprize schooner, commanded by lieutenant Lucas, and sailed for Labrador. In addition to my former family, I brought with me from Fogo two carpenters, a mason, John Fogarty, and Ann Obrien, whose husband was a blacksmith, and one of the schooner's crew. The schooner was mounted with eight swivels, manned with twenty men, and furnished with as many stands of small-arms.

Nothing remarkable occurred until the evening of the 27th, when one of our best men was knocked overboard by a jerk of the boom, in assisting to reef the mainsail; but we saved him with the boat.

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[1] Black or dusky duck, *Anas rubripes* (until very recently known as *A. obscura*).

[2] Cartwright's meaning is rather obscure, but he intends to say that the female or *duck* of the black duck resembles the female wild-duck or mallard (*A. boschas*), as the latter bird lacks the curled feathers on the rump possessed by the drake mallard.

Being at that time arrived off Cape Quirpon, we lay to till midnight, and then made sail across the straits of Belle Isle; notwithstanding there was a very thick fog, and the wind dead on the Labrador shore.

Saturday, July 28, 1770. At five o'clock this morning we found ourselves almost in the breakers, and to the westward of York Point. We were very near running on shore, once or twice afterwards; but at last we contrived to find our way into Pitt's Harbour in Labrador.

We found lying here the Nautilus and the Otter Sloops of War; the former commanded by Captain Williams, and the latter by Captain Morris. Mr. Lucas and I went on board of both the vessels, to pay our respects to the captains; one of whom had brought twenty stands of small-arms for my use; which I was informed Sir Edward Hawke, now first Lord of the Admiralty, had ordered Commodore Byron,[1] the Governor of Newfoundland, to furnish me with, fearing lest I should not have a sufficiency for my defence against the Esquimaux;* but being already supplied with enough of our own, I declined accepting them. I then went on shore to York Fort to visit lieutenant Davyes of the marines, who belonged to the Guernsey during both the voyages that I sailed in her, and now commands here. He presented me with a New England whale-boat, and shewed me two hams of a white bear,[1] in brine, intended as a compliment to the Governor, which he and his people killed last winter, upon the ice in the harbour; the weight of the animal, he assured me, was a hundred and twenty stone of fourteen pounds each. In the flight-time, which commences about the middle of April, and commonly ends with the month of May, he said, they had killed about fifteen hundred ducks, which appeared probable enough, from the bags of feathers he shewed me.

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[1] Nicknamed by the sailors "Foul-weather Jack," grandfather of Lord Byron, who refers to him in his "Epistle to Augusta:" —

> "A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
> Recalling as it lies beyond redress
> Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,
> He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore."

* I should be ungrateful not to mention, that Sir Edward, with whom I had not even the honor of a personal acquaintance, ordered this supply without any application on my part.

Sunday, July 29, 1770. At day-light this morning, we sailed for Charles River, and brought along with us a baitskiff belonging to Perkins and Coghlan, that had been left at the fort last year. There being but little wind, I got into the wherry when we drew near St. Peter's Islands, and landed upon one of them, where I shot four eider ducks,[2] and seven lords and ladies;[3] the latter being in full moult could not fly, but they were very fat. From thence we rowed to the outer point of Camp Islands, where we caught many large cod-fish,[4] by which the boat was so deeply laden, that we were in danger of sinking, and could hardly make use of the oars to row on board the schooner again. In the evening I landed on Seal Island, near Cape Charles; which had never been occupied by any person since Captain Darby abandoned it, after the Esquimaux had killed three of his people there; and took possession of it for our company. We afterwards proceeded for Charles River, and anchored in the mouth of it at ten o'clock at night, not having light to go higher up.

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[1] Polar bear, *Thalarctos maritimus*, now extirpated from Labrador except in the most northern parts.

[2] American eider, *Somateria dresseri*. The Greenland eider, *S. mollissima borealis*, breeds north of Hamilton Inlet at the present day, as does also the King eider, *S. spectabilis*.

[3] The male and female Harlequin duck, *Histrionicus histrionicus*.

[4] *Gadus callarias*.

Monday, July 30, 1770. At day-light, I sent Ned on shore upon South Head, where he burnt priming at a stout stag.* We then got under weigh, and worked up the river above Barred Island, where we came to an anchor again and moored; as there did not appear to us to be a sufficient depth of water for our vessel any higher.

After breakfast, Mr. Lucas and I got into the wherry, and rowed up the river to the place where Captain Darby had lived; which is as high as a boat can go. There we found his old house in such good condition, that it might easily be made proof against the weather, by chinsing between the studs with moss, and giving it an additional covering. There were also the ruins of a servant's house, a work-shop, and fishing stage; all these we took possession of, and returned on board to dinner. The people were busily employed all day in landing the provisions and goods which were destined for my use, as I had resolved to fix my residence here. Two men were left on shore at night to take care of them, and the live stock; for I had brought from Fogo, a couple of goats and a few poultry. As none of those people, who were employed in the boats, had ever been in this part of the world before, they were greatly terrified with the continual crying of the loons,[1] believing them to be Indians; and one man even swore, that he saw two upon the shore.

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* All the deer in this country are rein-deer, yet I shall take the liberty to call them stags, hinds, &c., the same as red deer are distinguished.

[For several days after this Capt. Cartwright was busy in directing the landing of his goods, the repairing of old houses and in building anew. Yet he found time for shooting and exploration.]

Saturday, August 4, 1770. I set the carpenters to work on the intended dwellinghouse, which is thirty-seven feet by fourteen, with orders to divide it into three equal parts; the south apartment to be the kitchen, the centre a dining-room, and the north to be sub-divided longitudinally into two bed-rooms; with a loft for goods over the whole. The mason began a chimney in one of the bedrooms, with the bricks and lime, which I brought out for that purpose.

Monday, August 6, 1770. I walked to the top of a hill, which lies a mile and a half East of this place, and found part of it to be barren, and the rest covered with crabbed spruce-bushes,[2] from one to three feet high; and on the farther side, there is an elevated hommock, from whence I had an extensive view. The foot of this hill, which I named Prospect Hill, is washed to the eastward, by a pool, at least a mile in length, and above two hundred yards in breadth. About two hundred yards above that, is a lake three miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, in which are several small islands; and still higher up, are many other pools of an inferior size, which, I presume, are supplied from small tributary streams: and below the first of these are two or three small ponds. To the two principal ones I gave the names of Island Lake, and Long Pool. In the woods between the river and the hill, I observed a great deal of very useful timber, but no large trees.

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[1] *Gavia immer.*

[2] Black spruce, *Picea mariana;* white spruce, *P. canadensis;* (and, in some places in southern Labrador, red spruce, *P. rubra*) on this coast indeed bushes, sometimes not more than a foot high, yet often fifty years old, as I have determined by counting the rings. *Vide* "A Labrador Spring." Dana Estes & Co., Boston, 1910, pp. 206-219.

Friday, August 10, 1770. Early in the morning, I took Charles and Ned with me, and sailed for Chateau in our baitskiff; but we had no sooner got below the narrows, into the more open part of the river, than I met my brother John in a whaleboat. I was informed by him, that Sir Edward Hawke, judging I should meet with many unforeseen difficulties in establishing my new settlement, had been so particularly kind and attentive to me, as to give directions to Governor Byron to furnish me with such assistance as was in his power. In consequence of this, the governor had sent my brother, from St. John's in Newfoundland, in the Ranger schooner, with Mr. Dixon, a midshipman; Mr. Langman, a mate; two carpenters, and ten seamen, under his command. My

"Crabbed Spruce Bushes" at Cape Charles

Venison Harbour

brother hearing of Mrs. Selby's accident, had also brought from Chateau, Mr. John Williams, a surgeon's mate, belonging to the Antelope, who chanced to be there. Mr. Dixon was with him, but he had left the Ranger at Seal Island, under the care of Mr. Langman, until he should discover the place of my abode. We returned home to breakfast, and afterwards went down to South Head a shooting; where my brother killed a brace of spruce-game,[1] and I, a curlew.[2] In the mean time he sent the whale-boat to Seal Island, to order the schooner up the river.

[After several days passed pleasantly with his brother in shooting ducks and in hunting caribou and foxes, the Captain sailed for Chateau and then going north, sailed up Gilbert's River, as far as the peninsula called Olivestone.]

Friday, August 24, 1770. Mr. Langman went on shore at Olivestone to roast a haunch of venison, and bake a venison pasty; just as they were ready, the woods caught fire, and burnt with great fury, which forced him and his assistants to make a precipitate retreat: though he saved the venison and implements of cookery; but a boat's sail and a few other things were considerably injured by the accident.

Sunday, August 26, 1770. The schooner got under sail at day-light, and proceeded up the river.

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[1] Hudsonian spruce grouse, *Canachites canadensis.*

[2] Eskimo curlew, *Numenius borealis,* formerly abundant, and one of the most interesting and characteristic birds of the Labrador coast, increasingly rare since 1890, now almost extinct. This is the "dough-bird" of the New England coast.

At the same time I landed on the South shore, and walked along it until I passed Grove Island, where the boat took me on board again. At the mouth of Beaver Brook was a Mountaineer[1] whigwham that had been occupied very lately; and near this place we observed the head of a beaver, which appeared to be newly picked. I could see no difference of structure between this whigwham and those made by the wild Indians of Newfoundland. On some low hills, partly barren, and the rest covered with small bad spruce-bushes, were many large flocks of curlews feeding on the berries, which were very plentiful there; but could kill only one. The berries of the Empetrum Nigrum, and likewise some delicious blue berries which grow on a small shrubby plant, called Ground Whortle,[2] both of which are now ripe, are what the curlews delight to feed on. These not only make them uncommonly fat, but also give their flesh a most delicious flavor.

In the evening we anchored a little below Gilbert's Narrows, when my brother and I landed on the north point, which is low, flat, and without trees. There we found another whigwham which we concluded had been lately inhabited, as we saw the fresh footmarks of the Indians on the sand. On the upper side of the point were abundance of beaver-cut sticks, that had been carried down the river, and had lodged there. From this circumstance, I judged, that beavers must be very plentiful in the lakes, pools, and ponds, which lie upon these streams.

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[1] Mountaineer Indians or Montagnais of the southern half of Labrador. North of Hamilton Inlet in the interior dwell the Nascaupee Indians. Both belong to the Algonkin family.

[2] Probably bog whortleberry, *Vaccinium uliginosum*, called in some places on the coast *whorts*. Other blueberries, *V. cæspitosum*, *V. pennsylvanicum* and *V. Canadense*, also occur in Labrador.

Monday, August 27, 1770. Early in the morning we weighed, ran through the narrows, and anchored again about a mile above, near to the north shore. My brother and I went higher up in the whale-boat, and found several obstructions from sand-beds. About four miles above, are several small low islands, on which grow many fine white and black spruces. We found the water there quite shallow; having a bed of very white sand. On each side there is much useful timber. The woods, from their appearance, afford good shelter for foxes[1] and martens.[2] We saw many signs of black-bears, and porcupines,[3] and in the river, salmon[4] are most probably to be found. I tailed a couple of traps for otters,[5] but did not find many rubbing places. On the north side was another fresh whigwham. We observed in the water many geese [1] and seals.

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[1] The red fox of Labrador is *Vulpes rubiginosa bangsi.* Of this there are several individual colour varieties, known as cross fox, silver fox and black fox. The Arctic fox, also called blue fox and white fox, *Vulpes lagopus ungava,* is also found on this coast.

[2] The Labrador form of the marten or American sable, *Mustela americana brumalis.*

[3] Labrador porcupine, *Erethizon dorsatum picinum.*

[4] Salmon, *Salmo Salar.*

[5] Otter, *Lutra canadensis.* The "rubbing places" are the otter slides. The fact that the otter slides down hill for amusement is well attested, and is of considerable interest. Seton says, "Life-Histories of Northern Animals," 1909, Vol. II, p. 834: "This is the only case I know of among American quadrupeds where the entire race, young and old, unite to keep up an institution that is not connected in any way with the instincts of feeding, fighting, or multiplying, but is simply maintained as an amusement."

Friday, August 31, 1770. We sailed at day-light and anchored again off the east-end of Cartwright Island, where all the shooters landed and stationed themselves across the middle of it; each placing himself within proper distance of his next neighbour. After sending the two boats to lie off different points, we dispatched a few of the sailors into the woods with the hounds. In the afternoon, a young hind passed within shot of my brother, but he did not see her. An hour after, I saw her again, standing up to her belly in a pond, which was above a mile below me; there I got within distance and killed her. In the course of the day I shot three curlews, three grouse,[2] and an auntsary; [3] the rest of the party killed four grouse, one curlew, one auntsary, and a whabby.[4]

Tuesday, September 4, 1770. We arrived at the mouth of the river [Charles] at four o'clock this morning, and there anchored. We then landed on South Head, and met with the track of a very large white-bear, which was so fresh, that the bloodhound challenged it. Ned drew upon it with the dog for a considerable distance, but could not obtain sight of him. In the meantime Mr. Dixon and I walked over the hills, where we killed seven curlews and three grouse. On our return on board, we got under weigh, ran up into Pond Reach, where we anchored and moored; after which, we came home in the whale-boat. The carpenter, whom my brother left here, died of an apoplexy on the 2nd of August. The buck rabbit had the misfortune to be killed by the greyhound: in consequence of which the breed is lost, as the surviving doe brought forth two female young ones.

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[1] Canada goose, *Branta canadensis.*

[2] By "grouse" Cartwright means the willow ptarmigan, *Lagopus lagopus.* By "*ptharmakin,*" or ptarmigan, he means the rock ptarmigan, *Lagopus rupestris,* which is found in Labrador throughout the barren, treeless regions, except in the extreme north, where it is replaced by Reinhardt's ptarmigan, *Lagopus rupestris reinhardi.* Cartwright was familiar with the red grouse of Scotland, *Lagopus scoticus,* a species of ptarmigan, which does not turn white in winter, as well as with the ptarmigan of that country, *Lagopus mutus,* which puts on a winter plumage of white.

[3] Greater Yellow-legs, *Totanus melanoleucas.* The name auntsary is still used in Labrador.

[4] Red-throated loon, *Gavia stellata.*

Monday, September 10, 1770. After breakfast, we went in the boat to the mouth of Island Brook, where we landed, and walked to the top of a steep, craggy hill; to which I gave the name of Rugged and Tough. The sides of this hill being abrupt, and covered with short, rough spruces and firs,[1] about six feet high, it was very difficult either to ascend or descend. The top, from whence there is an extensive prospect, is barren. I killed two brace of grouse there; and my brother, one brace, and a curlew. On our return, I tailed a snare. In the mean time, Mr. Dixon moved the schooner up the river, and moored her near the house.

At mid-night Mr. Langman returned from Chateau, and informed us, that the southern tribes of Esquimaux had lately been there; but were gone home again. They had a quantity of whalebone with them, the greatest part of which some * Moravians who chanced to be there, had purchased.

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[1] Balsam fir, *Abies balsamea.*

Monday, September 17, 1770. I got three additional men from the Ranger this morning; and all hands were employed to-day, as follows: six men in the woods; three on the drain; two carpenters slitting the planks; one at work in the house; and another nailing battens on the paper, which was put upon the store roof; my brother, the mason, and a helper, in setting up a copper in the kitchen; two men were employed in bringing tree-roots out of the garden, and piling them up for firing; Mr. Langman and a boy, in building an oven at a little distance from the house; another, in stubbing up roots in the garden; and I was engaged in making four canvas bags for the purpose of bringing home venison, and also in scraping the otter's skin.

Wednes., September 19, 1770. Finding my provisions decrease very fast, I could not supply the Ranger's crew any longer, on which occasion they refused to work for me; although I still offered to continue the payment of two shillings a day to each of the carpenters, and one shilling a day each, to all the rest.

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* These Moravians[1] went to Labrador, in a small vessel chartered by the society, in order to establish a settlement among the Esquimaux; but their ostensible purpose, was to convert the Indians to christianity.

[1] The Moravians established the first permanent settlement at Nain in 1771, although they had visited Labrador as early as 1752. At the present day they have eight mission stations among the Eskimos in Labrador from Makkovik on the south to Killinek on the north.

Thursday, September 20, 1770. All the Ranger's people returned to work again this morning, except John Shaw; and as he was the ringleader in the combination, my brother would not suffer him to be employed any more.

Mr. Langman completed his oven to-day; and the East end of the house being habitable, I took possession of it this evening.

Friday, September 21, 1770. We laid a coat of pitched paper upon the roof of the house, and a second covering of boards upon the paper. The rest of the hands were busy; some in bringing timber out of the woods, and others in squaring it, while the remainder were going on with the casing and other work. Mr. Langman having taken out of the oven, the stones, which he had made use of to turn the arch upon, was making a fire in it, in order to bake a pie; when, alas! down it fell; to the no small mortification of us all. I employed myself most part of this day in skinning and spreading the otter.

My house not having yet been distinguished by any name, we called it Ranger Lodge,[1] in honor of his Majesty's schooner, which was moored before the door.

Thursday, September 27, 1770. The West end of the house took fire this afternoon, at the back of the kitchen fireplace; but it was soon extinguished. It is easy to perceive, that these wooden houses, are very inflammable buildings; particularly, when the chimneys are constructed with boards, and the back of the fireplace is a stone wall four feet high only.

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[1] The whole inlet into which the Charles River runs at whose mouth stood Ranger Lodge, is now known as "The Lodge." At the present time all the inhabitants of the little settlement at Indian Cove, Cape Charles, sail up this inlet every fall, and ascend the Charles River to the woods, where they pass the winter.

Sunday, September 30, 1770. Mr. Langman killed a porcupine upon the hill at the East end of the house, which I have named Battery Hill; from a battery of swivel guns which Captain Darby erected on it, to defend himself against the Esquimaux. I wrote several letters to England and Newfoundland; also settled the accompts of the Ranger's crew, and gave them bills for the balance. My brother left me this evening, in order to return to St. John's.

Tuesday, October 2, 1770. Ned walked down the river on one side, and Charles on the other; they returned with three shellbirds [1] and a saddleback.[2] I made a spring for the slider of my Hanoverian rifle, and a cap for my large-shot gun.

A fall of snow the whole day, for the first time.

Wednes., October 3, 1770. The West end of the house took fire four times to-day; the chimney of the copper being too near the studs, I shall be under the necessity of taking it down.

Thursday, October 4, 1770. At nine o'clock at night, two sailors belonging to the Enterprize came here by land, with the intelligence of the arrival of that vessel, in the mouth of the river this morning. They also informed me, that Mr. Lucas had landed long before they did; and came off for this place on foot; not being able to row against the wind. I immediately ordered a large fire to be made on the top of Battery Hill, and guns to be fired frequently; being certain, that he must have quitted the river side, and lost himself in the woods.

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[1] Red-breasted merganser; shelldrake, *Mergus serrator*.

[2] Great black-backed gull, *Larus marinus*.

Friday, October 5, 1770. At five o'clock this morning Mr. Lucas, with one of his men (Obrien, the smith, who is husband to my servant-maid) having discovered the fire, found their way here; after having wandered about in the woods all night.

Mr. Lucas informed me, that after he had cruised along the coast, some distance to the northward; he, at length, had the good fortune to discover one of the Esquimaux settlements, called Auchbucktoke; where he had purchased a small quantity of whalebone, and a few young seal skins; and that he had prevailed upon the chief of that tribe, together with his family, to accompany him hither; and to winter near me: in order, to give me an opportunity, of laying a foundation for a friendly intercourse with them.

The chief's name is Attuiock, and his family consists of two wives, three young children, a brother, a nephew, and a maid-servant.

At nine o'clock, Attuiock, Tooklavinia, his brother, a youth about seventeen years of age; and Etuiock, the nephew, a youth of fifteen; came up here in their kyacks,[1] and breakfasted with me; after which they went back, in order to bring up the women and children. The skiff returned in the evening, accompanied by the schooner's boat; and both of them were laden with goods intended for Indian trade. As soon as the goods were landed, I sent both the boats back again. Attuiock returned in one of them, to apologize for the absence of his wives; the weather being too wet for them to come on shore.

The carpenters finished the maid's cabin, and all their other work in the kitchen. Charles and Ned visited the slips, and the latter killed a brace of spruce-game; but poor Charles, who is a better soldier than a marksman, returned like the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance; for, in shooting at a bird, he had killed his dog.

Saturday, October 6, 1770. The carpenters began to erect a porch to the house door, and the rest of the people were busy in assisting to unlade the schooner. Attuiock brought his wives and children up to-day; and they dined with me.

Sunday, October 7, 1770. I was engaged in writing letters to England all the forenoon; after dinner I went on board the Enterprize, and returned home at night. One of the people having carelessly left a bucket upon the deck yesterday, with a gallon of rum in it, Mr. Lucas's goat drank almost the whole of the contents, and has continued ever since in so complete a state of intoxication, as to be unable to get upon her legs. I shot a bird called a lady.

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[1] Skin-covered boats, the characteristic boat of the Eskimo, just as the birch bark canoe is of the Indian.

Friday, October 12, 1770. Early in the morning, I went to pay a visit to the Indians: but of all the people I ever yet heard of, the Esquimaux, I think, are the most uncleanly. They even exceed the accounts which I have read of the Hottentots: for they not only eat the guts of an animal; but, with a still higher gout for delicacies of this kind, they devour even the contents! Their tent was highly impregnated with the effluvia of such savoury dainties. At the farther end, a little raised from the ground, on pieces of boards, were abundance of deer-skins and garments, on which they both sat and slept; the rest was well filled with vessels for eating and drinking; bags of seals' oil, part of the carcase of a seal recently killed; fat, guts, fish; and a great variety of other good things, all lying in glorious confusion; on which their dogs and themselves fed promiscuously! The whole was nauseous in the highest degree, and I was obliged to quit the place without much reluctance. Afterwards, I walked upon the cape land; where I killed a pair of eider ducks, a grouse, and a ptharmakin.

Saturday, October 13, 1770. I paid my friends another visit; Ickcongogue (the youngest wife) was dressing a green seal skin, which had lain in oil and filth some days, and feeding her infant daughter with the scrapings; as a most delicious morsel. She sometimes indulged the child with the tail of a raw sculpin to suck; but the fish frequently dropping down, she as often picked it up out of the mire and presented it again.

I went out fishing again, in the evening, and killed a codfish.

Sunday, October 21, 1770. Early in the morning the Dispatch Shallop arrived from Fogo, laden with provisions, other stores, a sheep, a small pig, and some traps. Six men, who are hired to our company for the ensuing year, came in this boat; two of whom are furriers. In the afternoon I read prayers to my family.

There was a continual fall of snow all the day; but in the evening it turned to rain.

Tuesday, October 23, 1770. I sent the shallop to sea this morning with four hands, to try if they could catch some fish. At eight o'clock a whaleboat arrived from York Fort; in which, came Mr. Jones, the surgeon; and Mr. Macleod, a midshipman, on a visit to me. At night the three Indian men came here, when Attuiock informed me of the loss of one of his children, that had died a few days ago; also, he complained, that his house was too bad to live in, and that he could kill no provisions there.

Wednes., October 24, 1770. At day-light this morning, observing a falcon[1] striking at my ducks, I shot him. He was a strong, beautiful, speckled bird. I sent Ned and the two furriers to tail traps for otters in Punt Pond; and gave orders to the Chateaumen for repairing an old Canadian house, about half a mile down the river; for the better accommodation of Attuiock and his family: the Indians and I walked down to the place to view the premises; of which I made them a present in due form.

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[1] Perhaps a duck hawk, *Falco peregrinus anatum.*

Friday, October 26, 1770. Early in the morning the gentlemen went off for Chateau, and I walked home by myself; the distance is twelve miles. I got shots at an otter, and two seals, with my little rifle; but killed none of them. Ned and the furriers returned in the evening, having killed only a pied-duck.[1] They had tailed a trap on the landwash at the head of Niger Sound, which caught me by the foot, as I was creeping to get a shot at the otter. Charles went the north walk; he killed a spruce-game, and found a rabbit[2] and a porcupine in two of the snares on Hare Hill.

Saturday, October 27, 1770. After breakfast I took Charles and the two furriers with me in the wherry, and rowed down to Furriers' Cove; where we landed, and proceeded to the north walk, with an intention of returning the same way. When we got upon North Head, I discovered an old stag, with a hind and her calf, upon Lyon Neck. I then sent the furriers to lie off Salt Point in the wherry, in case the deer should take the water; while Charles and I crossed at the head of the Cove, to the leeward of them. I killed the stag, and, we both fired at the hind, but missed her. Another stag, some years younger, then made his appearance; but having discovered us, before we saw him, I was prevented from approaching nearer than a hundred and fifty yards: I fired at him, but without doing any execution.

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[1] Cartwright speaks several times of a "pied-duck" and it is possible that he refers to the Labrador duck, *Camptorhynchus labradorius*, which was also known as the "pied duck." Although it was common in Cartwright's day it has been extinct since about 1874.

[2] Labrador varying hare, *Lepus americanus*. This hare is yellowish-brown to drab in summer, and pure white in winter. The Labrador polar hare, *Lepus labradorius*, also occurs there.

The other two men having joined us, we attempted to carry the stag to the boat; but he was too heavy for us to lift off the ground, till he was paunched and his head cut off near to his shoulders. Even then, we could carry him but a few yards at a time, although he had not an ounce of fat; as this is the rutting season. His* horns are a noble, branching pair; with fifty-six points.

Thursday, November 1, 1770. The Indian men came here this morning; and Attuiock walked with me to Watson Pond, where I scated a little, at which he was greatly astonished, having never seen any such thing before. From thence we took a short circuit, and looked at three slips. Attuiock killed a spruce-game with an arrow.

Monday, November 5, 1770. At day-light I sent the furriers to Watson Brook, where they found three martens caught; and brought home three of the traps, which they afterwards tailed in the path of Prospect Hill; they also built another deathfall there. I caught a marten near the river side, and tailed the two double-spring traps on the north shore. Ned cut a path to the brook, and the other three men altered the kitchen chimney. In the afternoon I made twenty-four bridges and tongues for deathfalls, and caught two jays[1] on the porch, with birdlime.

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* The head of this stag is now in Averham Park Lodge, in the county of Nottingham.

It thawed all day; some showers of small snow fell; but it began to freeze again at night.

Wednes., November 7, 1770. The two jays which I caught on the fifth instant, I have hitherto kept confined in a cage; but they now have the liberty of the room; and I was greatly surprised to see them fly to me for food, and familiarly perch upon my hand: they even suffered me to stroke them with one hand, while they were eating some pork fat out of the other.

Friday, November 9, 1770. At nine o'clock this morning, an old stag, a hind, and her calf, came down the river upon the ice, and stopped opposite to the house; there was also a young stag, following at a distance. I snatched up my Hanoverian rifle, and should certainly have killed the hind, but the gun was not loaded. On hearing the snap of the cock, they hastily ran back again. As soon as I had loaded the piece, I took it, with my little rifle, and walked up the river on this side; but, finding that they had taken the woods on the other, I returned, crossed before the door, and hastened for Prospect Hill; sending Charles and the boy with a bloodhound, to draw upon the slot. Upon the hill, I came upon their slot in the snow, and soon got within a hundred yards of them; when

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[1] Labrador Jay, *Perisorus canadensis nigricapillus*, a bird that resembles closely the Canada Jay, or whiskey jack.

I killed the hind with one gun, and shot the calf through the neck with the other. The stags went off and crossed Long Pool; I followed the calf for about a mile, and shot her through the side; but was obliged to slip my greyhound, before I could secure her. I stripped and quartered both the deer, and hung the venison upon some trees. While I was employed on the hind, a raven[1] came and perched on a tree within shot, and I killed him, also. I did not get home till the evening, and was both tired and wet; for the snow was a foot deep on the ground, and the trees were loaded with it.

Sunday, November 11, 1770. The Indians made me a visit today, and complained, that their provisions were entirely exhausted. I gave them a skin-bag of oil, which Mr. Lucas purchased at Auchbucktoke, and left here. No people on earth, I think, except themselves, would have eaten its contents; for it had been filled with phrippers, pieces of flesh, and rands of seals' fat. It was a complete mixture of oil and corruption, with an intolerable stench; even the very sight of it was nauseous. The Indians, however, were of a different opinion, and considered it as a most luxurious treat. I had a marten in my trap on Dog Point.

Saturday, November 17, 1770. This morning I ordered Charles and Haines to make the necessary preparations, and attend me to Chateau; to return the visit of my friends Messrs. Jones and Macleod: accordingly, being provided with a proper supply of provisions for the day, we began our journey, with an intention of trying to find some beavers by the way. We went up the path to Prospect Hill; and proceeded to the bottom of Island Lake. We rummaged the north side of the lake, together with a small pond adjoining, and found one new beaverhouse and three old ones. Evening approaching, when we got to the head of the lake; we did not go far up the brook, before we constructed a back-tilt; we made a good fire in front, and passed the night there. In our way, we found a marten in one of the traps in the path of Prospect Hill.

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[1] Northern raven, *Corvus corax principalis.*

Sunday, November 18, 1770. At day-light this morning we pursued our route, and at noon reached the summit of a high hill, with a bare top; but not being able to discern the sea from that situation; I concluded we must have kept too far to the westward. The prospect around us was extensive and pleasing; but, as the country between us and Chateau was covered with thick woods, as far as we could see; and the distance uncertain; and what was of greater consequence than all the rest; we had no provisions for the supply of the following day: therefore, I judged it prudent to return back again to the place which we left this morning. In the course of the day's walk, we found several old beaverhouses; also, some very large timber, both of larch and black spruce; but they are too far from home to be of any use to me. Charles killed a brace of spruce-game.

Monday, November 19, 1770. I set off homeward by myself this morning at day-light; and upon a small island in Island Brook, I had the satisfaction of finding a large new beaverhouse; which appeared to be inhabited by a numerous crew. There was a magazine of provisions deposited in the water, a few yards before the front of it, sufficient to have loaded a waggon; and the tops of the sticks appeared a foot above the ice. On each side of the house, I observed, they had kept a hole open through the ice, for some days after the pond was frozen over; that they might work upon it. The sight of this house, convinced me, that all those which I had hitherto seen, were old ones, and uninhabited by the beavers.

Arriving at the head of Long Pool, I met with the sliding of an otter; which was so fresh, that my greyhound challenged it; and I soon discovered him fishing in the disemboguing of the brook, where it was yet open. I sat watching for an hour; in which time he caught plenty of small trouts: he then got upon a small rock, which was at least one hundred yards from my station; and, while he was making room for some more fish, I sent a ball through him, and killed him upon the spot. I fixed him upon my back and hastened home, where I arrived at noon; and found his weight to be thirty-three pounds. The two men, whom I left behind me to examine some small ponds, returned at one o'clock, and brought a brace of spruce-game.

Monday, November 26, 1770. Charles and Ned went to the traps and deathfalls on Nescaupick Ridge; also to the beaverhouse on that side, and brought home an old beaver, that weighed forty-five pounds. They found all the traps and deathfalls robbed by martens, and choked with snow. On their return, they observed that three deer had followed them for a short distance; and then quitted the path.

Wednes., November 28, 1770. Early in the morning, ordered Charles, Ned, Milmouth, and Haines to launch the wherry over the ice into the water; intending to go to Eyre Island after the deer: but, not being able to get much lower than the Narrows, we landed on the South shore, and walked to Seal Island. We arrived there at sunset, and found that the season for catching seals[1] had just begun. The crew had most of their nets out, and above thirty seals on shore.

Friday, November 30, 1770. The seals came in shoals to-day; none but stragglers having appeared before. I shot one with my rifle; but it sunk.

Monday, December 3, 1770. Seals were very plentiful to-day; but the weather turned out so bad, that the people could not visit more than half their nets. The whole consist of twelve shoal nets, of forty fathoms by two; and three stoppers of a hundred and thirty fathoms by six. The latter are made fast at one end to White-Fox Island; and at the other to capstans, which are fixed on this island; by these means, the headropes are either lowered to the bottom, or raised to the surface of the water, at pleasure: and, being placed about forty yards behind each other, form two pounds. There is a narrow tickle of twenty yards in width, between this island and the continent; across which a net is fixed, to stop the seals from passing through. I shot a raven with my rifle.

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[1] The harp seal, *Phoca grœnlandica*, is the one most frequently taken on the Labrador Coast, but the following also occur: hooded seal, *Cystophora cristata;* gray seal, *Halichœrus grypus;* bearded seal, *Erignathus barbatus;* ringed seal, *Phoca hispida;* harbour seal, *Phoca vitulina concolor.*

Wednes., December 5, 1770. At eleven o'clock this morning I set off homeward, accompanied by my two men; but separated from them on the top of Twelve o'clock Head. When I came to Cross Pond, I found myself sinking with extreme exertion; which I had been obliged to make, to get through the thick, stubborn, bushes, that grew on the West side of the Head. I therefore left my gun, hatchet, and rackets; and also all which my pockets contained. At half after four I got home; but was so completely worn out with fatigue, that I was scarce able to speak for an hour; and was with difficulty kept from fainting, during the greatest part of that time. My attendants found a better way down the hill, and arrived an hour after me, very little worse with their journey. As I did not expect to walk much, I had, unfortunately, put on an under waistcoat, and a pair of drawers, made of lambs' skins, with the wool inwards, which heated me most intolerably.

I found every thing had been neglected in my absence: the beaverhouse was frozen up; the traps and deathfalls choked with snow; and only four martens brought in. I had the cramp severely all night.

Thursday, December 6, 1770. I had a slight fever, and was much troubled with the cramp all day. Finding my head man to be a drunken, worthless, fellow, I degraded him; and appointed Obrien in his place.

At night the Indian maid-servant came here, and informed me, that her master had attempted to kill her; and that he and his family had threatened to murder me and all my people. Although I did not give much credit to her; yet, I thought it prudent to load all my fire-arms, lest there might be some truth in the report; especially as my people were under great apprehension of danger, from the account of the Indian women. She remained here all night.

Attuiock, accompanied by one of his wives and his brother, came here this morning after the girl; and spent the day with me. Finding the affair to be only a slight quarrel, I reconciled the parties; and they all returned home in the evening, apparently good friends. By the instruction I received from a very imperfect vocabulary of the Esquimaux language, which Mr. Lucas wrote out, we were mutually enabled to understand each other; but it was a work of great difficulty, and proved very tedious, for we often were much embarrassed in our conversation.

Wednes., December 12, 1770. I went down the river and visited the traps; also removed that which Charles tailed for a fox yesterday, and set it for an otter; together with five snares for rabbits. Although they are pretty numerous in the woods, yet they are not easy to be caught, because they do not keep any path. I afterwards called on the Indians, begged some seal's flesh for my dogs, and some oil for the lamps; at the same time gave them an invitation to the lodge; on which they accompanied me back to my house, and dined with me: one dish, among the rest, consisted of a fox; which was boiled, and tasted very well.

Thursday, December 13, 1770. Four men were sawing, and three making sleds and dogs. Tooklavinia came this morning with his dog, and went with the furriers, to try if he could find under what part of the pond bank, the beavers had taken up their abode: but the cur would not hunt. Charles visited his traps, but got nothing. I went to those which are down the river, but nothing had been caught. Observed two otters going downwards under the ice, and frequently coming upon it through cracks and holes, which they found, (being low-water mark:) I headed them a considerable distance, and then walked upwards, until I met with a hole, near which I sat watching for three hours. They then came through it upon the ice, when I fired upon them with my double-barrel, and knocked them both over; but one got down the hole again, before I could get at him, and made his escape; the other was killed dead.

Saturday, December 15, 1770. While I was at breakfast, the house was discovered to be in flames. The penthouse, which was constructed over the funnel of the stove, had taken fire, and communicated it to the roof. Fortunately, however, seven men were at home, by whose assistance it was extinguished; yet not before I had almost despaired of saving the house: for we had much difficulty in access to water; the boy having neglected to open the hole through the ice, which I had directed always to be kept clear. I then shifted the gunpowder into the store, for fear of a similar accident.

Charles altered some deathfalls; but the frost was too severe to do much at them. Three of the men were slightly frostburnt,* and most of them seared. The pig was so much burnt, that I was forced to kill it; and was obliged to house the fowls, their combs and feet being frozen stiff.

The day was clear, and calm; and the frost uncommonly severe: for at eight o'clock in the morning the mercury stood at 25° below 0.

Sunday, December 16, 1770. I sent Ned with the Indians, to try if they could walk down to Seal Island upon the ice; but they could not get any lower than Otter Island. On their return, they met with an otter upon the ice in Charles Harbour, and killed him with the grey-hound. I made a visit to the Indian ladies, in the morning; and read prayers to my family in the afternoon.

A fortnight ago, I placed a box of earth near the top of the stove, and sowed some seeds in it; there are now cucumbers, mustard, cresses, and onions coming up.

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* Frostburnt is a term used in this part of the world, to signify that the flesh is amazingly benumbed with cold, so as to render it callous. It has not unfrequently happened, that people have lost the use of their limbs, by the severity of the frost.

A fine day, and at noon the mercury stood at 5°.

Monday, December 17, 1770. I employed all the men near the house to-day. In the evening the three Indian men came here; and, from the effects of some liquor, were exceedingly noisy and troublesome. I had a sallad at dinner; which I may venture to affirm, was the first ever cut upon this coast in the month of December.

Continual snow all day.

Wednes., December 19, 1770. The Indians, having been to Seal Island with their sled, brought a couple of seals' carcasses for my dogs; some sealskins; a bottle of seal's oil, and some other things I had left there.

As the construction of an Esquimaux sled[1] differs so widely, and is, I think, so much superior to all others which have yet come to my knowledge; a particular description may not be unworthy of notice: It is made of two spruce planks, each twenty-one feet long, fourteen inches broad, and two inches thick, which are hewn out of separate trees (because they are not acquainted with the use of the pitsaw.) They are placed collaterally with their upper edges at a distance of about a foot asunder; but the under edges are somewhat more, and secured in that position by a batten, two inches square, which is placed close under the upper edges. The fore ends are sloped off from the bottom upwards, that they may rise over any inequalities upon the road. Boards of eighteen inches long are set across the upper edges of the sled, three inches asunder, to place the goods upon; and to accommodate the driver and others with a seat. The under edges are shod with the jaw bone of a whale, cut into lengths of two or three feet, half an inch thick; and are fastened on with pegs of the same. This shoeing is durable, and makes them slide very glibly. The woodwork is sewed together with split whalebone. A couple of holes are bored through the fore ends of each plank; in which are inserted the two ends of a strong, short thong, made out of the hide of a sea-cow,[1] and secured by a knot; and to the middle part of the thong, a separate one is fastened, from each dog. They make use of any number of dogs, as occasion may require: and their thongs are of different lengths; always minding that the dog which is best trained, has the longest. The driver sits foremost of the company, with a very long thonged whip in his hand; but the handle is short in proportion to the whip, being, not more than a foot. The motion of the sled is very easy, and half a dozen people may travel forty miles a day, without difficulty, if they have fourteen or fifteen dogs yoked.

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[1] Komatik.

Monday, December 24, 1770. At sun-set the people ushered in Christmas, according to the Newfoundland custom. In the first place, they built up a prodigious large fire in their house; all hands then assembled before the door, and one of them fired a gun, loaded with powder only; afterwards each of them drank a dram of rum; concluding the ceremony with three cheers. These formalities being performed with great solemnity, they retired into their house, got drunk as fast as they could, and spent the whole night in drinking, quarrelling, and fighting. It is but natural to suppose, that the noise which they made (their house being but six feet from the head of my bed) together with the apprehension of seeing my house in flames, prevented me from once closing my eyes. This is an intolerable custom; but as it has prevailed from time immemorial, it must be submitted to. By some accident my thermometer got broke.

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[1] Cartwright did not mean the manatee or sea-cow, *Manatus latirostris*, which is southern in its distribution. He referred to the Atlantic walrus, *Trichechus rosmarus*, which formerly extended its range to southern Labrador, and Nova Scotia. It was variously known by the early explorers as the sea-cow, sea-ox, sea-horse and morse, while Lescarbot says that the creatures seen in the Bay of Seven Islands were "hippopotami"!

Tuesday, December 25, 1770. The people were all drunk, quarrelling, and fighting all day. It snowed early in the morning, the forenoon was dull, and the rest of the day clear, with hard frost.

Sunday, December, 30, 1770. After breakfast I took Ned with me and intended to walk down to Eyre Island; but, near Barred Island, coming upon the fresh slot of fifteen deer, leading towards Punt Pond, we followed them. On one of the small ponds we met with the tracks of four stout wolves,[1] which had but just passed. When we arrived at Niger Sound we saw the slot of other small companies of deer; some of which were gone towards Drifty Mountains, and the rest upon the cape land. The day being then far spent we hastened to Seal Island, where we arrived at five in the evening. I had then the pleasure to be informed, that Guy and his people had killed near eight hundred seals, and had got all their nets on shore. On Niger Sound we saw a good silver fox; and I killed a grouse on the cape land with my rifle.

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[1] Gray wolf, called also timber wolf, *Canis occidentalis*. The resemblance between the Eskimo dog of the Eastern Labrador coast and this wolf is very striking. While the wolf, however, carries its tail out behind, the Eskimo dog generally curls it up over its back. The wolf of Europe is by some considered the same as the American gray wolf.

It was a very fine day, although the frost was severe.

Sunday, January 6, 1771. My maid-servant and boy not being very well, I took some blood from both of them; and gave the latter two doses of James's powder,[1] of seven grains each. After breakfast I paid a visit to my neighbours.

Wednes., January 9, 1771. I took Ned with me up the river, where I tailed five snares for rabbits, caught a grouse with a partridge net, and shot a spruce-game with my rifle. A wolf had lately been frequently traversing the river, and had made himself a very snug kennel upon the bank in the snow, where some long grass grew. Attuiock and Tooklavinia came here this evening, and informed me, that they had met with a herd of deer to-day upon Great Caribou: and that Attuiock would have killed one of them, had he not broke his arrow in drawing his bow so strong, as to catch the point in the inside of it. The deer then went off for Lyon Neck; and they returned home. They also said, that a wolf had been in one of the lower traps, but had gotten out again.

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[1] A celebrated nostrum of Dr. James, an English physician who died in 1776, composed of oxide of antimony and phosphate of calcium.

Thursday, January 10, 1771. Taking Charles, Ned, Milmouth, and the greyhound with us, Attuiock and I went in quest of the deer. Judging that they would be found near Cutter Harbour, we went up the sawyers' path by Watson Pond, and crossed at the foot of Belvoir Hill to the head of Atkinson Pond; but not meeting with their slot there, we walked down the lake to Lyon Neck; where the Indian left us and returned home. Soon after, we came upon the slot of the deer, and followed them to the top of Lyon Head; at which place, the greyhound was so eager to get loose, that we judged they must have been feeding there very lately: night now overtaking us, we retired a little way under the side of a hill; made a good fire, and, considering the weather was extremely cold, and we lay in the open air, on the Labrador coast, we passed a tolerably comfortable night.

Friday, January 11, 1771. The frost was so immoderately severe this morning, that we did not leave the fire before the sun was up, we then proceeded along the North East side until we got to the extreme point of the hill, that we might get to leeward of the deer. At nine o'clock we discovered them feeding by the side of a bleak hill, not far from where we slept: we approached as near to them as the situation would permit, and there lay watching, in expectation that they would soon shift their ground; but not finding them disposed to move, and the frost increasing, we attempted to gain their right, but they discerned us and gallopped away till they came upon the ice in the harbour; where they lay down, about three hundred yards from the shore. There I flattered myself that the dog would have been a match for one of them, and I divided the people in order to surround the herd, but they were too cunning for us. On their rising, the dog was slipped, when he soon ran in and separated them, but they joined again presently; and there being about six inches of light snow upon the ice, with a thin shell, frozen on the top, the dog struck so deep in, and cut his legs so much, that he was at length obliged to desist from the pursuit. Never did I see creatures more sensible of the advantage they had, or make better use of it. At first starting they ran up wind, and keeping as close together as possible, they kicked up such a shower of frozen snow, that I could scarcely discern the dog when he was near them; and wondered at his resolution in continuing the chase. When they came near the shore, they wheeled gently round, well knowing, that they could not run there near so well as on the ice, and might be in danger of an ambuscade. As the dog abated of his speed, they diminished theirs; and when he gave up the pursuit, they ran no longer, but turned about and looked at him. On observing our attempts to surround them, they trotted away upon the ice towards Great Caribou, passing between Eyre Island and Little Caribou. This herd of deer, eighteen in number, were all hinds and calves; and I believe, that the slot which we saw some time ago, was made by them.

Great Caribou being a barren island, and having no shelter near it, we were under the necessity of returning home, though the distance is seven miles: accordingly we made the best of our way, and arrived safe; but were most completely tired. By the way we had a yellow fox in one of the traps.

Tuesday, January 15, 1771. At day-light this morning, taking Charles, Milmouth, and Haines with me, I set off for Eyre Island. I found my way to the tilt very well; but the men lost themselves for some time. I sent one of the woodmen to Seal Island, and two of them home. The tilt not being finished, we all lay in the woods, where we passed a most uncomfortable night.

At midnight the frost increased; the wind blew the fire about, and made it smoke most intolerably. The fuel was not of a good kind for burning, and the trees in the wood being small and rather thinly scattered, those parts of us which were not immediately next to the fire were ready to freeze: we were therefore obliged to turn ourselves continually; during which time I often wished to be lashed to a spit, and turned like a roasting goose, without the trouble of doing it myself.

Thursday, January 17, 1771. Early this morning I went to great Caribou, and walked all over that Island; but the deer were gone; and I saw only the tracks of a wolf and some foxes. The tilt was so far finished to-day, that we all lay in it, and I got a most luxurious night's sleep. The Indians came here in their way to Seal Island, and remained with us all night.

Sunday, January 20, 1771. At noon our sealers and all the people went off for Seal Island, and I accompanied them as far as South Head: from whence I took a circuit over the Barrens and then returned home, having three of my toes frostburnt a little. As they were not very bad, the immediate application of snow only soon revived them. All my people returned from the tilt in the evening.

Monday, January 28, 1771. In the evening Guy arrived here, and informed me, that on Friday last, he should have accompanied Mr. Jones from Chateau to Seal Island, in his way to this place; (in order to render that assistance to my maid-servant, Nanny, which she will soon stand in need of) but, as it was not convenient to him, Mr. Jones came off by himself: he added, that he had crossed the track of a man yesterday upon Niger Sound, who had gone down towards the sea. On hearing this account I was much alarmed; for, as Mr. Jones had not arrived at the island, I concluded that he must have lost his way, or some other misfortune befallen him.

The Indians returned, and brought me three round harps.

Tuesday, January 29, 1771. At day-break this morning, I sent off two men across the country to Chateau, to enquire if Mr. Jones had returned back again; I also sent another man with Guy to Niger Sound, to follow the track which he had observed there. In the evening, two of the sealers arrived with a letter from Guy, informing me, that on Punt Pond he had met with the footsteps of a man (crossing into the track made by me and one of Guy's men, on Friday last) who had followed us to the end of the pond, and there broken a few boughs, upon which he supposed he had lain during the night, and gone forward again on Saturday morning. He pursued the track to the mouth of Niger Sound, and upon the North end of Round Island he found the unfortunate Mr. Jones frozen to death, with his faithful Newfoundland bitch by his side! He gave the poor creature what bread he had about him, but could not prevail on her to leave her master. He had been so imprudent as to leave Chateau, not only by himself, but also, without either a hatchet, provisions, tinder, or matches. It was evening, I suppose, when he met with my track, and he certainly did not know where he was; for had he taken it the other way, he might have reached my house in about an hour's good walking. The loss of this young man is the more to be regretted, as he was of a very amiable disposition, and likely to prove an ornament to his profession.

Thursday, January 31, 1771. The Chateau men went off for Seal Island early this morning; from which place my man returned today, accompanied by those whom I sent from Chateau; also another party from the same place, joined them upon the road. These people brought me what things they found in Mr. Jones's pockets, and informed me that they had covered the corpse with snow and boughs of trees; but could not prevail on the bitch to leave her deceased master. I went down to my traps, where I met with the fresh slot of five deer upon the river, and followed them over South Head; but on observing that one of the Indians had pursued them, I turned back.

Thursday, February 7, 1771. I employed myself most part of this day in making a pair of scales and weights; that I may have the advantage of proportioning my medicines with more accuracy.

Saturday, February 9, 1771. The sawyers engaged in felling and bringing home firewood. I had the fat of two seals melted, and it produced fourteen gallons of oil. I was much indisposed this morning, and have been so for some time past. My pulse is quick and low, particularly after meals; I am subject to profuse sweating, and consequent weakness. I attempted to bleed myself, but was so very awkward, that, after making six incisions, I could not get more than four ounces of blood. However, I was much better in a few hours.

Tuesday, February 12, 1771. At six o'clock this evening, my maid was taken in labour: and for want of better assistance, I was obliged to officiate as midwife myself. She had a severe time; but at half after eleven I delivered her of a stout boy: and she did me the honor to say, that, although she had been under the hands of three male, and two female practitioners, before she left England, she never met with a person who performed his part better. Fortunately for her, Brooke's Practice of Physic, which was found in Mr. Jones's pocket, gave me some idea of an art, which never till then did I expect to be called upon to practise. Having taken proper care of the mother, I was obliged next to act as nurse, and take the child to bed with me; neither of which offices do I wish ever to resume.

Sunday, February 17, 1771. I finished the last of my venison this day; and it had kept perfectly good. From the three deer, the few large fish which were caught in November last; and the beavers, foxes, otters, martens, grouse, and other animals, which we killed in the course of the winter; I had fresh meat for dinner almost every day, and a sufficient variety. The otters are hard and strong eating, but the martens are nearly as good as rabbits; and the foxes are not despicable food: yet they taste best when boiled and served up with caper sauce.

Monday, February 18, 1771. The woodmen were employed in new-casting, and ganging fishing leads. Haines being indisposed to-day, and finding that he had feverish symptoms, I took twelve ounces of blood from him in the morning, and gave him an emetic in the evening. I found myself better than usual, and Nanny is so well, that she sat up some hours, although it was contrary to my professional advice. I have not been able to keep a fire in the dining-room these two days, on account of the smoke. Snow with thaw.

Tuesday, February 26, 1771. The sawyers at work. Charles and Haines walked their paths, but got nothing. I looked at my traps down the river, and then proceeded to Lyon Head, where I visited my Indian[1] friends in their snowhouse; with which I was greatly pleased. This curious habitation was hollowed out of a drift bank of snow, in form of an oven; the length is about twelve feet, the width ten, and the height seven. Across the farther end was raised a platform of snow. On this were laid some boards, where the whole family slept upon bedding, composed of a considerable number of deerskins; which are both soft and warm. There was a curious window in the roof, fronting the bed; which was nearly three feet square, and made of a piece of transparent ice, shaved to a proper substance. It admitted a perfectly good light, and was secured in its place by strewing the edges with snow, and sprinkling that snow with water. On each side was a small pedestal of snow, for the support of a couple of lamps, which gave a sufficient light by night, and added so much heat to that occasioned by the breath of the Indians, as to make the house entirely warm: I was even obliged to open my waistcoat for a while. This heat also thawed the roof and sides sufficiently to enable the external frost, and natural coldness of the snow, to form innumerable small icicles. These different concretions from the reflection of the lamps made the apartment glitter with the appearance of radiant diamonds, or luminous crystalizations. The lamps were formed of stone, which they contrive to hollow out properly for this purpose; and the wicks, (for each had several laid in a row on the edge of the lamp) were bits of a particular kind of moss, well dried. Having first poured some oil into the lamp, they then spit a number of small pieces of fat upon a stick, and place them horizontally, at such a distance behind the wicks, that their heat melts the fat, equal to the consumption of oil. The entrance was two feet square, and the upper part of it reclined outwards, making a considerable angle, and was near the central part of the front of the apartment. The door was a block of thick ice, which they laid upon the inside of that aperture. From the door was a descent of four steps into a porch, which was sixteen feet long, four feet wide at the bottom next the house, but narrowed towards the outer end till it was but just sufficient for them to enter at, where it was quite open. It was built of large, oblong blocks of snow laid one upon another, and meeting at the top, which was ten feet high. By the entrance of the house projecting forward into the porch, and the steps before it, any person might walk in without stooping.

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[1] Eskimo. It must be remembered that Cartwright frequently uses the word Indian for Eskimo.

Adjoining to the entrance of the porch was a detached kitchen, formed with blocks of snow, and shaped like a glass-house; but not more than ten feet high, and five in diameter. A stick was laid across it to hang the pot upon, which was boiled by the blaze of a few small sticks.

After spending an agreeable hour with the Indians, I returned to the tilt on Eyre Island; but was disappointed in finding nobody there: all the firewood was nearly burnt up; and I was too lazy to cut any more myself. The weather being exceedingly cold, and neither of the men returning, I passed an uncomfortable, solitary night. The wind forced so much drift in between the boards, that my bed, and the whole floor of the tilt, were soon covered a foot deep with snow.

A very fine day, but an extremely bad night.

Wednes., February 27, 1771. At one o'clock this afternoon, Ned and Milmouth returned from Seal Island, where they lay last night. They informed me, that the ice was driven off shore, to the distance of some miles; and that a boat arrived last night from Chateau, with some people belonging to Messrs. Noble and Pinson of Dartmouth, who carry on their business in Temple Bay. In the evening one of my people came from the Lodge, and brought me a letter from Mr. Ged, who relieved Lieutenant Davyes in the command of York Fort.

Hard frost with low drift.

Thursday, March 7, 1771. Nanny was so bad to-day, that I was greatly alarmed. Her face was intensely red, her eyes had a fiery brightness, and she had such a quick succession of fainting-fits, that each was of longer duration than the interval which preceded. Being destitute of every medicine which Dr. Brookes prescribes in such cases, I was entirely at a loss what to give her; but as

I judged, that Indian tea[1] was of the same nature with the herbs which are recommended by that author, I had some gathered from under the snow in the woods, and gave her a pint of the strong infusion of that plant sweetened with sugar; repeating the same three hours after. In a short time, I had the pleasure to find her complaints removed, and the unfavorable symptoms disappear. I visited my traps, and shifted them both. Charles, Haines, and Milmouth, went to Island Lake, and brought home three spruce-game, and the old beaver, whose foot they took off the 25th of last month. At night the Indians brought two seals and a pair of ducks.

Sunday, March 10, 1771. The Indians went to the tilt, and returned in the evening accompanied by Ned, with a good silver-fox, and most of the things which were there. I read prayers to my family, and churched Nanny, who is now, thank God, perfectly recovered; an event which I have reason to believe, was effected by the Indian tea.

Monday, March 11, 1771. I set off at seven o'clock this morning, attended by Ned, Attuiock, and Tooklavinia, for Chateau. We went down Charles River to the mouth of Punt Brook, and crossed the Isthmus to Niger Sound; which we continued till we were opposite to Niger Island. We landed on the South side, and advanced across

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[1] I believe that our author refers to Labrador tea, *Ledum grœnlandicum* and *L. palustre*. This being evergreen could be gathered from under the snow, and its medicinal value for various affections was formerly highly esteemed.

Bake-Apple and Labrador Tea in Blossom at Cape Charles

the country to the head of St. Peter's Bay, and afterwards to York Fort; where we arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon. The distance I judge to be near thirty miles, for the snow was uncommonly firm, and we walked with a very quick pace. On St. Peter's Bay we met with an otter, but he got through a hole in the ice; we also observed the tracks of some wolves there. The sky was perfectly clear all day, and as there was only a gentle wind, we suffered from heat and thirst. Immediately on my arrival at home, I felt much pain in my eyes; (with a sensation like that of having dust in them) which continued all night. It was caused by the reflection of the sun upon the surface of the snow, that had been thawed and frozen again.

Three large stags were seen upon Temple Bay this morning, coming from the Westward; but the barking of the dogs at the fort, turned them back.

Tuesday, March 12, 1771. The pain in my eyes much increased, and I felt very stiff from yesterday's walk.

Fine weather.

Wednes., March 13, 1771. At four o'clock this morning I awoke with extreme pain in my eyes, and was entirely unable to open them; which is a complaint that is called in this part of the world, *snow-blind.* Upon forcing my eyes open with my fingers, the sensation was exquisite, attended with a plentiful discharge of sharp water; which brought on a quick succession of severe spasms.

The effects were exactly the same as would be produced by a person having his eyes filled with the most pungent snuff. As soon as I got up, I held them over the steam of hot water, and by repeatedly doing the same in the course of the day, and keeping them well defended from the light with handkerchiefs bound over them, the pain was greatly diminished at night, when I applied a poultice of boiled bread and oil.

Friday, March 15, 1771. My eyes were so much better, that I could keep them open all day, and even bear to go to the door for a few minutes at a time. A white-bear was seen in Temple Tickle. The deer-hunters returned this evening, and had seen near forty head; but could not get within shot of them. All the ground which lies along the shore of the straits of Belle Isle is generally much frequented by deer during the Winter, but particularly so at this time of the year; and they continue there till the end of April, or later.

Thursday, March 21, 1771. Rising at day-light this morning, I prepared for my departure, but a white-bear being discovered upon the ice, coming towards the fort from Henly Island, we all ran out to attack him. The people made so much noise, that he turned back, took the water, and swam across to Whale Gut, where he landed and went into the country. A party of the marines pursued, but could not overtake him. These animals travel at a much greater rate than is generally supposed; for they take very long steps.

Friday, March 22, 1771. At eight o'clock this morning, leaving Ned behind me, who is yet too weak to travel, and borrowing a marine of Mr. Ged, I set off on my return home. We kept along the low land till we came near St. Peter's Bay, then turned up the hills and ascended St. Peter's Head; which is bald on the top, and the highest mountain in this neighborhood. We had a commanding view of the country, and I could plainly discern Prospect Hill. We descended on the North side of the head, where we found thick woods, in which the snow was very deep and light. Here we met with the recent marks of porcupines; and I killed a spruce-game with my rifle: but my eye not being clear enough to attempt beheading the bird, as I usually do, I fired at the body, and the ball knocked him entirely to pieces. Afterwards we made a straight course to Ranger Lodge, but did not arrive there till seven o'clock in the evening. At the head of Fox Pond we crossed the fresh track of a white-bear, but I had not the least inclination to follow him. Since my departure, Charles had brought in two martens; the furriers one, and a wolvering;[1] one trap was lost, and they found a foxhound dead in another, in which he had the misfortune to be caught.

A delightful mild day.

Sunday, April 7, 1771. Early in the morning I put my provisions, bedding, and other baggage on the Indian sled; my gun and rackets upon my own, drawn by three dogs, and set off with Haines for the tilt; which with much difficulty we found.

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[1] **Wolverine, also called Glutton or Indian devil, *Gulo luscus*.**

Monday, April 8, 1771. At ten o'clock Milmouth came from the Lodge to remain with me. Soon afterwards two of the sealers called to inform me that they had killed a wolf at the East end of this island, which had got into one of their traps upon White-Fox Island this morning. He travelled at such a rate with the trap upon one of his fore feet, that they had much difficulty to overtake him, though assisted by a couple of stout Newfoundland dogs; for the wolf so intimidated the dogs, by frequently snapping at them as he ran, that they were afraid to attack him. I went with them to take a view of the beast, and a large old dog he was, but very poor; for he had been impelled by hunger to haunt about the sealers' house for some time past, to eat the seals' bones which had been left half picked by their dogs. Milmouth and I were employed all the rest of the day in cutting boughs to sewel the harbour, in order to cause the deer to come close to a point of Eyre Island, where I intend to watch for them.

It snowed hard all last night, and drifted the whole of this day.

Tuesday, April 9, 1771. A man came from Seal Island and brought me a forequarter of the wolf, a piece of which was roasted for dinner, but it proved so hard, dry, tough, and rank, that I could swallow but one mouthful. As I was, however, determined to get the better of my squeamish stomach, I set the remainder by for supper, but my success was not then much greater. At one o'clock I joined Haines, and we made a shooting-stand of snow at the South West point of this island.

Sunday, April 14, 1771. A man came here from Seal Island, who informed me that another wolf had carried off one of their traps last week; and, that in his way to this place, he had killed an otter upon the ice. The Indians having caught six seals, they brought them to the Lodge this evening, as a fresh supply of provisions for the dogs. Whether my appetite or the taste of the wolf be better, I cannot tell; but I can now make a tolerable good meal of him.

Monday, April 15, 1771. The evening being clear, I walked to the top of the highest hill upon this island, and had an extensive view out to sea; but could not discern a drop of fresh water. I finished my quarter of wolf to-day, and I believe, that my stomach will not refuse such food again, during my residence in this country.

Sunday, April 21, 1771. Attuiock and his favourite wife came here, and brought Haines home. Upon an examination of my provisions, I found no more left than will be sufficient for five weeks. Various complaints were made to me against the sawyers; and, upon a full investigation of the circumstances, I found them all to be rascals.

Monday, April 22, 1771. After breakfast the Indians set me down at the tilt, and then returned home. In the afternoon I walked to the top of the highest hill, and could perceive all the land around still covered with snow, and nothing but firm ice to be discerned out at sea, as far as the eye could reach: which, I suppose, cannot be less than fifty leagues from the land.

Saturday, April 27, 1771. The ice being driven to a distance from the shore, some of the people went with me this morning to the outer point of Indian Island, in expectation of shooting some ducks; but, although many thousands flew to the Northward, they all kept too far off.

Sunday, May 5, 1771. Etuiock came here early this morning with their sled; and taking Charles, Bettres (the boy) and Williams with me, we went to Seal Island. At noon we set out for Chateau in a skiff, taking also a couple of the sealers. We had clear water till we passed Camp Islands; but on observing a jamb of ice which extended from Table Point towards Belle Isle, we endeavored to go on the outside of it. In this attempt we got so far out to sea, (and such abundance of ice at the same time came after us from the North East) that it was with great difficulty we regained the shore at Birchy Cascade: we hauled our skiff up and spent the night by a good fire in the woods.

Monday, May 6, 1771. Early in the morning we launched the boat, and rowed along shore to Foulweather Droke, but could get no farther; the ice being firmly jammed quite across, from Table Point to Belle Isle. There we hauled up the boat and I walked upon the point where I met with eight deer, and shot one of them through the haunches, at a considerable distance, but did not kill him; I then pursued him a long way without success. The rest of the people went round the shore to the Head of St. Peter's Bay, but killed nothing. We suffered greatly all night from cold, for the woods were thin, chiefly old birch,[1] the snow was very deep, and we could scarce keep our fire alight, the fuel being full of sap.

Tuesday, May 7, 1771. At day-light this morning, finding the ice was driven back to the Northward, I ordered the boat round the Point, and walked across to Conden Tickle; where I found fourteen deer feeding upon wild rye[2] which appeared through the snow. Unfortunately they got sight of me at the same time, and went off, when I fired at above two hundred yards distance, without effect. The boat meeting me there, we made the best of our way to Chateau, and arrived in Henley Tickle at four in the afternoon, where I shot four ducks and then went to York Fort.

Friday, May 10, 1771. Early in the morning, leaving Charles to follow with the sealers, and taking Bettres with me, I went to the Table Land in a boat belonging to the garrison, and sent it back immediately on my arrival. In my way hither I measured the flight of the eider ducks by the following method: viz. on arriving off Duck Island, six miles distant from Henley Tickle, I caused the people to lie on their oars; and when I saw the flash of the guns, which were fired at a flock of ducks as they passed through, I observed by my watch how long they were in flying abreast of us. The result of above a dozen observations, ascertained the rate to be ninety miles an hour. After making a tilt with some seal skins which I borrowed at Chateau, I took a walk across the point, and got shots at a good fox and a black duck, with my rifle; also saw a deer, but night came on before I could get up to it. It was nine o'clock when I returned to the tilt very hungry; having eaten nothing since six in the morning: but, instead of dinner being ready, the boy had not been able to light a fire; therefore I was obliged to do that business myself; I soon effected it, and broiled some ducks for our suppers. In my way hither I killed one duck out of the boat, and brought some others along with me.

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[1] Paper or Canoe birch, *Betula Alba.* The dwarf birch, *B. glandulosa* var. *rotundifolia*, is also common in Labrador.

[2] *Elymus arenarius.*

Sunday, May 12, 1771. Early in the morning Etuiock and the Indians came to the tilt, and conducted me and my baggage home on their sled. We found the bay broken up in the middle, as high as the South head of White-Bear Sound, where we inadvertently got upon loose pans of ice, and were in danger of being driven out to sea; but by the activity of the dogs, we escaped the danger. From Seal Island to Otter Island the ice was very rotten, and knee deep in water. On my arrival at home I was informed that one of my people had killed a deer last week.

Monday, May 13, 1771. I had the skiff caulked and payed; the boards piled; the foundation for the salmon-house cleared; and other things done. Charles began to dig the garden, Ned took up some seweling, and was at work down the river all day. In the evening the river broke up as far as Rabbit Island; having been entirely frozen twenty-seven weeks and three days.

A very warm day.

Tuesday, May 21, 1771. The first green leaf appeared to-day, which was a currant.[1]

Monday, May 27, 1771. I killed a gull[2] with my little rifle, and caught five large trouts with baits. Milmouth returned at night, and brought a goose. Charles was at work in the lower garden.

Wednes., May 29, 1771. At day-light I sent most of the people down to the shallop, and went myself with two hands into St. Lewis's Bay. We tailed one trap for an otter in Cutter Harbour; then went into Mary Harbour, where we tailed two more. At the head of this place we found a very fine salmon river, which precipitates over a flat rock, extending across the mouth of it, and forms a most beautiful cascade. Near this spot was a mountaineer whigwham of last year, on which we spread our sails, and slept in it. I killed a seal and a spruce-game with my rifle, but lost the former.

It snowed and hailed all day and night.

Friday, May 31, 1771. We proceeded to Eyre Island, where we found a duck in a trap: being caught there by a hard squall of wind, we were obliged to run through Raft Tickle into a cove, where we hauled up our boat; killed a pair of eider ducks, and winged a black-duck, but lost it. In the evening the squall abating, we set off, and got home by ten at night; in the way I killed a seal with goose shot, but it sunk. Ned and Haines were come from Chateau, but had brought only twelve ducks. They had begun to build the salmon-house. Attuiock sent me a present of his old kyack. Clear weather.

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[1] *Ribes triste* or *R. prostratum*. On May 24, 1909, at Esquimaux Point, I found the currants just beginning to open their leaf-buds.

[2] The most common large gull on the Labrador coast is the herring gull, *Larus argentatus*. The great black-backed gull, *L. marinus* and the glaucous gull or burgomaster, *L. hyperboreus*, are also common. The kittiwake, *Rissa tridactyla*, is an abundant small gull.

Saturday, June 1, 1771. I turned the people out at four o'clock, and finding that the work at the salmonhouse was not well executed, I made them pull it down and begin afresh. The boatsmaster came up and informed me, that he had brought the shallop into the river. Milmouth and Bettres went to Eyre Island with traps; where they killed a duck and a tinker,[1] and gathered thirty-three eggs. Two of the Indians came up, and brought me a duck and a few eggs. The instant I got home I sat down to write letters to Fogo and England, and continued at that work all day.

Sunday, June 2, 1771. I continued writing all the last night, and until noon to-day; when, having finished, the shallop immediately sailed for Fogo. I went to bed at half after two in the afternoon, not a little fatigued.

Monday, June 3, 1771. At four o'clock all hands were at work on the salmonhouse, except two; at the same time I sent down the river for the skiff and punt, which were left in Furriers

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[1] Still called "tinker," the razor-billed auk, *Alca torda.*

Cove: they returned at eight, when Milmouth went to Niger Sound, shifted the trap, and killed a shell-bird and a bottle-nosed diver.[1]

Thursday, June 6, 1771. At day-light I began to prepare for a cruise; and at seven o'clock, taking Charles and Bettres with me, I sailed for St. Lewis's Bay: we had three otters in the traps, tailed three more, shot three ducks, and gathered seventeen eggs. We passed the night in Mary Harbour.

Friday, June 7, 1771. At noon we sailed up the bay, got to the head of it at night, and there found a large river, with plenty of good timber on the north side of it. We landed at the mouth of a small brook, where there were some old Nescaupick whigwhams, and erected a tilt for ourselves; but had not a very pleasant night, as it snowed hard the whole time. I named the river, the Colleroon; from a large river in the East Indies of the same appellation.

Saturday, June 8, 1771. We spent the morning in taking off some rinds to cover our tilt, and in skinning the otters. In the afternoon we went about two miles higher up the river, which appeared very likely to produce plenty of salmon, but difficult and expensive to fish; being broad, shoal, and rapid. On examination of the timber we found a great number of white spruce trees, which were tall, clear, and straight; from six, to nine feet in circumference. We killed a spruce-game, and returned to the tilt in the evening.

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[1] Surf scoter or skunk-head coot, *Oidemia perspicillata.* The white-winged scoter, *O. deglandi* was and is still known on the Labrador coast as the "brass-wing diver."

Sunday, June 9, 1771. At ten o'clock this morning we set out homewards. About two miles lower, we met with a small river on the South West side of the bay. I named it the Alexander; abundance of that plant[1] growing on its banks.

A warm day, but froze sharp in the night.

Monday, June 10, 1771. We made sail down the bay at five this morning. On the South shore were several groves of good birch, fit for hoop-poles; plenty of trees proper for rinding; and many spots of good grass fit for hay. I killed a goose and wounded two more. We visited the traps in Mary Harbour, and had an otter. We then went to Hutton Island, where I killed five ducks and a shell-bird; we also gathered twenty-nine eggs, and found a goose-nest with seven. At half past seven we left that place, and, with the help of our sails and oars, reached home at midnight, very well pleased with the discoveries which had been made: for, beside the above-mentioned advantages, there are many good rubbing places, and the country seems likely for martens; but not so for beavers. We saw but few signs of deer or black-bears; nor were there many ves-

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[1] Cartwright frequently speaks of "alexander" by which he undoubtedly means the cow-parsnip, *Heracleum lanatum*, belonging to the carrot family, *Umbellifereae*. This plant resembles superficially the English *Smyrnium olusatrum* or *alexander*, with which Cartwright was doubtless familiar. This was used as a pot herb in England just as *H. lanatum* was used in Labrador by the Indians. I found the cow-parsnip very common at Cape Charles and in the Mary Harbour region.

Icebergs on the Labrador Coast

At the Mouth of Mary Harbour

tiges of Indians, and those we found were old. The length of the bay, from Lion Head to the river mouth, is about seven leagues. I was writing letters all the remainder of the night.

Thursday, June 20, 1771. I was making flies and a fishing-line till dinner; after which I went in the punt up the stream, and killed one slink and a brace of trout. Charles took up the sewels in Sewel Cove. The skiff came up at night with two of Guy's crew, who brought me a confused account of a rupture with Spain, which they had heard of from some people of Chateau, that had arrived at Seal Island this day: that a vessel belonging to Noble and Pinson had arrived at Chateau; that the codfish were on the coast, and that they had caught a quintal[1] this morning with a few trouts, which I sent them yesterday.

Bright sun, and very hot weather.

Friday, June 21, 1771. My maid, through carelessness in heating the oven, set the hill on fire, but by timely assistance, it was extinguished; otherwise, the buildings; and the whole country round, would soon have been in flames. Had twenty-seven slinks in the net.

A very hot day, and the moschettos bit for the first time this year.

Wednes., June 26, 1771. In the afternoon John Tilsed came, and brought intelligence of his return with the shallop from Fogo; from whence he had brought back another fisherman and a cooper. She was laden with empty hogsheads,

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[1] A weight of 112 pounds.

(for the seals' oil,) and a fresh supply of provisions. He delivered to me some letters from England and Fogo. From the former place I received the very afflicting information of the death of my good friend Lord Granby; and from the latter I was informed of the loss of my partner lieutenant Lucas, who was supposed to have foundered at sea, in our schooner Enterprise, on his passage from Fogo to Oporto; for which place he sailed the latter end of October last, with a cargo of dry fish on freight. They also advised me, that our schooner Nimrod was to be consigned to me with a cargo of supplies from England; and that a shallop, intended as a present to Attuiock, was to be immediately sent to me from Fogo. Tilsed and his crew returned to Stage Cove at night to assist in carrying on the work there.

A very hot day.

Tuesday, July 2, 1771. At five o'clock this morning, taking a couple of men with me in the wherry, I went to Seal Island; where Hezekiah Guy and company delivered to me two thousand seven hundred and five gallons of seals' oil; thirty-two fox, and four otter skins; one wolf and one deer skin, with two bags of feathers; being part of their winter's * voyage. I then made a visit to the Indians who are encamped on Cape Island; and my old friend Attuiock made me a present of a beautiful ranger[1] skin.

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* A term used in this country, to express the whole of what any set of men make, catch, or procure, in the course of a winter, or summer.

[1] Harbour seal, *Phoca vitulina concolor*.

I was greatly pleased with their method of curing codfish without salt; which, in that state, they call *pipshy*. The fish is split down the back, the bone taken out, and the thick parts scored down to the skin, an inch asunder; two of them are then fastened together by their tails, and hung across a pole to dry in the open air. This method of curing fish or flesh, we call *jerking*. It is an excellent way, and anything which is so cured, will keep perfectly sweet and good, for a great length of time, provided no wet or damp affect it; but it requires to be well soaked before it be dressed.

Thursday, July 4, 1771. Attuiock and Tooklavinia came up in their kyacks, accompanied by five other Esquimaux, who had arrived at Cape Charles this morning with their families. They supped with me, and afterwards smoked a few whiffs of tobacco and drank a little callibogus; but they seemed to prefer sugar and water.

Friday, July 5, 1771. It was astonishing to see what a quantity of hot cake and coffee my seven uncouth friends swallowed for breakfast this morning. After their repast, I went with them to the Cape on a visit to their wives, and was rowed thither in the wherry by Charles and one of the Indians. The other six attended in their kyacks, and threw their different kinds of darts as they went along; an art at which they are amazingly dexterous. I shot a seal with my Hanoverian rifle but he sunk.

Arriving at Cape Island, close adjoining Attuiock's tent, I found several others, each of which was inhabited by a numerous family attended by dogs. There seemed to be no distinction between these people and their faithful attendants; for they all lived together in common, much in the same way as I have already described in the former part of my journal. The ground within and about the tents was covered with codfish, seals, ducks and eggs: of which the Indians or their dogs made a repast at pleasure, without ceremony. They had lately killed an old white-bear, and every tent was supplied with a sufficient quantity boiled in a pot; out of which each individual helped himself as often as he found room to cram down a little more: and no sooner was the pot empty, than it was immediately replenished. From Shuglawina the chief, (whose tent and shallop were both larger and better than those belonging to any of the other) I received a present of five * silver fox-skins: another gave me a ranger-skin; and a third an arrow. There were several pretty girls, and some good-looking youths among them. My old friend, I believe, had made a very favourable report of my behaviour to him during the Winter; for they seemed to be as pleased to see me, and as obedient to me as if I had been their king. On my departure, I distributed about a pound of small beads and a few needles among them, with which they were well satisfied; and the men promised to conduct their wives to my house on the morrow to return the

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* These five skins were sold at Bristol for 18*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

visit, and at the same time to bring their whalebone and skins to trade with me.

In my way home I called at Seal Island, where I received six hundred and twenty-five seal-skins from Guy and company. I then proceeded to the stage, where I gave some directions, and got home by ten at night, accompanied by two Indian men in their kyacks. Milmouth had shifted the net, and put it out again.

The weather was very fine to-day.

Sunday, July 7, 1771. At one o'clock this afternoon, our bait-skiff full of Indians, attended by several others in their kyacks, came here; having left their shallop in the river below. They brought a small quantity of whalebone and a few skins, which I purchased with some trifling articles. There were in the whole, thirty-two people, of both sexes and of all ages. Nine salmon were boiled for them, and, although the fish were fifteen pounds weight each, on an average, they ate the whole at a meal. I can eat pretty well myself; but my performances in that way are not worth recording in the history of men of such superior talents. They all returned in the evening except Shuglawina, his daughter, Attuiock and Ickongoque.

There was excellent fishing today, and had there been but one fleet of good nets in the water, we could have killed ten tierces.

Tuesday, July 9, 1771. Early this morning I went to Cape Charles, and there pitched my tent upon the continent, directly opposite the Indian

Camp; having a tickle between us, not more than eighty yards wide. The instant that I was ready to open shop, I sent my people home, with injunctions not to come near me until I sent them an order in writing for that purpose; or, unless they had any business with me, which could not be deferred till my return. My tent was soon filled with Indians, and we carried on a very brisk trade till two o'clock in the afternoon. Shuglawina then came in, spoke a few words in a rough tone of voice, and all the rest instantly walked out. Taking me by the shoulder and speaking sternly, he made signs for me to go along with him. As these people have hitherto plundered and murdered Europeans whenever they had the opportunity, I must confess, that I expected that was to be my fate now; and my suspicions were confirmed, upon recollecting the apprehensions which they expressed at the sight of my fire-arms, till I convinced them, that they were not loaded. However, being well assured, that if they were determined to kill me, I could not prevent them; I put the best face possible on this unpleasant affair, locked up my goods, and followed him out. He led me to the top of an eminence, at the back of my tent, and we were followed by all the men and boys. On observing a collection of brush wood and other dry fuel, I naturally concluded, that I was to be sacrificed; but whether they intended to roast me alive or dead, I could not determine. I did not, however, long remain in suspense, for Shuglawina soon dispelled my fears by telling me, that we had done business enough for one day, and therefore he had brought me there to look out for vessels at sea (that station commanding a view quite across the straits of Belle Isle as far as Quirpon and the adjoining parts of Newfoundland) adding, that the wood was to make signals to them. On discovering a whabby swimming in a small pond, I sent for my rifle, and broke both its thighs at the first shot; Shuglawina then fired and killed it. It was really surprising, that he should kill a bird with a single ball, the first shot which he ever fired in his life, at a distance of a hundred yards at the least.

They all returned to their own tents at sun-set, and did not steal a single article from me, although several of my goods lay exposed to them; which I firmly believe was the first instance of the kind ever known.

Wednes., July 10, 1771. Not an Indian offered to cross the tickle this morning until they saw me up at five o'clock. Most of the men were gone out to kill seals and codfish, and those who were in camp then came to my tent, but as I had yesterday purchased the greatest part of their goods, my traffic with them was now trifling.

These people live at the three southernmost settlements, where no whales are killed; they do not trouble themselves much to catch furs, not being furnished with traps; nor do they understand the use of deathfalls. They kill plenty of seals, fish, and fowl in their own neighborhood; and barter with the northern tribes for whalebone.

Very little more than the mere necessaries of life (which, a little reflection will convince everyone, are few indeed) will satisfy an Indian; for he has no stimulus to industry. When he has killed food he has generally procured clothing also; therefore he will work no longer. As seals are infinitely more valuable to an Esquimau, and much more certain to be killed by him, than foxes, martens, or any other animals, on the skins of which luxury has fixed a better price; it is not surprising that he will stick close to the chase of the one, to the great neglect of the other. Besides, the catching of furs is so fatiguing and precarious, and the carcasses so small, that, were he to give up his time to that business, his family must perish with hunger. Yet I have not a doubt, but commerce will, in progress of time, have the same effect on these people, that it ever has had on other nations: it will introduce luxury, which will increase their wants, and urge them to much more industry than they at present possess. They will then purchase traps, learn to build deathfalls, and contrive other devices to kill furs, at such times as a successful seal-chase shall give them leisure to pay proper attention to that branch of trade.

In the afternoon I went over to the island and visited the ladies. I found them variously employed, and observed that great attention was paid to the providing of belly-timber: for the kettle was either boiled, or boiling, in every tent. Some were busy in dressing green seal-skins, and others in jerking fish; some, in making boots and jackets, whilst others were sucking the fat from eider-duck skins, intended for winter garments, and engaged in a great variety of other employment. The most perfect good humour prevailed among them, and they took great pains to entertain me with singing and dancing. Although I did not admire their tunes, yet I could perceive that many of them had very soft and musical voices; but as to their dancing, one would have supposed that they had learned that art from the bears of the country.

As mere visiting was not my sole object, Jew like, I took with me a box of beads and other trifles, with which I picked up several skins and a little whalebone. Shuglawina made me a present of a very fine silver fox-skin; but he insisted on having the same price for the brush of it, as I had just paid for an entire skin. However, as he only demanded a small ivory comb, which cost me no more than twopence halfpenny, and the skin was worth four guineas, I made no scruple in completing the purchase.

Saturday, July 13, 1771. In the afternoon, Shuglawina and I took a walk on the Cape land in quest of deer, but saw none. I detected his son in attempting to sell me some of my own whalebone which he had stolen out of my tent: I complained to his father, but for want of being perfect in the language, I could not make him understand me; or at least he would not: however, he offered me a present, by way of settling the affair, which I refused; but made him sensible that I was satisfied.

Wednes., July 24, 1771. At five this morning, I sent the salmoniers with the net up the river. We caught sixteen fish with it, in the pools above the pound; the latter had sixty-three in it, and the Indians killed twenty with their darts.

Saturday, July 27, 1771. I purchased a few skins from the Indians to-day, and, in the evening, they went off for Camp Islands. One of the Indian men behaving rudely to my maid, I seized him by the collar, and launched him out of the door. I was most heartily tired of their company before they went, they were so very rude and troublesome: and although they eat no less than fifteen large salmon in twenty-four hours, yet they were much displeased that I would not give them another meal. I did not count the number of visitors, but I do not believe they exceeded forty. I had two new salmon-nets put out to-day. We had but few fish out of the pound, and only a score out of the nets; most of which had been some time in the river. I fished a little with the fly at noon, and killed a few trouts. I received several letters by the Indian Prince, among which was a packet from Marnham.

Friday, August 2, 1771. I lent Guy my chart of the coast, and ordered both boats to Port Charlotte to try for fish and baits about Point Spear and Cape St. Francis. Having examined the Indian traffic, I found that I had got three hundred weight of whalebone; ninety-seven ranger, four doater, and nineteen fox skins; twenty-one spare fox brushes; twelve deer, four otter, and two marten skins; one wolf, one wolvering, and one black-bear skin. At night the skiff came up with a letter. We found a wolvering to-day in one of the traps, which was tailed some time since in Watson Brook, but he was tainted. Few salmon going.

Sunday, August 4, 1771. At eight this morning, being accompanied by Shuglawina, we got under weigh [in the Nimrod] and sailed for Fogo; but immediately got aground on the bar between White Fox and Little Island: we lay there an hour, then got off by the help of a warp, and went to sea. There being but little wind all day, we got no farther than the back of Belle Isle, and were beating in the mouth of the straits all night.

Monday, August 5, 1771. We were about four leagues from Groais Island at sun-set, when we saw a snow[1] standing in for Croque. During a calm in the afternoon, Shuglawina went off in his kyack in pursuit of a penguin;[2] he presently came within a proper distance of the bird, and struck his dart into it; but, as the weapon did not enter a mortal part, the penguin swam and dived so well, that he would have lost both the bird and the dart, had he not driven it near enough the vessel for me to shoot it.

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[1] A sailing vessel, whose rig is now obsolete. The snow had two large masts, and a third small mast which carried a trysail just abaft of the mainmast.

[2] Great auk or gare-fowl, *Plautus impennis*, extinct since about 1850. This interesting bird was called *penguin* by the earlier voyagers, a name subsequently used to designate an entirely different group of birds confined to the southern ocean, but resembling the great auk in being flightless.

Thursday, August 8, 1771. We anchored in the harbour of Fogo at ten this morning, and, in the course of the day, landed all the oil and other things.

Sunday, August 11, 1771. Early in the morning I engaged some of the best furriers in the place (who are also good salmoniers) to enter into our service for the ensuing year. At seven in the evening I sailed for Charles Harbour. Mr. Bell, the surgeon of this place, accompanied me on a visit; and John Wrixon, a furrier, came also to take a view of the country, in order to make a report of his observations to his comrades.

Wednes., September 11, 1771. According to the custom of this part of the world, as well as some others, all the people got very drunk today; because some of their friends were taking their leave of them, and going away.

Sunday, September 15, 1771. In the morning I read prayers to my family; in the afternoon I went to the lower garden, and gathered some green peas and ripe currants.

Friday, September 27, 1771. After breakfast I took two hands with me to rummage Atkinson Pond. We looked at the slips and traps at Salt Point and on Lyon Neck, and found an otter in that at the mouth of the pond, but it was tainted. We tailed two other traps for otters. In the evening a vessel appeared, working into the harbour;

I went on board, and found her to be his Majesty's brig Grenville, commanded by Mr. Michael Lane, who had been employed all the summer in surveying part of the coast northward of this place. I remained all night on board. Killed a lady.[1] Clear, pleasant weather.

[With the onset of winter trapping operations went on more actively.]

Sunday, November 10, 1771. In the night, my Newfoundland dog, not having been put in the kennel, visited some of the traps, and brought one of them home on his foot.

Tuesday, November 26, 1771. Seals were plentiful in the coves, but few of them came through the tickle to-day. We had forty in the nets, and I pelted three.

Wednes., November 27, 1771. Having caught a severe cold, by sleeping in * puppy's parlour for the three last nights [at the tilt], I determined to return home. Accordingly I ordered a man to make the necessary preparations for that purpose; likewise to put eleven seals' carcases into the wherry for my dogs. Every thing being ready, we sailed at nine o'clock this morning. In passing one of the skiffs, which I observed was loaded, the people informed me that they had just seen a white-bear in Mahar's Cove. On arriving at the stage, I perceived that he had been there also, and overturned a blubber-cask. After stowing away the herring-nets and some other things, we proceeded up the river to Canoe Point; where we landed the carcases, moored the wherry, and walked home; for the river was frozen over in bridges, from that place to the Narrows, but the ice was firm and good all the way home from thence; having been frozen over ever since Monday last.

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[1] The gentle reader may be reminded that Cartwright refers to the female harlequin duck.

* To sleep in puppy's parlour, signifies sleeping in one's clothes, upon the floor, before the fire.

Tuesday, December 17, 1771. The shifting of the wind, and a great sea along shore, occasioned by yesterday's gale, cleared the whole bay [of ice]. The boats made three trips each, and brought on shore a hundred and twenty-five seals, and both the stoppers; and here the voyage concludes. On casting up the account, I find we have killed nine hundred and seventy-two seals; which is the most I ever heard of, in proportion to the men and nets.

Tuesday, December 24, 1771. I removed the traps from Dog Point to Island Brook, where there was abundance of marten-trackings, but not many of foxes. A bear had lately been up there. At night Christmas Eve was celebrated in the usual manner, by the people getting very drunk. Severe frost.

Wednes., December 25, 1771. I treated all hands with buttered hot rolls and coffee for breakfast; after which, some of them walked up the river, where they saw the track of a wolf. I read prayers, and afterwards regaled the people with veal pie and rice pudding for dinner. In the evening I walked to Island Brook.

The sky was clear, and the frost not so severe as yesterday. [Charles, from much drinking became ill, and was treated by the Captain with bleeding, James' powders and so forth, from time to time.]

Sunday, January 5, 1772. All the people got drunk today, and the cooper behaving in a very insolent manner, I gave him a few strokes with a small stick; upon which he had the impudence to complain of being so bruised as not to be able to eat his dinner. Charles relapsed, and was very ill again.

It snowed hard all last night and till noon, when it turned to rain for the rest of the day; mild weather.

Monday, January 6, 1772. I bled one of the sealers, and two of my dogs. The cooper refused to work, pretending he could not use his right arm; I gave him nothing but water gruel, and made a deduction from his wages for his neglect. Charles so ill, that I think he will scarce live till the morning.

Foggy, with silver thaw.

Friday, January 10, 1772. Charles is now likely to recover; he was up most of the day. At noon an otter came up the watering hole; I shot at him out of the window with a rifle, but missed him. I made a net for the fowl house, and worked on the curlew net.

Saturday, January 11, 1772. I met the two St. Lewis's-Bay-men and one of the sealers, coming from Seal Island, who informed me that an old bitch white-bear and two cubs, came upon the island this morning, and they had killed them all; that my bloodhounds behaved very well upon the occasion; particularly one of the whelps, which fastened on them with great resolution.

Monday, January 13, 1772. I thought Charles would have died every minute of this day; which kept me at home. I read prayers to him; for he retains his senses, notwithstanding he is so bad that he can take nothing.

Saturday, January 25, 1772. I had part of a loin of white bear roasted for dinner, which proved very good; although, to say the truth, it was much like beef basted with seal oil; however, for want of the beef without the oil, I ate near two pounds of it.

Tuesday, January 28, 1772. This being another bad day, I employed myself in netting, attending my patient, [Charles] and in studying physic and surgery. At night, the evening, or some other star, shone remarkably, and appeared luminous and large; it bore South at ten o'clock and seemed to be not very high.

Tuesday, February 4, 1772. After breakfast Mr. Bullock and I went up Island Brook, where we saw the tracks of two wolverings, one of which had been caught by a hook, that I had hung from the branch of a tree, with a bait upon it, and had broken it; he afterwards got into a trap which was not far off, and carried it to some distance, where the creeper caught hold of a bush, and he escaped after a very long struggle. Mr. Bullock shot a squirrel[1] and an owl. Charles was exceedingly bad all day, but rather better at night. The marine being not well, I bled him; and being indisposed myself, I took an emetic.

Thursday, February 6, 1772. After breakfast Mr. Bullock accompanied me up the river, and to Snug Pond; we both fired at a spruce-game, without doing any execution. During our absence, my faithful old servant Charles breathed his last. I set the cooper to make a coffin for him.

Clear, pleasant weather.

Sunday, February 9, 1772. After breakfast I sent the corpse down to Indian Cove, and had it buried in the snow; where I intend it shall remain till spring.

Sunday, February 23, 1772. This being the anniversary of my birthday, I gave the people a good dinner, and regaled them with rum.

Wednes., February 26, 1772. At eight o'clock Mr. Bullock and his two men, myself, and one of my servants, began our journey to Chateau, with our baggage and provisions on our sleds, each drawn by one dog.

Thursday, February 27, 1772. At two o'clock this morning it began to snow very hard, with a great thaw, and so continued all day, which prevented us from prosecuting our journey. Being very wet and cold, and not able to make the fire

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[1] Labrador red squirrel, *Sciurus hudsonicus*. This is the only squirrel except the Labrador flying squirrel, *Sciuropterus sabrinus makovikensis*, found in Labrador. The gray squirrel, *Sciurus carolinensis leucotis*, reaches as far north as southern Canada only.

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burn well, in the evening we began to dig a hole in the snow, intending to lie there; just as it was finished, and the marine still at work in it, the top fell in upon him. We dug him out with all expedition, but his back was much hurt by being pressed double. We then cleared out the hole, laid trees and boughs across it, and covered them with snow; Mr. Bullock and I then crept into it, and slept there, wrapped in my boat-cloak, and were warmer than we should have been by the fire. But as we were very wet, and our lodging room leaked greatly, I must confess we should have been more comfortable in our beds at home. We tailed two traps by the brook side.

[A little later the Captain and Mr. Bullock, and Fogarty set out for St. Modest, — forty miles away.]

Tuesday, March 17, 1772. One of the dogs having given us the slip last night (which was no bad proof of his understanding) at day-light I sent Fogarty back for him to Mr. Hewet's [at Temple Bay]. At 10 o'clock he returned, and Mr. Bullock came with him; at the same time the wind veered, and it began to blow and snow extremely hard; we therefore retired into the wood and made a fire. Mr. Bullock took a short walk, killed a brace of grouse, and saw a wolf. Of all the bad nights I ever spent out of doors, this was by far the worst; fortunately for us, the timber was good and very plentiful, or we must have perished. Fogarty, who is a good hatchet-man, was cutting wood all night, and we were mending the fire; but although we kept as good a one as possible, having never less than a cart load on at a time, the snow was so deep that we did not see the ground till three in the morning, and the wind striking down upon the fire, almost blinded us with smoke; at the same time the snow fell in large fleaks, and in such abundance, that it wetted us to the skin, and also prevented the fire from affording us much warmth.

Wednes., March 18, 1772. Glad were we to see the day appear, and immediately determined on returning to Mr. Hewet's house, but on looking round us we found a retreat not so easy a matter; for, having dug away the snow with our rackets that we might keep ourselves on a level with the fire, we perceived ourselves to be in a hole full ten feet deep, with perpendicular sides of hard snow. Fortunately, however, a friendly tree extending its branches through the snow, we laid hold of them, struck our toes into the wall and got out. Leaving all my baggage except my bread-bag, we returned to Mr. Hewet's, and gave up all farther thoughts of prosecuting our intended journey. For the whole country between Temple Bay and St. Modest is high and barren, and no woods to be met with but in four places, which are about ten miles from each other; consequently a fresh breeze of wind causes the drift to fly so thick as to obstruct the sight. I found Mr. Hewet and several of his people drunk, (yesterday being St. Patrick's day) in honour of their native country.

Rain and snow till nine this morning, fair afterwards.

Sunday, March 29, 1772. I went upon my sled round the low grounds, [at St. Peter's Bay] and saw the tracks of two large white-bears; but was near losing my life by a frolic. For, laying the hounds on the track of one of the bears, I encouraged them to hunt it, which they soon did, and ran by the eye and cried it merrily. Growing more eager every yard, they presently ran away with me, and we soon came upon the ice in Harbour Pleasure; nor could I stop them till they had got near to the mouth of the harbour, where the ice was so weak (being a fresh freezing of only a few days) that they absolutely broke through with a foot or two, and it bent very much with the weight of me on the sled. With some difficulty I turned them about, and got safe back. [On April 7 he returned to Charles River.]

Friday, April 10, 1772. At sun-rise I went down the river, and found all the slips in Slip Cove down and covered with snow, and the large trap likewise covered very high. I observed that the [white] bear had gone upon Salt Point, where I soon discovered the mischief done by this animal on an oil-hogshead; which had been spoiled last winter by a wolf: I stood for some time viewing the damage with astonishment. The cask was made of strong oak staves, well secured by thick, broad hoops of birch; yet this creature with one stroke of his tremendous paw, had snapped off the four chime-hoops, and broken the staves short off.

Sunday, May 3, 1772. I measured the thickness of the ice in the river, and found it to be upwards of three feet. Read prayers to the family. In the evening, an otter came up the river, on the ice, when the hounds winding him, went off in full cry, and soon came up with and killed him.

Tuesday, May 5, 1772. At day-light I sent Fogarty and Bettres with some provisions, &c. on the Nescaupick sled to the tilt, and at eight o'clock I followed them myself, with Mrs. Selby, my tent, and the rest of my baggage on an Esquimau sled, drawn by six dogs. As we went down the river, I saw, first one deer, then two, and afterwards three, upon the ice. I fired at the first at the distance of three hundred and fifty yards; at the second at three hundred; and at one of the third at one hundred and thirty yards, which I killed, but missed both the others. Having two couple of unentered hounds with me, I let them all loose to blood them, but the old dog following the first deer, I was not able to catch him again. After permitting the hounds to tear at the throat for a while, I harnessed them again, left the baggage on the ice, laid the deer on the sled, and we returned home. The other two deer, which were with the one that I had killed, having turned back and run up the river on our track, I laid the hounds on their slot, and they ran it so eagerly, that they did not observe where they turned into the woods, but kept on in full cry all the way to my door. The cry of the hounds being echoed from a variety of places, was fine beyond description; and it is inconceivable how little they appeared to feel the draught and weight of the sled.

Saturday, May 23, 1772. I was out the whole of this day endeavoring to kill a goose, but my labour was in vain; notwithstanding I saw several, and likewise many ducks.

Tuesday, June 2, 1772. We hauled the net at day-light, but had nothing in it. I then put out an eel-pot, and having tried the trout several times, at length I killed a brace. At noon eight kyacks of Esquimaux came up, among whom were Attuiock, Tooklavinia, and Etuiock; the rest were part of those who came here last Summer. They informed me that they came this morning in two shallops to Great Caribou, where they had left their boats and families. They brought me presents of whale-bone, venison, and eggs; and likewise one of my traps with an otter in it, which they had met with in the river below. I purchased some whale-bone of them, and in the evening six of them returned, leaving the other two, who stayed all night with me.

Wednes., June 3, 1772. After breakfast one of the Indian shallops came up to Indian Cove, from which place the women walked to the Lodge, and stayed till the afternoon. I bought seventy-three pounds weight of long bone, and a few skins of them. Having only the marine at home, I had no small trouble with my visitors in the article of provision; for the number being great, and their appetites likewise in proportion, we could scarcely dress victuals fast enough for them. They behaved very well however, and returned, to all appearance, contented with their traffic and entertainment. I skinned and spread the otter.

Thursday, June 4, 1772. At noon I went down the river in the old punt, and tailed the trap which the Indians had brought up, on Barred Island, where it was before. Meeting the sealers, who were coming up with herring nets, and a tierce of salt, I returned with them; and with their assistance buried my late old servant, Charles Atkinson. They afterwards returned home, and in the evening I tilled a little more of the lower garden, and likewise took up the salmon-net which I hung up to dry.

Monday, June 8, 1772. Early in the morning, taking the marine with me in the old punt, and a few trading goods, I intended going down to the Indians. On our way we looked at the traps, and in one, which was tailed in a deer-path on Salt Point, we found a lynx.[1]

Friday, June 12, 1772. In the afternoon I took up both the nets, and put them out afresh below the deeps, and had two slinks in them. While we were employed in this business, a skiff, belonging to Noble and Pinson, arrived and took possession of the river; under a pretence of having a right so to do, by virtue of the Acts of Parliament relative to Newfoundland.

Monday, June 15, 1772. As Noble and Pinson's people had taken possession of the river, and the dispute could not be settled for some time, I thought it best to send my people to the Colleroon.

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[1] Canada lynx, *Lynx canadensis.*

Thursday, June 18, 1772. In the morning several Indians came up in one of their shallops, and brought me a pair of live young eagles,[1] a few ducks, and some eggs. I had a little whale-bone and a few skins from them. They remained all night with me, and it was with no little difficulty I could restrain them from killing Noble and Pinson's people, for disturbing me in my fishery. At noon I took the chief with me in the flat up the stream a fishing, and killed three salmon and a brace of trout with fly. He was greatly surprised to see me kill so large fish with such fine tackle, and shewed me their method of fly-fishing for salmon, but he did not raise one. He had the skin of the leg of a sea-pigeon,[2] which is scarlet, fastened on the shank of a cod-hook, tied to a cod-line. This he threw by hand down the stream, and played it in the same manner as we do a fly. I make no doubt but they kill some salmon in this way, or he would not have been provided with such tackle; for an Indian never will use those things which will not answer the end intended, but I do not think theirs a good way, for it is too awkward.

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[1] Northern bald eagle, *Haliaeetus leucocephalus alascanus;* possibly the golden eagle, *Aquila Chrysaëtos*, although this species is very rare on the Eastern Coast.

[2] "Sea-pigeon" or "pigeon," black guillemot, *Cepphus grylle.*

Wednes., July 1, 1772. We sailed for Camp Islands early this morning, where we arrived in a short space of time. We found there, seventeen tents and nine shallops. I pitched my tent, and carried on a very brisk trade during the whole of the day. In the evening, two fresh boats arrived from the northward, one of which was a whaling-boat, and had a good deal of bone in her. At sun-set, the Indians amused themselves with playing at ball; this amusement consisted only in tossing the ball at pleasure from one to another, each striving who should get it; but I soon perceived they were very bad catchers. I taught them the sports of threading-the-needle, and leap-frog; the latter of which diverted them much, as it did me likewise: for as they had no idea of springing, and the women playing as well as the men, they were continually tumbling over each other in glorious confusion; but as the women wore breeches, it was of very little consequence on which end they fell; their heads, or their heels. They had likewise a game much resembling that of threading-the-needle; but instead of the last couple turning hands over head, the leader ran round, till they were all wound up in a circle; when pulling and hauling different ways, they tumbled over each other, and thus finished their sport. One of them having a very bad cold, which I understand is a prevalent disorder amongst them, I bled him.

Friday, July 3, 1772. Two shallops went off this morning for Chateau. I saw great plenty of caplin,[1] and several large shoals came close in shore, when the Indians and I killed many with darts.

Monday, July 6, 1772. I had but little trade to-day. The Indians were diverting themselves with shooting at a mark with their arrows; but I cannot say, that I think them good archers, although their bows are constructed on an excellent principle; for by the assistance of a back-string the bow preserves its elastic power, and by slackening or tightening this string, it is rendered weak enough for a child of five years old, or strong enough for the most powerful man amongst them. As there is something particular in their sport of to-day, I shall endeavour to describe it. They provide two targets of four feet square, made of sticks, and covered with deer-skins. These they fix on poles about eight feet high, and at sixty yards distance from each other. The men dividing themselves into two parties, each party shoots twenty-one arrows at one of the targets, standing by the other. That party which puts the most arrows into the target, gains the honour, for they have not the least idea of gaming. The victors immediately set up shouts of mockery and derision at the conquered party; these they continue for some time; when the wives and daughters of the conquerors join in the triumph, and walking in procession round the targets, sing a song upon the occasion, priding themselves not a little with the defeat of their opponents, who at length join in the laugh against themselves, and all are friends again, without any offence (seemingly) being either given or taken. Upon this occasion the women wear a pair of clean gloves, made of the skins of white foxes or hares, and these they endeavour to make as much shew of as possible, by holding up and displaying their hands. At a little distance they look very well, but on inspection, they do not seem to be calculated so much for use as ornament; the fur being on the outside. They are dressed likewise in their best clothes and large boots, and having marched round the targets, they retire to one side, whilst the men renew their sport. As I had formerly practiced a little with the bow, I was not quite a stranger to the use of it, and having observed them for some time, I desired permission to shoot; when, more by accident, than superiority of skill, I sent an arrow near to the centre of the target at the first shot. They expressed very great astonishment at my performance, and immediately began to dance and shout around me; which they continued for a considerable time. But a different scene was soon after exhibited; for being informed by one of their people, that a principal man amongst them, had stolen a skein of thread; I immediately sent to the chief a peremptory order to bring the thread to my tent, which he accordingly complied with. Having reproved him in a very angry tone for his behaviour, I gave him a few strokes. He instantly made resistance, when catching him in my arms, I gave him a cross-buttock (a method of throwing unknown to them) and pitched him with great force headlong out of my tent. I then appealed to the rest for the justice of my cause, who not only applauded me for the action, but seemed to have a high opinion both of my lenity and strength. The man went immediately to his tent, and returned with a beautiful seal-skin as a present to me; but I would by no means accept of it, making him and the rest understand, that I did not quarrel with him, that he should make me a present to be reconciled; but because he had been guilty of a dishonest action; and that as he now seemed to be sensible of his crime, I was perfectly satisfied. I told them, that I would never steal anything from them, and as I would not suffer any of my people to plunder them, so neither would I suffer them to rob me with impunity: and I moreover assured them; that nothing should ever induce me to take away their lives. By words and signs together, I made them fully comprehend my meaning, which had the desired effect; for we were afterwards not only upon the most friendly terms; but I seemed likewise to have established an authority over them.

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[1] *Mallotus villosus*, a fish resembling the smelt, a good food-fish, but used chiefly as bait for cod.

Tuesday, July 7, 1772. I spent the greatest part of the day in visiting from tent to tent, and in conversing with the principal men; who not only behaved to me with respect, but did me the honour to call me an Esquimau: and, indeed, in outward appearance the difference between us was but little; for, being habited in the dress of the country, the only marks of distinction were my hat and complexion.

Sunday, July 12, 1772. I was so extremely ill all this day, as to be obliged to keep my bed. Now, indeed, my situation was truly wretched! My bed lay on the wet ground in a small tent, so close as to admit but little air, and the heat was equal to that of a cucumber frame; whilst the steam occasioned by the moisture extracted from the earth, kept a continual dropping from the top. I had nothing to eat but salted beef and pork, and nothing proper to give me relief. I had no one near me to whom I could make known my complaints, except the Indians, with whose language I was but little acquainted. They seemed however to be really affected with my situation, though without the knowledge of administering relief; nor were they sensible that a continual noise could disturb a sick person. After it was dark they gave me a convincing proof of their attachment (which I would most gladly have excused) by assembling in and about the tent nearest to mine, and there performing some superstitious ceremonies for my recovery. As I was not an eye witness of their rites, I can only say that they were accompanied with such horrid yells and hideous outcries, as I never before had heard from the mouths of the human species. These dismal notes were continued till day-light; add to this, their dogs were incessantly fighting, and tumbling upon my tent.

[Cartwright soon recovered, although a cough,

" which resembled the explosion of gunpowder " troubled him at first. Trading, fishing and hunting continued as usual.]

Friday, August 14, 1772. At eleven o'clock Mr. Hill accompanied me down the river, [Charles] on a party of pleasure; we went in our kyacks, with provisions for two or three days, and landed by the brook in Salt Cove. In the evening, twenty geese came into the fresh-water pond, which empties itself into the Cove; but as we could not get near enough to them, we let them alone till it was dark, when we divided and tried again. As we were watching the geese, a hind and calf came close up to Mr. Hill, but he did not fire, on a supposition that he could not kill one with shot. The deer winding him, went hastily off, and drove away the geese. We then laid down under some trees, and endeavored to compose ourselves to sleep; but we were prevented till mid-night, by the intolerable biting of the moschetos,[1] at which time we met with another as unpleasant attack, but of a different kind. A storm came on at that time, which lasted an hour, during which, it thundered and lightened most tremendously, accompanied with much rain. Mr. Hill got up, and would have had me done the same, but I replied, " Since I can be no better off, I am resolved to lie where I am till day-light, unless I am floated off the ground." After the storm was over a settled rain set in and continued all night. Mr. Hill killed three curlews as we were crossing the isthmus.

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[1] The mosquitoes, midges, black flies, moose flies and horse flies of Labrador are the equals of any in the world in ferocity and numbers.

Monday, August 24, 1772. At day-light we sailed for Chateau, and arrived in Lance Cove at four in the afternoon; we left the shallop there, and went on board the Otter, where we remained the night. By the way we met the Otter's boat coming to me, with a message from captain Morris.

Thursday, August 27, 1772. Captain Morris sending his boat for me this morning, I went on board and breakfasted with him; after which I set off homewards in the Otter's yawl, under the command of Mr. Sympson, the gunner, whom captain Morris sent to order all the Indians to return home immediately; excepting those who were to go to England with me, and a few others who were to remain all winter at my settlement.

Thursday, September 10, 1772. After breakfast I went down the river in my kyack and landed on the north east side of Salt Cove; from whence I walked across to Wolf Cove, where I saw several geese and a snipe;[1] which is the first I have seen in this country.

Saturday, September 12, 1772. Early in the morning a shallop of Noble and Pinson's came up here; which I sent off immediately for the Colleroon, to bring down the salmon, the crew, and craft. They had not been gone half an hour, before my house took fire, and having nobody at home to assist me but the boy, it was burnt to the ground in a short time, together with the servants' house and salmon-house. We saved but twenty-nine tierces of salmon, and a few other things, most of which were damaged. Sixteen tierces were burnt, as were all the goods for Indian trade; all our slops, and my private baggage. With much labour we saved the store-house, and prevented the woods from taking fire. As soon as that was effected I walked in among the ruins, picked up some gun barrels, and broiled some steakes of venison upon them, to refresh my wearied spirits. I then took up my lodgings in the store-house, having fortunately saved some bedclothes. My private loss I computed at near five hundred pounds; and that of the partnership at two hundred and fifty. In the evening another shallop of Noble and Pinson's arrived.

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[1] Wilson's snipe, *Gallinago delicata*, a rare summer resident of Labrador.

A fine day, but rained hard in the night, which prevented the fire from spreading again.

Sunday, September 13, 1772. The fire still burns fiercely in the ruins, particularly among the salmon. I picked up some of my plate, but most of it was melted. We shipped the salmon on board the shallop, and sent her off for Chateau at night.

Rainy weather.

Saturday, September 19, 1772. All hands were set to work on a new house, which we got studded by night, and part of the chimney built. I killed a seal from the door, but did not get it.

Monday, September 21, 1772. Early in the morning I had the sealing skiff repaired, and took an inventory of what goods remained. I then engaged two of the people afresh, and, at noon, sailed with the rest for Chateau to get a passage for England. At midnight we came to an anchor at Seal Island.

It snowed very hard both before, and some time after, day-light; it lay eight inches deep, but went off at noon.

Thursday, October 29, 1772. I sent part of our baggage on board [the Mary at Lance Cove]. In the morning the Indian shallop came here, and they pitched their tents on the beach. It was this day determined, that Attuiock, Ickcongoque, his youngest wife; Ickeuna, her daughter; (a child under four years of age) Tooklavinia, Attuiock's youngest brother; and Caubvick his wife, should accompany me to England. Another brother, with his wife, are already gone to England with Perkins and Coghlan's head-man; and their other two brothers, Nawadlock and Scheidley, with their families, and Attuiock's other three wives, with the rest of their children, are to winter at my sealing-post at Stage Cove. I gave them very particular injunctions for their behaviour, and they promised obedience.

Friday, October 30, 1772. This afternoon the vessel went higher up the bay, to be ready to go to sea as soon as the wind serves.

The rest of the Indians being gone to Charles Harbour, those who are to go to England with me are accommodated in Mr. Pinson's house. On going into the room where they slept, I observed Attuiock performing a ceremony, which, for its singularity, I shall take the liberty to relate. His wife was laid upon the floor, with her hands by her sides: Attuiock sat on the right side of his wife, so far back, as to have her head opposite to his knees. He had placed a loose strap under her head, which came over her forehead. In this strap he put the end of a strong stick, which he held in his hands across his knees. With great gravity, and in a low, doleful cadence, he sung a song, frequently laying a strong emphasis on some particular word which I did not understand; at the same time, by the help of a lever, he raised her head as high as the length of her neck would permit, and then let it bump down again upon the floor, keeping time to the tune. As I supposed it was a religious rite; (he being a priest[1]) I silently observed what was going foreward. At length, the old gentleman fixing his eyes on me, pointed to his wife, with an important look, and said, "It is very good, very good." "That may be," replied I, "but pray what is it good for?" "My wife has got the head-ach," answered the priest. Not willing to affront him, I got out of the room as fast as possible, that I might indulge myself in a hearty laugh, at the curious Esquimau method of curing that complaint.

Saturday, November 7, 1772. In the evening Mr. Pinson, the Indians, myself, and Mrs. Selby, and all the other passengers embarked and lay on board the Mary; a ship commanded by Mr. George Monday.

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[1] Eskimo, *angakok*.

Sunday, November 8, 1772. At day-break we put to sea, and set sail for Ireland. We found a very great sea in the streights, and by night were two leagues to the eastward of the island of Belle Isle.

Saturday, November 21, 1772. Nothing more occurred than is usual in voyages at this time of the year across the Atlantic, till three o'clock this morning; when, by some mismanagement of the helm, the ship was caught by the lee as she was scudding under the fore-sail, and was near foundering before the sail could be clued up; that being effected, we brought to under the mizen-stay-sail. At day-light we found the bolt-sprit was sprung; we then reefed the fore-top-mast, secured the fore-mast and bolt-sprit, and put her before the wind again.

Thick weather, and a great sea.

Sunday, November 22, 1772. The Indians grew extremely uneasy to-day, and insisted that we had lost ourselves and should never more see land. I then examined the log book, and shewed them upon the chart where we were; adding, that we should make the land of Ireland, near Cape Clear, to-morrow; but they gave very little credit to what I said.

Thick weather.

Monday, November 23, 1772. At day-break, the wind having shifted and cleared the sky, we perceived ourselves to be not more than four miles from the land, and near Bantry Bay. Nothing but the immediate interposition of Divine Providence, or a series of fortunate accidents (should the former be doubted) could possibly have saved our lives. For had we not broached to on Saturday last, and by so doing lost twenty leagues of ground, we must have run on shore in a heavy gale and thick weather, at ten o'clock last night. Had not the wind abated to almost a calm at five this morning, we should have been on shore by six; and if it had not cleared up just when it did, and the wind shifted, we should soon have been too near the land to have cleared it. We passed Cape Clear in a little time, and ran along shore till midnight, when we brought to for day-light.

A fine day.

Tuesday, November 24, 1772. At day-light we found ourselves between Youghall and Dungarvon, and hauled close up to the mouth of the latter place in hopes of a boat coming off to take the servant passengers on shore; in which case we should immediately have proceeded for England: but none appearing, we went forward for Waterford, and anchored at Passage at three in the afternoon. We found here, his Majesty's frigate Glory, commanded by my old acquaintance captain Chads. In the evening my friends and I landed at Passage, where we supped; then went to Waterford in a noddy[1] and two carrs, where we arrived at one o'clock the next morning.

Wednes., November 25, 1772. We remained at

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[1] A four-wheeled cab with the door at the back.

Waterford from this day till the twenty-eighth, and I was teased to death by the curiosity of the whole town and country to see the Indians.[1]

Saturday, November 28, 1772. After breakfast we set off for Passage, but could scarcely get through the streets for the concourse of people; every window likewise was full.

Sunday, November 29, 1772. At day-light we unmoored, and soon after sailed for Dartmouth, with a fair wind and fine weather.

Friday, December 4, 1772. Meeting with contrary winds and very thick weather, we were working between Ireland, England, and Scilly until this day; when not being able to do better, we ran into St. Helling's Pool in Scilly.

Saturday, December 5, 1772. After breakfast I took the Indians with me and went to St. Mary's, the largest of the Scilly Islands, and stayed the night there.

Sunday, December 6, 1772. Meeting with the Providence brig bound for London, I took passage in her; the Indians and myself then returned to the ship and brought away all our baggage and put it on board the Providence.

Wednes., December 9, 1772. At four o'clock this morning we sailed for London; the master and mate both drunk. At eight at night we were abreast of Mount's Bay.

Friday, 11, to Sunday, 13. At three o'clock this afternoon we came to an anchor in the Downs, and took a pilot on board. We sailed from thence the next morning, and in twenty-four hours came to an anchor in Gravesend Road; I landed with the two men, and set off for London in a post-chaise, where we arrived at three in the afternoon.

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[1] The reader need not be reminded that this word is constantly used for Eskimos.

Monday, December 14, 1772. I went down the river this morning, met the vessel in the Pool, and brought the women on shore. They were greatly astonished at the number of shipping which they saw in the river; for they did not suppose that there were so many in the whole world: but I was exceedingly disappointed to observe them pass through London Bridge without taking much notice of it. I soon discovered that they took it for a natural rock which extended across the river. They laughed at me when I told them it was the work of men; nor could I make them believe it, till we came to Blackfriars Bridge, which I caused them to examine with more attention; shewing them the joints, and pointing out the marks of the chizzels upon the stones. They no sooner comprehended by what means such a structure could be erected, than they expressed their wonder with astonishing significancy of countenance.

On landing at Westminster Bridge, we were immediately surrounded by a great concourse of people; attracted not only by the uncommon appearance of the Indians who were in their sealskin dresses, but also by a beautiful eagle, and an Esquimau dog; which had much the resemblance of a wolf, and a remarkable wildness of look.[1] I put them all into coaches, with as much expedition as possible, and drove off to the lodgings which I had prepared in Leicester Street.

In a few days time, I had so many applications for admittance to see the new visitors, that my time was wholly taken up in gratifying the curiosity of my friends and their acquaintance; and the numbers who came made my lodgings very inconvenient to the landlord as well as to myself. I therefore resolved to look out for a house. I soon hired a small one, ready furnished, for ten guineas a month, in Little Castle Street, Oxford Market, and removed thither.

Being willing, as far as lay in my power, to comply with the incessant applications of my friends for a sight of the Indians; and finding it impossible either to have any rest, or time to transact business, I appropriated two days a week to that purpose, viz., Tuesdays and Fridays. On those days, not only my house was filled, even to an inconvenience, but the street was so much crowded with carriages and people, that my residence was a great nuisance to the neighbourhood.

As their skin dresses had a dirty appearance and an offensive smell, I provided a quantity of broad-cloth, flannel, and beads, together with whatever else was necessary; and the women now having leisure to work, and being excellent taylors, soon clothed them all anew; preserving their own fashion in the cut of their garments.

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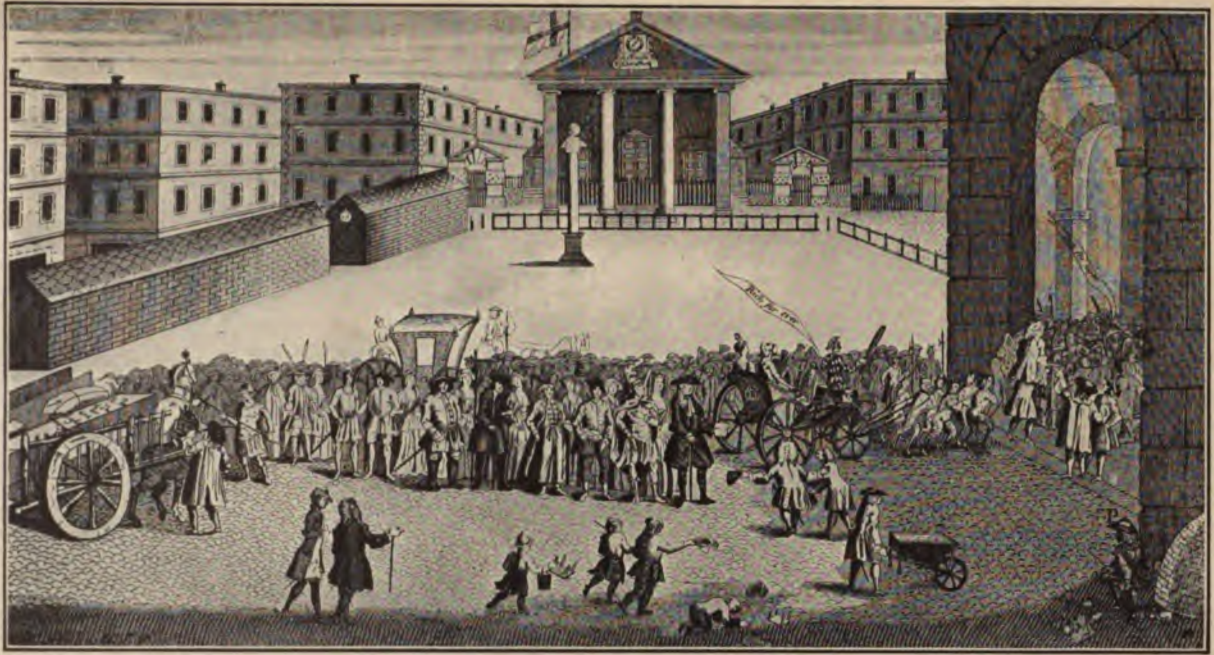
[1] The Eskimo dog of Labrador of the present day resembles very closely the northern wolf, except that it usually carries the tail curled over the back instead of partially extended behind.

I once took the men to the opera when their Majesties were there, and we chanced to sit near Mr. Coleman, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, who politely invited all the Indians and myself to a play at his house. He fixed on Cymbeline, and they were greatly delighted with the representation. But their pride was most highly gratified, at being received with a thundering applause by the audience on entering the box. The men soon observed to their wives, that they were placed in the King's box, and received in the same manner as their Majesties were at the opera; which added considerably to the pleasure which they felt from the *tout ensemble*. Never did I observe so young a child pay such unremitting attention to the whole representation, as little Ickeuna; no sooner did the swords begin to clash, in the fighting scene between Posthumus and Iachimo, but she set up a most feeling scream.

About a fortnight after our arrival in town, having provided great-coats, boots, and hats for the men, in order that they might pass through the streets unobserved, I took Attuiock with me and walked beyond the Tower. We there took boat, rowed up the river, and landed at Westminster Bridge; from whence we walked to Hyde Park Corner, and then home again. I was in great expectation, that he would begin to relate the wonders which he had seen, the instant he entered the room; but I found myself greatly disappointed.



Covent Garden in 1732, from an Engraving Attributed to Hogarth

He immediately sat down by the fire side, placed both his hands on his knees, leaned his head forward, fixed his eyes on the ground in a stupid stare; and continued in that posture for a considerable time. At length, tossing up his head, and fixing his eyes on the cieling, he broke out in the following soliloquy; "Oh! I am tired; here are too many houses; too much smoke; too many people; Labrador is very good; seals are plentiful there; I wish I was back again." By which I could plainly perceive, that the multiplicity, and variety of objects had confounded his ideas; which were too much confined to comprehend any thing but the inconveniences that he had met with. And indeed, the longer they continued in England, the more was I convinced of the truth of that opinion; for their admiration increased in proportion, as their ideas expanded; till at length they began more clearly to comprehend the use, beauty, and mechanism of what they saw; though the greater part of these were as totally lost upon them, as they would have been upon one of the brute creation.

Although they had often passed St. Paul's without betraying any great astonishment, or at least not so much as all Europeans do at the first sight of one of those stupendous islands of ice, which are daily to be seen near the east coast of their own country, yet when I took them to the top of it, and convinced them that it was built by the hands of men (a circumstance which had not entered their heads before, for they had supposed it a natural production) they were quite lost in amazement. The people below, they compared to mice; and insisted, that it must at least be as high as Cape Charles, which is a mountain of considerable altitude. Upon my asking them how they should describe it to their countrymen on their return, they replied, with a look of the utmost expression, they should neither mention it, nor many other things which they had seen, lest they should be called liars, from the seeming impossibility of such astonishing facts.

Walking along Piccadilly one day with the two men, I took them into a shop to shew them a collection of animals. We had no sooner entered than I observed their attention riveted on a small monkey; and I could perceive horror most strongly depicted in their countenances. At length the old man turned to me and faltered out, "Is that an Esquimau?" I must confess, that both the colour and contour of the countenance had considerable resemblance to the people of their nation; but how they could conceive it possible for an Esquimau to be reduced to that diminutive size, I am wholly at a loss to account for; unless they had fixed their attention on the countenance only, and had not adverted to any other particulars. On pointing out several other monkeys of different kinds, they were greatly diverted at the mistake which they had made; but were not well pleased to observe, that monkeys resembled their race much more than ours.

The parrots, and other talkative birds, next attracted their notice. And it was a great treat to me, both then and at all other times, to observe their different emotions, much more forcibly expressed in their countenances, than is possible to be done by those, whose feelings are not equally genuine. Civilized nations imperceptibly contract an artificial expression of countenance, to help out their languid feelings; for knowledge, by a communication with the world and books, enlightens our ideas so much, that they are not so liable to be taken by surprise, as the uninformed mind of the savage, who never had the least hint given him, that certain things are in existence; consequently, they break upon him as unexpectedly, and forcibly, as the sun would do upon a man who was born deaf and blind, in case he should suddenly be brought to sight on a clear day.

Being on a dining visit, with that excellent surgeon and anatomist, the ingenious John Hunter,[1] in the afternoon Attuiock walked out of the room by himself, but presently returned with such evident marks of terror, that we were all greatly alarmed, fearing some accident had happened to him; or, that he had met with an insult from one of the servants. He seized hold of my hand, and eagerly pressed me to go along with him. I asked the cause of his emotion, but could get nothing more from him than "Come along, come along with me," and he hastily led me into a room in

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[1] Noted surgeon, anatomist and physiologist; author of "Treatise on the Blood, Inflammation, and Gunshot Wounds," etc. 1728 to 1793.

the left flank, that he might examine them separately. So great a crowd had gathered round us, as incommoded our view of the troops, and attracted the notice of the King, who then sent General Harvey to order me with the Indians, into the vacant space between the regiment and the recruits. Here his Majesty rode slowly past them, and condescended to salute them by taking off his hat, accompanied with a gracious smile; honours which they were highly pleased with, and often mentioned afterwards with great exultation. Nor were they in the least displeased that his Majesty did not speak to them; since I had previously told them not to expect it; and they observed that he spoke to none but the commanding officer, and one or two of those who were in attendance.

They were afterwards greatly diverted at the expence of the Hon. Stephen Fox. That gentleman came to Holland House on purpose to see the Indians there; but when he arrived, they were at the end of a long gallery: Stephen being rather out of wind with walking up stairs, sat down at the door to wait their return, where he unfortunately fell fast asleep. Although we continued a long time in the house with Lord[1] and Lady Holland, he did not awake from his slumber till we had got into the coach to go away; when he mounted his poney and gallopped off. His manner of retreat made them express great compassion for the poor beast, whose unfortunate lot it was to carry so great a weight at such a rate; nor could I help censuring him myself for cruelty, till I was informed that he would have fallen asleep on horse-back had he gone slower. Then, indeed, I pitied both horse and rider.

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[1] Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, was the father of the above mentioned Stephen Fox, afterward second Lord Holland, and of Charles James Fox. Henry died in 1774, the year following Cartwright's visit, and the death of Stephen soon followed, as might be expected from the description of this gentleman as given by our author. Holland House, which became a great social centre during the life of the third Lord Holland, Henry Richard Vassall Fox, is still standing in Kensington.

I continued in London till the month of February; at which time I took the Indians with me to my father's house at Marnham in Nottinghamshire, where we stayed six weeks. While we were there I amused them with all kinds of field diversions: we also made several visits in the neighborhood; particularly one to Kelham, where Lord George Sutton politely invited our whole family, and entertained my friends with a fox-chase. Fortunately we had an excellent run of twelve miles, and it was very singular, that, although the Indians had been on horse-back only three times before, they were both in at the death; which happened in an open field, with three couple and a half of hounds, out of twenty-five couples; a proof how hard they must have driven him.

I soon found the country agree much better with their inclinations, as well as their health, than London. Here they could enjoy fresh air and exercise, without being distressed by crowds of people gathering round them whenever they stirred out; which was always the case in town.

The women, according to the universal disposition of the fair sex, enjoyed visiting and dancing; and I must say, that Caubvick attained to great perfection in that graceful accomplishment, during her short stay. The men were best pleased with sporting; the exquisite nose of the hound, which could follow an animal by the scent, over an open country or through a thick wood, almost as swiftly as he could have done had the creature been in view, the sagacity and steadiness of the pointer, and the speed of the greyhound, were matters of great astonishment to them. But above all, they were most struck with the strength, beauty, and utility of that piece of perfection in the brute creation, that noble animal, the horse.

The face of the country did not pass unobserved by them, and their expression was "The land is all made;" for they supposed that we had cut down the woods, and levelled the hills. In the former supposition they were certainly right; and I do not wonder at the latter, since they would naturally suppose that all the world was like the small part of it which they had formerly seen; and which is almost an entire collection of hills covered with thick woods. As they had never before seen any cultivated land (except a few small gardens, which they observed were dug with a spade) they formed an idea of our immense numbers, by being able to till so much land and consume the produce of it in a year; exclusive of the animal food with which they saw our tables and markets abounded. How the inhabitants of

London were supplied with food, I could never make them fully comprehend, any more than I could the number of people by which the metropolis was inhabited. Their arithmetic goes no higher than the number twenty-one; therefore, the best I could do, was to tell them, that a certain number of large whales would serve them for one meal only. Nothing surprised them more, than to meet with a man who assured them he could not shoot, had never killed an animal, nor seen the sea in his life.

After my return to town, by his Majesty's permission, I took them to Court; where their dresses and behaviour made them greatly taken notice of. They were also at the houses of several of the nobility and people of fashion; and I omitted nothing, which came within the compass of my pocket, to make their stay in England agreeable, or to impress them with ideas of our riches and strength. The latter I thought highly necessary, as they had often, when in Labrador, spoken of our numbers with great contempt, and told me they were so numerous, that they could cut off all the English with great ease, if they thought proper to collect themselves together; an opinion which could not fail to produce in me very unpleasant reflections. But they had not been long in London before they confessed to me, that the Esquimaux were but as one, compared to that of the English.

At the same time, I did not neglect to provide everything that was necessary for my return. I represented to the Earl of Dartmouth (who was then at the head of the board of trade and plantations) the unjust proceedings of Noble and Pinson, in dispossessing me of my fishing-posts, and obtained an order for my salmon-fishery in Charles River to be restored; but I could not succeed with respect to my sealing-post near Cape Charles. I also presented to his lordship a plan for the encouragement of the trade in Labrador, and was examined by the board upon that head. Their report was laid before his Majesty in council, and my plan was partially adopted.

The term of my partnership with Perkins and Coghlan being expired, I dissolved it, and made preparation for returning to Labrador on my own bottom; which the liberality of my father enabled me to do, by assisting me with two thousand pounds.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOYAGE.

THE SECOND VOYAGE

May, 1773. Having purchased a brig of eighty tons, and named her the Lady Tyrconnel,[1] I shipped on board her all such goods as had been provided in London; and having ordered others at Lymmington, Weymouth, and Waterford, I quitted my house on the fifth of May, and embarked on board my vessel in the river Thames; together with Mrs. Selby, the Indians, Mr. John Williams, a surgeon, whom I had engaged to serve me in the capacity of clerk also, his wife, a maid-servant, a cooper named William Mather, and two apprentice boys. The command of the vessel I gave to Mr. George Monday, late Master of the Mary, in which I returned from Labrador; and I brought along with me a brace of greyhounds, a terrier, and some tame rabbits. A party of friends dined on board with me, and we had a merry leave-taking.

Saturday, May 8, 1773. Having now completed all my business in town, and the wind being fair, at two o'clock this afternoon we made sail down the river; the Esquimaux well pleased in the expectation of soon seeing their native country, their relations and friends again; and I very happy in the prospect of carrying them back, apparently in perfect health.

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[1] The name of Cartwright's aunt.

Tuesday, May 11, 1773. We passed through the Downs this evening, when I discharged the pilot, and went to sea.

Thursday, May 13, 1773. The pleasing prospects which I so lately had before me were of very short duration; for this evening as Caubvick was going to bed, she complained of great sickness at her stomach, had a very bad night, and daily grew worse. On my arrival at Lymmington on the thirteenth, and consulting a surgeon there, (for my own, I found, was utterly ignorant of her complaint) he declared her malady to be the small-pox: which had nearly the same effect on me, as if he had pronounced my sentence of death. As it was vain to expect that the rest should escape the infection, medicines were immediately given to prepare them for it; and I thought it a fortunate circumstance, that an opportunity offered for doing it.[1]

Having taken on board forty tons of salt, and some other goods, I sailed from thence on the eighteenth, and arrived in Weymouth Roads a few hours after. There I received on board some nets and other goods from Bridport, and had the pleasure to find Caubvick go on as well as possible; her disorder being of the mild kind. I took the others out in the boat every day, and we went to the Bill of Portland to shoot murrs.[2]

On the twenty-second Caubvick turned the height, and did not appear to be in the least danger. At the same time Ickongoque began to complain. We sailed for Ireland on the twenty-eighth, but the wind taking us ahead when we got off the Bill of Portland, we put back and anchored in Portland Road. Tooklavinia now was taken ill.

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[1] Vaccination was first practised by Jenner in 1796.

[2] Murre or common guillemot, *Uria troille.*

At two o'clock in the morning of the twenty-ninth, we weighed again, and proceeded down the channel with a fair wind and pleasant weather; still in hopes of arriving in sufficient time for my business; but at ten o'clock, so dreadful a stench pervaded the whole vessel, all the Indians being now ill, that three of the ship's crew now were seized with a fever, and we had reason to expect, that a pestilential disorder would soon attack us all. I therefore ordered captain Monday to carry the vessel into Plymouth, although I foresaw that measure would prove an immense loss to me, by the ruin of my voyage, and we came to an anchor in Catwater the next afternoon at two o'clock. I went on shore immediately, and made a personal application to Earl Cornwallis, Admiral Spry, and the Mayor of Plymouth, for an house to put the Indians in, but could not succeed.

Monday, May 31, 1773. Ickeuna died this morning, Caubvick had a violent fever on her, and the rest were extremely ill. In the evening I bargained for a house at Stonehouse, for two guineas and a half per week. At four o'clock the next morning we weighed and removed the vessel to Stonehouse Pool. I got the Indians on shore immediately, and Ickcongoque died that night.

Wednes., June 2, 1773. On the second I engaged Dr. Farr, the physician to the Naval Hospital, and Mr. Monier, an apothecary of Plymouth, to attend the Indians; and, by the doctor's directions, I removed the two men into separate tents, which I had pitched in an adjoining close. In the evening I went to Plymouth, in order to set off for London, which I did the next morning at six o'clock, and arrived there at two in the afternoon of the fifth.

On the morning of the sixth I waited on the Earl of Dartmouth, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for America, and acquainted his lordship with what had happened. And I must take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the many obligations which I had the honor to receive from his lordship upon this, as well as upon several other occasions.

Thursday, June 10, 1773. I left London on my return to Plymouth at six o'clock this morning, and arrived at Stonehouse on Saturday evening. I was now informed that both the men died in the night of the third Instant, and that Caubvick had been given over, but was at length in a fair way of recovery, though reduced to a skeleton, and troubled with a great many large boils. She recovered so very slowly, that it was not until the fourth of July that I durst venture to remove her, when I once more embarked with her and all the rest of my family (except my maid whom I had discharged for bad behaviour) to proceed on my intended voyage.

We sailed from Plymouth early in the morning of the fifth, but meeting with contrary winds we had a tedious passage to Waterford, for we did not arrive there till the afternoon of the tenth. It was some consolation, however, to be favoured with fine weather, and to catch great plenty of mackarel every day.

My time was taken up till the sixteenth, in purchasing and getting on board such provisions as I had occasion for; I also hired another woman-servant, and on that day I sailed for Labrador.

As voyages across the Atlantic at this time of the year are generally tedious, by reason of the prevalency of the westerly wind, I was not surprised, that this proved longer than was convenient to me. The weather, in general, was exceedingly fine, and we caught plenty of fish of different kinds; such as mackarel,[1] a small shark, a few fish greatly resembling tench, (which I killed with an Esquimau birding-dart under the stern) a porpoise and a dolphin. It is not usual for dolphins [2] to come so far north, but we saw two, three bonetas [3] and a few flying-fish [4] in the latitude of 49° 15′, on the twelfth of August.

Caubvick's hair falling off, and being matted with the small-pox, I had much difficulty to prevail on her to permit me to cut it off, and shave her head. Notwithstanding I assured her that the smell of the hair would communicate the infection to the rest of her country folks on her return, yet I was not able to prevail on her to consent to its being thrown overboard. She angrily snatched it from me, locked it up in one of her trunks, and never would permit me to get sight of it afterwards; flying into a violent passion of anger and grief whenever I mentioned the subject, which I did almost every day, in hopes of succeeding at last.

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[1] *Scomber scombeus.*

[2] *Coryphæna hippurus.*

[3] Probably tuna or horse-mackerel *Thunnus thynnus.*

[4] *Exocœtus volitans.*

Friday, August 27, 1773. This evening at sunset we got sight of the land, and judged ourselves to be nine or ten leagues from it; the next morning at day-light we found ourselves about three leagues from Cape St. Francis, and at eight o'clock at night came to an anchor in Charles Harbour.

Sunday, August 29, 1773. Early in the morning I went on shore at Stage Cove, and found the house locked up. I sent the boat to the Lodge, and walked across the Barrens to Bare Point, where I met her again, with two of my people on board. From them I learned that they had killed in the winter as many seals as produced twelve tuns of oil; and caught fifty tierces of salmon this summer. I shot six curlews, and a grey plover[1] in my way thither, and returned to the boat.

Tuesday, August 31, 1773. About noon almost the whole of the three southernmost tribes of Esquimaux, amounting to five hundred souls or thereabouts, arrived from Chateau in twenty-two old English and French boats (having heard of my arrival from some boats belonging to that port, which returned from this neighborhood in the night of Saturday last) but the wind did not suit them to come hither till this morning.

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[1] The bird known in England as the grey plover is called by American ornithologists the black-bellied plover, *Squatarola squatarola.*

I placed myself upon a rock near the water-side, and Caubvick sat down a few paces behind me. We waited for the landing of the Indians with feelings very different from theirs; who were hurrying along with tumultuous joy at the thoughts of immediately meeting their relations and friends again. As the shore would not permit them to land out of their boats, they brought them to their anchors at a distance off, and the men came in their kyacks, each bringing two other persons, lying flat on their faces; one behind and the other before, on the top of the skin covering. On drawing near the shore, and perceiving only Caubvick and myself, their joy abated, and their countenances assumed a different aspect. Being landed, they fixed their eyes on Caubvick and me, in profound, gloomy silence. At length, with great perturbation and in faltering accents, they enquired, separately, what was become of the rest; and were no sooner given to understand, by a silent, sorrowful shake of my head, that they were no more, than they instantly set up such a yell, as I had never before heard. Many of them, but particularly the women, snatched up stones, and beat themselves on the head and face till they became shocking spectacles; one pretty young girl (a sister to the late two men) gave herself so severe a blow upon the cheek-bone, that she bruised and cut the flesh shockingly, and almost beat an eye out. In short, the violent, frantic expressions of grief were such, as far exceeded my imagination; and I could not help participating with them so far, as to shed tears most plentifully. They no sooner observed my emotion, than, mistaking it for the apprehensions which I was under for fear of their resentment, they instantly seemed to forget their own feelings, to relieve those of mine. They pressed round me, clasped my hands, and said and did all in their power to convince me, that they did not entertain any suspicion of my conduct towards their departed friends. As soon as the first violent transports of grief began to subside, I related the melancholy tale, and explained to them, as well as I could, the disorder by which they were carried off; and pointed to Caubvick, who bore very strong, as well as recent, marks of it. They often looked very attentively at her, but, during the whole time, they never spoke one word to her, nor she to them. As soon as I had brought the afflicting story to a conclusion, they assured me of their belief of every particular, and renewed their declarations of friendship. Their stay afterwards was but short; they presently reimbarked, weighed their anchors, and ran across the harbour to Raft Tickle, where they landed and encamped: the rest of the afternoon and the whole of the night was spent in horrid yellings, which were considerably augmented by the variety of echoes, produced from the multiplicity of hills surrounding the harbour, till the whole rung again with sounds that almost petrified the blood of the brig's crew and my new servants.

Wednes., September 1, 1773. I sent three Indian shallops up the river for wood. My people were at work on the platform. At noon I sailed for Chateau in an Indian shallop; but the wind shifting I turned back. I then visited the Indians at their Camp; they received me very well, but not with that lively joy they were wont; the late melancholy news having spread an universal sorrow throughout the tents. They took great pains to assure me, that they still continued their friendship for me, and desired I would not be under any apprehensions on account of what had happened. In the evening all the shallops returned with wood. I killed a black-duck and a curlew.

I found Caubvick along with this [Eskimo] family, and wondered at her taking so cordially to her former way of living, after the comfort and luxury to which she had lately been used, and which she seemed most heartily to enjoy. Tweegock, the girl whom I had bought, and Caubvick came along with me in the shallop.

Thursday, September 16, 1773. Having found, by a variety of instances, that Shuglawina, the chief of these tribes, is not only a man of superior understanding, but also one whose fidelity and honesty may be relied on, I made him up a small cargo of goods to take home with him; and determined that he should go to the northward next summer, to trade with the whaling tribes of his nation; for I understand that the southern Indians never kill any whales,[1] but either purchase whalebone from the northern tribes, or cut it out of a dead whale when they chance to meet with one, which often happens.

The Indians being all assembled now, and the wind fair, the whole fleet sailed to-day for their respective settlements; and we parted on the most friendly terms.

Tuesday, September 28, 1773. Being in a continual hurry of business and much perplexity, by reason of my distressed situation, I have neglected to keep a regular journal.

This morning I took a walk upon the hills to the westward, and killed seven brace of grouse.[2] These birds are exactly the same with those of the same name in Europe, save only in the colour of their feathers, which are speckled with white in summer, and perfectly white in winter, (fourteen black ones in the tail excepted) which always remain the same.

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[1] There are five species of large whales regularly found on the Labrador coast at the present time besides several smaller whales or porpoises. The five large whales are: sulphur-bottom, *Balaenoptera musculus;* finback, *B. physalus;* pike-headed, *B. acutorostrata;* pollack, *B. borealis* hump-backed, *Megaptera nodosa.* The southern right whale, *Balaena glacialis,* is now extirpated in that region owing to the efforts of the Basque fishermen from the 16th to the end of the 18th centuries. It was probably rare in Cartwright's time, although common earlier. The sperm whale, *Physeta macrocephalus,* is a more southern species, but occasionally wanders to the Labrador coast.

[2] Willow ptarmigan, *Lagopus lagopus,* also found in Europe and Asia. The red grouse of Great Britain, *Lagopus Scoticus,* does not turn white in winter.

When I was in England,* Mr. Banks, Doctor Solander, and several other naturalists having enquired of me, respecting the manner of these birds changing colour, I took particular notice of those I killed, and can aver, for a fact, that they get at this time of the year a very large addition of feathers, all of which are white; and that the coloured feathers at the same time change to white. In spring, most of the white feathers drop off, and are succeeded by coloured ones: or, I rather believe, all the white ones drop off, and that they get an entirely new set.[2] At the two seasons they change very differently; in the spring, beginning at the neck, and spreading from thence; now, they begin on the belly, and end at the neck. There are also ptharmagans in this country, which are in all respects, the same as those I have killed on some high mountains in Scotland.[3]

Wednes., October 6, 1773. [At White Cove] I killed a brace of spruce-game with my rifle, and a diver with shot; and one of my people killed a pair of pied-birds,[1] which afforded us an excellent supper, or we must have fasted.

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* Now Sir Joseph Banks.[1]

[1] An English naturalist and patron of science. He equipped the Endeavour, and accompanied Cook's first expedition 1768–71, visited Iceland in 1772 and was president of the Royal Society from 1778 to 1820.

[2] This latter view is the one generally accepted today, especially by most American ornithologists, who have discarded the view that the colour of the mature feather changes.

[3] The ptarmigan found in the Highlands of Scotland is *Lagopus mutus*, and turns white in winter. The American bird he refers to is the rock ptarmigan, *Lagopus rupestris*.

Sunday, October 10, 1773. In the morning I got some things into the boat and went up to the Lodge, where I found all well, except that my maid-servant had run away with John Templeton, (Noble and Pinson's head-man) and that the Indian man (my slave girl's father) was dead, and had left me a legacy of two wives and three children. This man sailed in a bait-skiff (which was the price of his daughter) along with the rest of his countrymen; but meeting with a severe gale of wind, he soon after parted from them, lost his kyack, and was near losing himself and all his family. This disaster caused him to return, and to beg I would permit him to winter near my sealing-post. I foresaw that great inconvenience and expense would be the consequence of permitting him to become so near a neighbour; but as I was well aware that they must all perish if I refused, humanity would not suffer me to give him a denial. This was the first night I slept at home since my arrival upon the coast, and my bed was now laid upon the floor; but even that was luxury, having seldom had my clothes off these six weeks past, and constantly slept before the fire.

Monday, November 1, 1773. The brig not being yet returned from Quebec, and the season so far advanced, this day we went to short allowance for the winter, viz. fourteen pounds of flour, three pounds of rice, four pounds and a half of bread, and three quarts of peas per week, for nine people; as for meat, we have plenty.

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[1] See note on pied-duck. It is possible he refers here to the oyster-catcher, *Hæmatopus palliatus*, now extirpated from Labrador, but common when Audubon was there in 1833.

Tuesday, November 9, 1773. To my inexpressible comfort, this day a boat came up here and informed me that the brig was returned from Quebec, and had brought me all I wrote for.

Thursday, November 11, 1773. After a famine comes a feast. Yesterday I had scarcely enough to live on; today we abound in luxuries. I have now, not only great plenty of dry provisions, but also two sheep, several turkies, geese, ducks and fowls; also potatoes, cabbages, carrots, onions and apples.

Tuesday, November 16, 1773. I went round my traps and had one marten. In the evening my slave girl ran away; I pursued her by her footsteps in the snow on this side of the river, to the Narrows: night then coming on I returned, knowing she could not cross it below.

Wednes., November 17, 1773. Early in the morning I crossed the river in search of the girl, and found the marks of her feet where she had crossed the ice, a little below the house, and tracked her below the Narrows; where I met a skiff, coming up from the sealing-post, with her on board. She arrived late last night at her mother's house. This boat brought some more boards, and two casks of corn for the poultry; likewise a letter from captain Monday, informing me that the vessel was ready for sea.

Friday, November 19, 1773. After breakfast I went down in the boat to Stage Cove, and there had the satisfaction to find almost all the sealing-craft in order, and four nets out; I hauled them, but had nothing. At night I slept on board the Lady Tyrconnel.

Moderate frosty weather.

Saturday, November 20, 1773. We unmoored at nine this morning, hauled out of the cove, and weighed the anchor; when we found the sails so hard frozen, that it was with great difficulty we got them loose. We ran out of the harbour through Enterprize Tickle, and got to sea. I brought away Noozelliack, a boy about twelve years of age; part of the old man's legacy.

It froze exceedingly hard last night, and this morning proved clear and fine; but at noon it began to snow fast, and continued till after dark. The sides of the vessel were a foot thick of ice, all round near the water edge, and every rope was quite stiff with frost.

Tuesday, November 23, 1773. I had hitherto intended going to St. John's in Newfoundland, to try to get a freight for the vessel, she having only eleven tons of seal-oil and a few furs on board; but the wind being directly against us, and the season far spent, this morning I ordered the master to bear away for England.

It was not until to-day that the ice fell off our sides, and the ropes grew limber.

The passage was extremely fine, considering the time of the year; for we had a continued fair, moderate wind, with good weather till we got into soundings, which was on the fifth of December, when the wind came to the eastward. On the sixth came on a smart gale, which continued all the next day, and reduced us to our courses. At night we were so near being run down by a stout snow, that our jib-boom touched her tafferel as she passed us; for she had mistaken the tack which we were upon. The wind came round again on the tenth, and we got sight of Scilly that morning. We saw the Lizard in the afternoon, got into the Downs on the night of the twelfth, and in the afternoon of the fourteenth came to an anchor at Cherry Garden Stairs. I landed immediately, and hastened to George's Coffee-house, where I astonished several of my old friends, by the great quantity of beef-steakes which I ate to my dinner; for I had not had one good meal since I left Ranger Lodge.

Fearing lest Noozelliack should take the small pox in the natural way, I determined to have him inoculated.[1] For this purpose I went to Knightsbridge the next morning, and waited on Mr. Sutton; to whom I told what had happened to those Indians I was carrying back in the spring, and desired him to receive the boy into his own house and take all possible care of him; which he readily consented to do. I left the boy with Mr. Sutton on the seventeenth, and when he thought he had sufficiently prepared him, he introduced the infection. The disease appeared in due time, but he died in three days after; so fatal is that disorder to this race of mortals!

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[1] Inoculation for smallpox was introduced in Europe from the East by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and was first performed in London in 1721. About 1800 it was superseded by vaccination.

This was a very great mortification and disappointment to me; for, as I intended, at a future period, to have visited all the northern tribes of Esquimaux, I had brought home this boy, in order to put him to school to be instructed in the English language; intending him for my interpreter. Through him I should have been enabled to have gained full information of their religion, customs and manners. At the same time, I should have improved myself in their language, my dealings with his countrymen would have been greatly facilitated, and I should have acquired much knowledge of the northern parts of the coast.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOYAGE, AND FIRST VOLUME.

THE THIRD VOYAGE

December, 1773. Soon after my arrival in town, I entered into a partnership with captain Robert Scott, late commander of the Speaker East Indiaman, and Mr. John Scott, his younger brother, who had been his fourth mate on board the said ship. They were jointly to have one half of the trade, and I the other. My vessel and stock were to be received at a valuation of two thousand pounds, and they were to furnish an equal sum in cash. We appointed Mr. Robert Hunter, merchant in London, our factor, and ordered him to purchase another vessel for us, and provide such goods as I judged we should want.

Mr. Hunter having purchased an American-built ship for us, almost new, of two hundred and thirty tons burthen; we named her the Earl of Dartmouth, gave the command of her to Mr. John Dykes, fitted her for sea, and on the tenth of March she sailed for Cadiz, to take in a freight of wines for Mr. Adam Lymburner of Quebec. There she was to procure bread, flour, planks, boards, hogshead and tierce packs, hoops, and such other articles as were cheaper, in general, at that place than in England, and carry them to Charles Harbour for the use of the Company. Mr.

John Scott sailed in her in quality of supercargo.

Captain Monday having misbehaved himself greatly, in several instances, during the course of my last voyage, I discharged him, and gave the command of the Lady Tyrconnel to Mr. Thomas Venture. That vessel having taken on board all such things as had been provided in London, sailed on the twenty-third of March for Plymouth; where she was to receive several other goods. Captain Scott embarked; as did also Mr. James Pitkethley, whom we had hired to serve us in the double capacity of surgeon and clerk, in the place of Mr. Williams. I was to go by land to Poole and Bridport, and meet the vessel at Plymouth.

I left London the next day, and arrived at Plymouth on the second of April, where I found the vessel safe moored.

Having shipped off all our goods, and hired a joiner, two men, and a couple of women servants, we sailed at six in the morning of the thirteenth for Waterford or Cork; as the wind might best suit.

The wind being fair and a fine gale, we ran down the Channel at the rate of seven knots. At three in the afternoon, captain Venture, being employed in the cabin in preparing some tackle for trout on his arrival in Labrador, did not pay proper attention to the course of the vessel; in consequence of which she ran upon that well-known rock called Rundlestone, which lies about four miles southward of the Land's End. She instantly stopped, and we immediately saw many splinters from her bottom, floating on the surface of the water. In a few minutes she went on again, and we tried the pumps continually, but she made no water; this surprised us greatly, for the shock was a severe one. It blew fresh all night, and the tide out of the Irish and Bristol Channels, having set us farther to leeward than we had supposed it would; the next morning we found ourselves far to leeward of Waterford, and therefore bore up for Cork, where we anchored at eight in the evening near the village of Cove.

On the twenty-eighth we began to unload the vessel. The goods were obliged to be sent up to Cork, and stored under the care of a custom-house officer. We then had a regular survey on the vessel, when it was discovered, that eight of her floor timbers on one side, and six on the other were snapped short off. In consequence of which, and the other damages together, she was condemned as unfit to proceed on her voyage.

On the thirtieth we purchased a new brig, built at Cork, but the inside work was not quite finished; the burthen was one hundred and thirty tons, and name, Success.

The Lady Tyrconnel being thrown upon the hands of her underwriters, it was necessary that captain Venture should remain to take care of her. We therefore appointed Mr. John Lafoyle, late mate of the above vessel, and formerly boatswain of the Speaker, to be master of the Success;

but did not provide any mate under him, as captain Scott undertook, in fact, to command the vessel. We began to reship the goods on the fifth of May, and having completed every thing by the twelfth, we cleared out of the custom-house, and in the afternoon warped down the river as low as Marshwall End.

The tide serving in the morning of the fourteenth, we worked down to Cove, where the blundering pilot ran the brig aground upon the spit; she floated off again with the flood, and received no damage.

In working down the river, the people observed a country-man going to Cork to sell milk, which he carried in a couple of churns slung, one on each side of his horse. We being then very near the shore, some of them began to banter him, which put him out of temper, and he retorted with some warmth. At that instant the vessel was put in stays; when the shivering of the sails, and the noise which the crew made in bracing them about, so affrighted the horse that he threw his rider and galloped off; spilling the milk all the way he went. A loud laugh immediately broke out from the whole crew, accompanied by many taunting speeches, which, together with the bruise he had received, and the loss of his milk, so exasperated poor Paddy, that he instantly stripped into buff, advanced to the edge of the water, and flourished his fists about in a menacing manner: thus he vented his anger, both by words and gestures, till we were too far off to hear his voice.

We had the pleasure to find our new vessel sail well; and nothing remarkable occurred till the thirty-first. There being then a great head swell, occasioned by preceding strong gales at west; at one in the afternoon we had the misfortune to carry away our main-mast, eight feet above the deck; the fall of which carried away also the boom, larboard cat-head, bumpkin and rail in the waist; together with both top-masts, and the main-top gallant mast. Unfortunately, two good seamen were aloft at the time, both of whom were saved, but very much bruised; particularly one of them. By ten at night we had got all the wreck on board, and found neither yards nor sails damaged. We laid the vessel to under the fore-sail, and the rest went to sleep, while Pitkethly and I kept the watch all night. As there was but little wind she rolled, gunwale to, incessantly; and I often thought she would have turned bottom up; for she is well built for that work, and is the most uneasy vessel in a sea that I ever sailed in. She is also of true Hibernian fabric, having a pine bottom, and oak upper works.

By six o'clock in the evening of the second of June, we had got up jury-masts, such as they were, and then made sail again.

Saturday, June 4, 1774. By an observation of the sun and moon, we found our longitude to be 36° 24′ west from London. We saw a gannet;[1] a bird which is seldom seen out of soundings; and many sailors affirm that it never is, but they are mistaken. This day we had another misfortune: we brought two sows big with pig from Ireland, under the assurance that they would not pig in less than six weeks, but one of them brought forth today. Being the anniversary of the King's birthday, captain Scott and myself drank an extra bottle to his Majesty's health, and gave our people some rum, that they might do the same.

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[1] Gannet or Solan goose, *Sula bassana.*

Friday, June 10, 1774. This day we saw the first penguin and several bulls.[1] Longitude per account corrected from the last observation 48° 42′. We have had hard gales with a great sea for this week past, which made the vessel labour prodigiously.

Tuesday, June 14, 1774. At four o'clock this morning we saw the island of Belle Isle bearing West North West, distance five leagues. At five we saw the land of Drifty Mountains, Cape Charles, and Cape St. Lewis; and, continuing our course we ran directly into Charles Harbour, where we anchored at one o'clock in the afternoon, by which we found the observation true within four or five miles; an exactness very sufficient for every purpose. At three I went up to the Lodge in a skiff, and found all my people well, excepting one man who had lost his toes by the frost in May last; and had the mortification to hear, that there was a general failure of seals last season.

[On June 26, 1774, " our new dwelling-house " at Stage Cove, on the point of land on the north side of White Bear Bay was begun and on July 14th he says: " All the shoremen were employed on the dwelling-house, and the bricklayer began the kitchen chimney."]

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[1] **Dovekies or little auks, *Alle alle*.**

Saturday, August 27, 1774. Our new house being now habitable, we took possession of it to-day. It is seventy feet by twenty-five, and contains a kitchen twenty-four feet square, a dining room twenty-four by sixteen, six bed-rooms and a small passage, being only a ground floor; which I preferred, for fear of fire.[1]

Saturday, September 3, 1774. The Otter sailed under the command of captain Dykes, with a cooper's crew, consisting of two coopers, and two young men, for Alexis River, where they are to make hoops during the winter. From thence she is to proceed to Sandwich Bay with Joseph Friend, a youngster, and an apprentice, where they are to remain during the winter, to kill furs; and in the spring, to prepare for a salmon-fishery.

Saturday, October 1, 1774. In the morning I sent two hands to look at the traps by Atkinson Pond: one of the small ones was carried away by a bear: they killed a pair of ladies and an auntsary. At one o'clock this afternoon, I married William Bettres to Catharine Gourd (one of the maid-servants whom we brought from Plymouth; the other returned with captain Scott.) The remainder of the day was spent by all the servants in great festivity.

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[1] On July 30, 1906 I traced the faint remains of the ruins of this house, and satisfied myself by measurements of its identity. See " Along the Labrador Coast," pp. 217–220.

Tuesday, October 18, 1774. The man whom I sent yesterday for the trap, found his way back at noon; he had lost himself, although the distance is not more than two miles, and no wood so high as his head all the way. I gave him a severe beating, to cause him to take more care in future than run the risk of losing his life through stupidity and carelessness. At the same time I instructed him in unerring rules how to find his way home, should he ever be bewildered hereafter.

[The winter passed uneventfully in the usual occupations of trapping and shooting.]

Sunday, April 2, 1775. At six o'clock this morning, I set off for Port Marnham on a deer-shooting party, taking Indian Jack, with our provisions and necessaries, upon my Esquimau sled, drawn by a couple of blood-hounds and a Newfoundland dog.

Monday, April 3, 1775. Early in the morning, I ordered the Indian boy home, with the sled and dogs; but the bad weather which soon came on, caused him to return. I went up Porcupine Hill and traversed about there till the weather drove me back again. I killed an old porcupine big with young, ready to bring forth. I do not know how many these creatures have at a birth; but imagine they are not very prolific: for if they were, they would destroy all the trees in the country, as they feed on nothing but the rinds[1] the whole winter, and by so doing kill a prodigious number of trees of all sorts; though they prefer the silver-fir to all others. In spring, they are very fond of the leaves of the larch, and in the autumn, they eat a bad species of mushrooms, which grow here in tolerable plenty. This creature is a good deal like the beaver, in size and shape; the only difference is in the tail and feet. They both sit up, and make use of their fore feet to feed themselves with. The porcupine readily climbs trees, for which purpose he is furnished with very long claws; and, in winter, when he mounts into a tree, I believe he does not come down till he has eaten the bark from the bottom to the top. He generally makes his course through a wood, in a straight direction; seldom missing a tree, unless such as are old. He loves the young ones best, and devours so much, eating only the inner part of the rind, that I have frequently known one porcupine ruin near a hundred trees in a winter. A man who is acquainted with the nature of these animals, will seldom miss finding them when the snow is on the ground, if he can but hit upon the rinding of that winter; by making a circuit round the barked trees, he will soon come upon his track, unless a very deep snow should chance to fall after his last ascent. Having once discovered that, he will not be long, ere he find the animal. The belly of a porcupine is covered with coarse fur, but all the rest of him, with sharp prickles; the longest and strongest of which are on his rump and tail. It is a received opinion, that a porcupine can dart his quills at pleasure into a distant object; but, I venture to affirm that this species cannot (whatever any other may do) for I have taken much pains to ascertain the fact.[1] On the approach of danger, he retreats into a hole, if possible; but where he cannot find one, he seizes upon the best shelter that offers, sinks his nose between his fore legs, and defends himself by a sharp stroke of his tail, or a sudden jerk of his back. As the quills are bearded at their points, and not deeply rooted in the skin, they stick firmly into whatever they penetrate. Great care should be taken to extract them immediately; otherwise, by the muscular motion of the animal into which they are struck, enforced by the beards of the quills, they soon work themselves quite through the part; but I never perceived the puncture to be attended with worse symptoms, than that of a chirurgical instrument.[2]

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[1] Bark of trees.

This porcupine chanced to be upon the ground; and my greyhound, which always attends me and never had seen one before, no sooner set eyes on him, than he struck at him with the same resolution that he would have done at a fox. I thought he would instantly have gone mad. His tongue, the whole inside of his mouth, his nose and face were stuck as full of quills, as it was possible for them to be; insomuch, that his mouth was gagged wide open, and he was in such agony, that he would have bit me, when I attempted to give him relief, could he have closed his mouth. Upon returning to the house, I made Jack hold him down, and then, with the assistance of a pair of bullet moulds, in about three hours time, I extracted most of them. Some were broken too short to take hold of, and I drew out several by their points, which had penetrated quite through the roof of his mouth and the cartilage of his nose.

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[1] This is a common "received opinion" at the present day, but Cartwright's statement is correct.

[2] It is to be remembered that "chirurgical instruments" in those days were *not* aseptic.

Tuesday, April 4, 1775. We singed the porcupine, and made a good soup of it.

It blew, snowed, and drifted exceedingly hard, with sharp frost all day.

Thursday, May 11, 1775. Some of the people were employed in making a salmon-net, others in collecting sealing-craft, and the rest in carrying away the chips and dirt from about the house. I caught an ermine [1] in the store-room.

It rained till six in the morning, and froze afterwards.

Monday, May 15, 1775. I saw the first shellbirds, divers and sandlarks.[2] I went out a duckshooting in the evening, and killed four, and a pair of shellbirds; and had a marten in one of my traps on Otter Point.

Sunday, May 27, 1775. I went out in a skiff this morning to Battle Harbour [3] and the adjacent

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[1] Bonaparte's weasel, *Putorius cicognanii.* It is brown in summer and white in winter.

[2] Probably sandpipers although he may refer to the horned lark or shore lark, *Otocoris alpestris.*

[3] This is the first mention by Cartwright of that now important fishing-station.

Ship Harbour

Islands, and killed thirty ducks and a pair of ladies.

Sunday, June 4, 1775. At eight o'clock this morning I sailed in the Otter, with five of our people and Indian Jack, for Alexis River and Sandwich Bay. At two we were abreast of Port Charlotte; and the wind taking us a head, we worked to windward up Alexis River, as high as a small cove in Denbigh Island, opposite to Sugar Island, where we anchored at ten at night. I had been out in the skiff, and shot a goose. The boat proved so leaky, that the spudgel * was scarce ever out of hand.

Monday, June 5, 1775. Weighing at day-light, we towed and worked till eleven o'clock, and finding we gained nothing, came to an anchor again off the east head of Ship Harbour. I went off immediately in the punt with two hands up the river, landed at midnight opposite to Grove Island, and lay down to sleep. Last night seven hundred spudgels of water, was thrown out of the boat in three hours.

Tuesday, June 6, 1775. At half past three this morning, we rowed into Grove Tickle, where we found a boat's crew of Coghlan's, rinding; from them we learned where our coopers lived, and arrived at their house at five o'clock. I found they had made five hundred and fifty bundles of hoops, and had caught twelve martens and one fox. The Mountaineer Indians, with whom we are acquainted, being on Nevile Island, I went there and got the skins of ten martens, four foxes, four beavers, and three otters of them, in part of their debt to us. At noon, bringing the whole crew with me, I set off for the Shalloway, and got on board her at four o'clock, and then sent one cooper and a youngster back immediately in a flat, and sailed for Sandwich Bay. At night we anchored in Fishing-ships Harbour. One of the people saw fresh slot of deer, on the easternmost island.

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* A spudgel is a small sort of bucket, fixed in the end of a staff; and is used to bail boats with, when they have not a pump fixed in them.

Thursday, June 8, 1775. At four this morning we weighed and went to sea. I went off in the skiff, with four hands, to take a view of the islands on the outside of Stoney Island; the largest of which forms a very fine harbour for small vessels, between it and Stoney Island. It runs N. E. and S. W., has a fair, narrow entrance at each end, but widens in the middle by a cove in the small Island, on which we found a hind and calf. I shot the hind, and then lying down close to her, caught the calf by a leg as it came to suck. Observing the drift ice to draw nearer in shore, and it being calm, I went out to the shalloway and towed her into this harbour. I then sent two men to take a cruise over Stoney Island, and gave them but one gun. I soon perceived one of them throwing stones at an old hind, which stood her ground in a defensive posture. The novelty of the sight surprised me greatly, as I could not account for it; I immediately went over with the dogs, and we soon caught the calf alive and drove the hind into the water, where the rest of the people pursued with the skiff and killed her. I then learned, that as soon as they had got to the top of the first hill, they discovered these deer, feeding on the other side of it, and that one of them returned to inform me, whilst the other attempted to get a shot. The deer perceiving him, ran round the hill and coming close past the other man, he broke the under jaw of the calf with a stone; upon which it lay down: and the affection of the dam was so great, that she would not quit it, although he hit her several times with such force, that I could hear the sound of the stones. The calf was not more than two or three days old, and judging it impossible to keep it alive, we killed it; but it proved very indifferent meat. At eight o'clock at night, the wind shifting suddenly and blowing a hard gale, the boat went round her anchor, fouled it, and drove. We let go the other, and brought her up just as she was going ashore; after which we moored her safe. A great number of seals were seen, beating back to the northward. We had the pleasure to find that the boat made much less water.

Friday, June 9, 1775. At noon I sent two men a shooting on Stoney Island, and they returned at five o'clock with a ptarmigan, and reported that no ice was in sight to the northward; but, that to the southward it was jammed in upon the shore. We got some wood and water on board and at night unmoored. From the great plenty of venison which we got here, I named this, *Venison Harbour;* and the small island which makes it, *Veni-*

rather to be called the mountain, than the polar hare; as I have seen them on the heathy mountains in Ireland and Scotland, where they are common: and I have been told, that they are to be found upon Chiviot Hills; but I could never learn that the common hare ever frequented those lofty situations. At six at night we anchored in a cove, in a small bay at the east end of the Isle of Ponds, pretty well defended from the easterly winds by some islands, called the Dismal Islands, and landlocked from every other. Jack took a cruise in my kyack, and soon returned with information, that there were a brace of stags on a point which projects into the middle of the bay. I went after them in the kyack, followed by the skiff, which made so much noise, that they went off before I could land. In the night, a large pan of ice drove foul of us, and pinned us in the cove.

A fine, clear, warm day.

Monday, June 12, 1775. The ice pressing hard upon us, we vered closer in shore, and put one third of the cargo out on the ice; but having sixteen inches of water to spare at low water, we took the casks in again. The ice still forcing us further in, at eleven at night the boat grounded and lay along very much; yet, by the help of the fore haulyard made fast to a rock, we got her over to the other side, where she was supported by a pan of ice and sat almost on an even keel upon flat rocks.

Hard snow and sharp frost all day and night.

Tuesday, June 13, 1775. At noon, the boat grounded again, and the casks of salt pressed so hard against her sides as to force them open. She sprung her main thwart, and drew both that and the partner thwart off from the gunwhale on the starboard side; when the mast, which was very heavy, heeling to the other, I expected she would have fallen abroad. We immediately fixed the main haulyards to a rock; and by so doing, supported the mast and gave her great ease. As soon as she was afloat, we landed four hogsheads of bread, one empty hogshead, and a grindstone; and put fourteen hogsheads of salt upon a pan of ice. We then bored holes through her sides with an auger, drew them in, and lashed them round the main mast with ratline, and by passing it through the thwarts, we secured them at the same time. At high water the ice pressed exceedingly hard upon us. It froze, snowed, and drifted very much all day. We picked up some drift-wood, with which we made a fire by the side of a rock; but, even with this accommodation, we were starved, and much dispirited in our situation: for we expected to lose the boat; our skiff would not carry more than five; and we were full sixty miles from the nearest inhabited place within our knowledge.

Wednes. June 14, 1775. At seven this morning, the larboard bowfast parted, and the cleat of the large road was carried away. The large ice without us, being now broken in pieces, pressed harder than ever. At eleven, she took the ground in a very ugly manner, hanging between a rock on one side and a pan of ice on the other; and it was out of our power to relieve her, as the ice was about seven feet thick.

Weather much the same as before.

Thursday, June 15, 1775. At noon I took a walk on the island, killed a grouse with my rifle, and had a good course after a hare. At half flood I returned, when, the boat being afloat and the wind considerably abated, with incredible labour and difficulty, and not without much danger, we warped the vessel through the ice, got under sail and worked farther off. She got such a squeeze last night, as to prove so leaky this morning, that we could hardly keep her a float. I sent the skiff in for the small anchor, but, not being able to get at it, they cut the road and left it. By midnight we had got almost all on board again, except the salt; it then began to blow smart again, and we weighed and ran round the point into Batteau Harbour.

Friday, June 16, 1775. At one this morning, we anchored in Batteau Harbour, and at six, observing the main jam coming fast upon us, even against a fresh of wind, I sent the skiff on shore to bring off what ever they could get, across the neck; and before she returned we were obliged to weigh and put to sea, and had but just time to pass, between a point and the ice. The skiff joined us soon after and brought my kyack, but left the rest of the things and a bloodhound behind. They reported, that the whole cove, which I named Devil's Cove, was full of drift ice; and that the flat pans among which we had lain, were driven on shore by the former; consequently, had we not got out just as we did, the boat must have been crushed to pieces. At ten o'clock we anchored in Porcupine Harbour, and soon after shifted our berth to the mouth of the north brook, where we moored with a shore fast; having now but one anchor. I had a salmon-net put out, and shot a goose. This brook has lately been much frequented by deer and black bears. The boat very leaky.

Some snow today, and the weather remarkably cold.

Saturday, June 17, 1775. The boat leaked less water than yesterday by one half.

It rained all day, and snowed in the evening, with very cold weather.

Sunday, June 18, 1775. I put out an ottertrap, hauled the net and had a large sea trout[1] in it. A black bear had chewed the inner mooring of the net all to pieces; I took it up in the evening and hung a codfish in a small tree for the bear.

A rainy morning, a dull day, and clear evening.

Monday, June 19, 1775. At day-light I sent one of the people on shore to watch the bear: at five he called on me, and said, that three large bears were on the west side of the brook. I went on shore immediately and saw two but they crossed the brook, and I could not get near them. I waded through the water up to my middle, and was near being carried down by the rapidity of the current:

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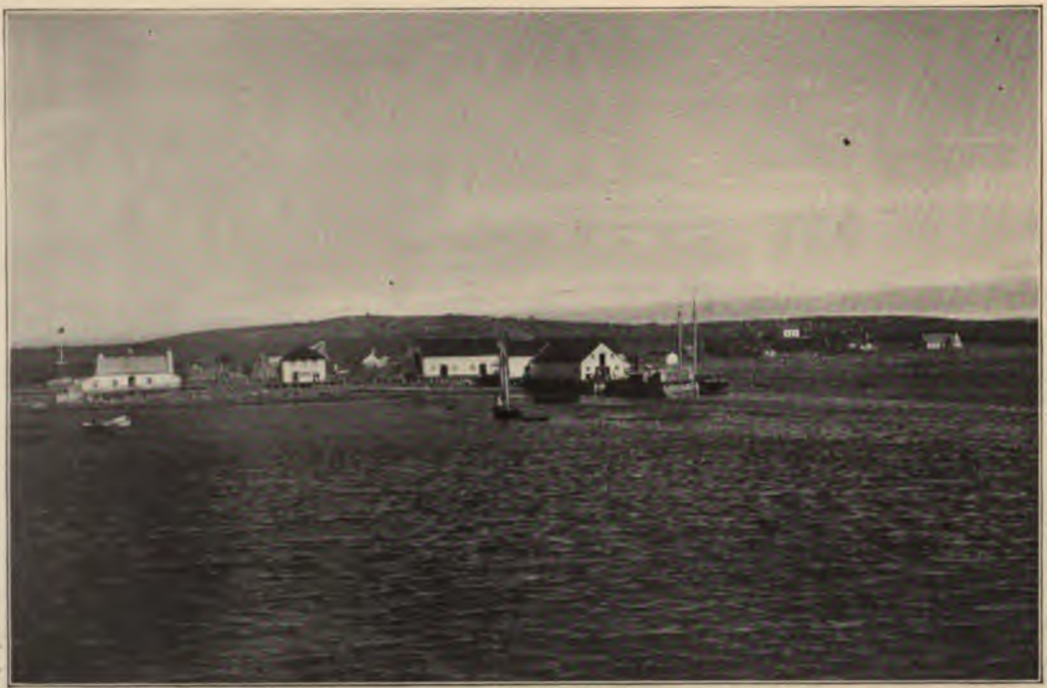
[1] *Salvelinus*, species?

and the water was so cold that my blood was almost stagnated. In the evening I tailed a gun for them. Much ice drove into the mouth of the harbour.

Monday, June 26, 1775. At two in the morning we came to sail, intending to keep within the Isle of Ponds, but on going a head in the skiff, I found the tickle was jammed at the north end; upon which we hauled the wind, worked to windward of the island, and then bore away out side of Spotted Island. Having passed it, and observing a deal of ice a head, we hauled close under a small high island, at the north entrance of Spotted Island Tickle, and there anchored. I then landed to take a view, and found ourselves to be in most imminent danger; being entirely surrounded with ice; that to windward, driving fast after us, and that to leeward, jamming in upon the outer side of Indian Island. But as there was still a small opening left, the only way by which we could escape, I ran down the hill, returned on board and hauled up the anchor; we shook out all the reefs, flew away at the rate of eight knots and soon got safe through. At quarter before four in the afternoon, we passed Half-Way Island, when we came into a clear sea; after running through scattered ice, so close that we could scarce keep clear of it for eleven leagues. Had we struck against the ice, the boat must have been dashed to pieces. At half past six, we doubled Cape North, and at eight, anchored off Venison Head, hoping to find shelter in a small cove there; but being disappointed we weighed again, and spent the night under sail between Huntingdon Island, and the Continent.

A fine day, but the night was dark and cloudy.

Tuesday, June 27, 1775. At four this morning we entered Cartwright Harbour, and at eight got into Sandwich Bay, when we anchored off a point called, Longstretch, and I went off in the skiff for our people's house. Three miles below the narrows of Hinchingbrook Bay, and on the south shore, I found the old punt, which they brought with them, on shore and staved; this made me apprehend some accident had happened to them; on a point at the entrance of the river, I found a trap on a rubbing-place struck up, with the grass grown through it, which increased my fears, and those were afterwards confirmed at one o'clock, when we arrived at their house, which I found they had left some time ago. On examining their chests, I found a letter for me in the head-man's pocketbook, informing me, that they had been almost two months on very short allowance; had eaten their dogs and part of the skins of the furs which they had caught, and did not expect to live long. This letter was dated the twenty-third of May, and by Friend's journal, I believe they continued here until the end of that month. They had built a skiff, and as she was gone, and they had plenty of powder and shot, I am in hopes they have got to sea, where they will be well supplied with ducks and eggs. In the house I found thirty fox, forty-seven marten, ten



The Hudson's Bay Company's Post at Cartwright at the Present Day

rabbits and two mink skins, besides a good quantity of feathers; and about the door, twenty four porcupine skins. They had also killed some otters and a wolf; the carcasses of the whole were more than would have served them two months, exclusive of the provisions they brought with them, which alone were sufficient to have lasted them until this day. But I could plainly perceive they had made great waste; which was the cause of their want. I stayed here the night.

A clear hot day.

Thursday, June 29, 1775. At day-light I sent the people on shore to build the wharf on a point which I named Paradise. At six o'clock in the evening the wharf being finished, we heaved along side and began to deliver the goods; but were soon obliged to desist, as the tide was near carrying away our new fabrick. We had six slinks in the net.

A very hot day.

Sunday, July 2, 1775. Sending the people on shore at day-light, Hayes repaired and caulked the old punt. Two hands were rinding part of the day, and got eighty-two; the rest were at work on the salmon-house. At eleven o'clock I went in my kyack into Hinchinbrook Bay, on the south shore of which, and near the head, I found the new skiff driven on shore by the wind, and staved; her painter was tied to one of her masts, which had the sail on it, and was lying on the beach: her thwarts, bottom boards, some fur-boards, and five rackets were at high water mark; and a spade, drawing-knife, hatchet, gouge and seven trap-chains were in her; so that all hopes of their being yet alive are now over.

Monday, July 3, 1775. The fish here are the largest, fattest and best I ever saw on this coast. We had a pike[1] of six pounds in one of the nets, which is the first I ever heard of in this country.

Thursday, July 6, 1775. We ballasted the Otter, brought down the lost men's chests from their house, killed thirteen tierces of fish, and left the nets full. At two o'clock, leaving three salmoniers, the cooper and Jack, and taking the other three hands with me in the Otter, I made sail for Charles Harbour.

Tuesday, July 11, 1775. At five in the evening we came to an anchor in Charles Harbour and moored. I found our ship, Earl of Dartmouth, arrived; she came in, the twenty eighth ult. in a shattered condition, having met with the ice, five or six degrees off the land, and had been fast in it for twenty-three days. By her we learnt, that the Lady Tyrconnel had been repaired, and returned upon our hands by the underwriters, and was on her voyage from Barcelona to Quebec with wine, for Mr. Lymburner; from whence she was to come here, with supplies of bread, flour and other goods.

Of all the dreary sights which I have yet beheld, none ever came up to the appearance of this coast, between Alexis River and Cartwright Harbour, on my late voyage to Sandwich Bay. The continent is all of it mountainous, except the peninsula which parts Rocky Bay, from Table Bay; the extreme point of which forms one side of Indian Tickle. All the islands, the Isle of Ponds, the Seal Islands and some of the small ones which are within the bays excepted, are high; the faces of all the hills which front the sea, are scarce anything but bare rocks. The spots where any verdure was likely to appear, were covered with drift banks of snow; the shore was barricaded with ice, seven feet thick; most of the best harbours were then not open, and all the rest had so much loose ice, driving about with every wind as to render it dangerous to anchor therein; the water which we had to sail through, had abundance of scattered ice floating upon it, and all towards the sea was one, uniform, compact body of rough ice. How far it reached from the shore must be left to conjecture; but I make no doubt it extended fifty leagues at least; perhaps double that distance. There was however some advantage from it, since it kept the water as smooth, as land would have done at that distance. The badness of the weather also contributed to increase the horror of the scene. But we no sooner entered Cartwright Harbour, than the face of nature was so greatly and suddenly changed, as if we had shot within the tropics. There we saw neither ice nor snow; the hills were of a moderate height, completely covered with spruces, larches, firs and birch, the different hues of which caused a pleasing variety, and the shore was bordered round with verdant grass. The water too, instead of pans of ice, was mottled over with ducks and drakes, * cooing amorously; which brought to my remembrance, the pleasing melody of the stockdove. That nothing might be wanting to complete the contrast, there was not a cloud in the sky: the sun had no sooner attained a sufficient height, than he darted his rays upon us most vehemently; which were reflected back, by the glossy surface of the water, with intolerable heat; while zephyrus played upon us with a tropical warmth. The scene was greatly altered on our return, for the jam ice was not to be seen, the barricados were fallen off from the shore, most of the snow melted, all the harbours were open, and we had much pleasanter prospects, since we ran within several of the largest islands, and of course saw their best sides.

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[1] *Esox lucius.*

Wednes., July 12, 1775. No codfish on the coast yet. Hard gale with rain all day.

Thursday, July 13, 1775. This morning Catherine Bettres was delivered of a son.

Strong gales with rain.

Friday, July 14, 1775. I examined all the furs which we got last winter, and found we had a hundred and thirty-two martens, fifty-seven foxes, eighteen beavers, seventeen otters, and four minks. A skiff came up from our stage, which was built since I left this place on Great Caribou, for a caplin-sein, and reported that there was plenty of caplin, but no cod. A rainy day.

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* Eider-ducks make a cooing at this time of the year, not unlike the first note of the stockdove. [*Columba œnas.*][1]

[1] The courtship of the eider is an interesting performance, and is expressed by curious gestures of the head, neck and body, as well as by the notes which sound like the syllables *aah-ou* or *ah-ee-ou*. See " A Labrador Spring," pp. 84-89.

Tuesday, July 18, 1775. An Indian family (mountaineers) came here to-day, who said, that, they had been towards Sandwich Bay, and saw a great smoke thereabouts. The other Indian family was here when I arrived.

Wednes., July 19, 1775. We completed the loading of the Otter, and at four in the afternoon, taking captain Dykes, with four of his men, the boatbuilder, a cooper, and both the indian families, consisting of thirteen persons, I sailed for Sandwich Bay, with the ship's long-boat in tow.

Sunday, July 23, 1775. At four this morning I sent the long-boat for the salt, and while it was bringing off, I went with captain Jack (the principal Indian) in his canoe, round the cove [Devil's Cove]. We killed five ducks, four geese, and an otter. We returned at seven, just as the salt was stowed, and got under sail immediately. We saw great plenty of cod and caplin round the Dismal Islands; and observed, that plenty of shaggs[1] and tinkers breed on them. In the afternoon we anchored in Sand Hill Cove, where we found a prodigious quantity of cod and caplin; the former we caught as fast as we could hand them in, and the latter we gathered in great numbers among the rocks, where they were left by the tide. The Indians went on shore and made a whigwham, where they remained all night, and in the evening one of them shot at a black-bear. Their tracks were very plentiful on the shore, and I watched them till dark, but saw none; I then tailed a large trap for them. There is a large jam of ice in the offing, and a great deal comes into Table Bay, which was the principal reason of our coming into this place.

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[1] The term *shag* is applied in America both to the doubled-crested cormorant, *Phalacrocorax auritus*, and the common cormorant, *Phalacrocorax carbo*, both of which breed on the Labrador Coast. In England the term *shag* applies to the Green Cormorant, *P. graculus*, and not to *P. carbo* which also occurs there and is called *cormorant*.

The day was fine, but there was much haze round the horizon.

Monday, July 24, 1775. At four this morning, I sent the long-boat on shore for some sand and the trap; and at six, we went to sea. We had fish for the haul this morning, and I never saw so fine a place for a cod-sein; the bottom being smooth, white sand, with an extensive beach of the same. I found a * stag's head of seventy-two points, in full perfection, and brought it away; the beast had been killed by another in rutting-time, I believe; as his bones were there. When we got within a mile of Cape North, the ice appeared to be jammed to the northward of it; upon which I went a head with captain Jack in his canoe, landed and walked to the top of the Cape, where we saw fresh slot of deer, and observed the ice to extend in a large compact jam, from the Gannet Islands to Wolf Island; and a great deal of scattered stuff to the north-east. We got on board again on the north-west side of the cape, and proceeded to the mouth of Blackguard Bay, when the wind failing, we came to an anchor near Venison Head, where the Indians went on shore, and erected a whigwham.

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* This head is now in the possession of the Earl of Dartmouth.[1]

[1] Mr. J. G. Millais ("Newfoundland and its Untrodden Ways," London, 1907) says he has never seen a Newfoundland caribou with more than forty-nine points. He adds in a note (p. 317): "No point should be included that does not fulfil the old watch-guard or powder-horn test, unless it may be a clean blunt snag at least half an inch from the main horn. The Germans count everything as a point upon which a torn piece of paper will rest, but we regard as 'offers' all small excrescences that do not fulfil the old British conditions. For instance, Captain Cartwright's famous 'seventy-two point' Labrador head, which I have recently traced, and on which he counted every offer, has in reality fifty-three points." This is no reflection on Cartwright's accuracy but simply shows diverse methods of counting points.

Tuesday, July 25, 1775. At four this morning we hauled up and came to sail, leaving the Indians on shore; they refused to go any further, because I would not give captain Jack some rum last night when he was almost drunk. At one we anchored off Black Head to stop tide; I went forward in my kyack to Cartwright Harbour, to look for a place for building my house upon; intending to reside there, to conduct the business in Sandwich Bay. I found a convenient and agreeable spot on the point at the entrance of it. At three o'clock we got under sail again and worked up to the mouth of Dykes River, where we came to for the night.

Wednes., July 26, 1775. At three this morning we got under sail, and at six in the evening we anchored at the salmon-post at Paradise. I found about a hundred and forty tierces of salmon on shore, the salt nearly expended, and fish still plentiful. The people informed me the fish came in so fast after I left them, that they were obliged to take two of their nets up, and fish with two only, till Monday last; when they put out others.

Sunday, July 30, 1775. We put out two more nets, took up two, and boated * two. We set up the frame of the fishermen's house, packed five tierces of fish, (a puncheon contains two tierces and a half; a hogshead, one and a quarter) and caught two hundred and three fish; also, had a spot of ground dug, sowed some radish and turnip seeds, and set some cabbage-plants which I brought from Charles Harbour.

Wednes., August 2, 1775. Four hands were at work on the house till five in the evening, when they were driven off by rain; they afterwards picked oakum. We caught one hundred and sixty-seven fish, and packed four tierces. At noon I went up the river, landed on the east side, about half a mile above Friend's Point, and walked to the top of a small hill, from whence I had a good view of the surrounding country. I observed a very fine lake, about three miles long, and one broad, lying on the south river, a mile higher up. By the side of the east river, there were some large marshes; and most of the adjacent country is covered with good birch, fit for making hoops and staves: the whole had a beautiful appearance; and particularly so at this time of the year, when birches have a richer, and more lively appearance than spruces or firs. Nor are the hills either so high or so steep as in most parts of this country, and they are divided by a variety of little brooks and rills, which adds to the beauty of the prospect.

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* To boat a net, is, to take it into a boat and put it out immediately in the same place.

Friday, August 4, 1775. Having finished the studding of the house, we covered it in, and partitioned off a room for salt; packed six tierces, killed two hundred and twenty-five salmon, and a trout;[1] such a one as neither I nor any of our people had ever seen before; it was of a lead colour; the flesh was very pale, the skin was like that of a tench, and it had no scales, but marked as if it had plenty of very small ones; the belly was white, and it had two rows of small red-spots, just perceptible, down each of its sides: the Indian boy called it a "salt-water trout," and said, the rivers to the northward had plenty of them. In the evening I killed a loon in the water, at a hundred yards distance, with my rifle. I saw the first baked apples.[2]

Thursday, August 17, 1775. In the forenoon I went up the river in my kyack, and took two men, the greyhound and a Newfoundland dog in the punt, to hunt for the bear. We got the punt in to the lake without much difficulty, and found a yearling dog-bear fast by both hind legs, in that trap which captain Dykes saw last night; the

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[1] As there are so many species belonging to the trout family it is impossible to name this one with any certainty, but it is possible that Cartwright refers to *Salvelinus oquassa naresi.*

[2] Or "bake-apple," cloudberry, *Rubus Chaemæmorus.*

Near the Mouth of White Bear River

Looking South-east from the Mouth of Eagle River quite fresh; and scores of salmon were continually in the air, leaping at the fall; but none of them could rise half the height. The country all round is full of bear-paths, leading to the fall. We watched there till dark, but saw no beast of any kind. Returning to the mouth of the small river, we made a fire under a high, sandy hill, and lay there.

Tuesday, August 22, 1775. At day-light the greyhound awoke us by barking; we jumped up and found it was at a black-bear, which was at the foot of the bank. He immediately ran off, when one of our people going about fifty yards from the resting place, came close upon a large wolf, and was glad to make a speedy and safe retreat. Captain Dykes and I instantly went after him, and saw the beast not far from the same spot: when I sent a ball at him, and laid it close to his heels. We then walked to the cataract, but saw nothing. Returning to the boat, we put our things in and were just going off, when I perceived a wolf coming up on the other side of the river, and expected he would have come within shot; but he turned off on winding the smoke. About a mile below, we saw a large stag crossing the river, and I pursued him in my kyack; but he winded me, and galloped off into the woods. At the mouth of the river, we landed and walked round a flat, sandy point; covered with tall bad wood, to the mouth of a small brook, which comes down a valley from the northward, close under the foot of Mealy Mountains and on the west side of them; the bed of this brook is a fine, white quicksand. Near the mouth of the brook we saw a pair of doves,[1] and I killed one with my rifle; it was much like a turtle dove and fed on the berries of the Empetrum Nigrum. I never heard of such a bird in the country before and I believe they are very scarce. Returning to the boat, we sailed for Cartwright Harbour, and had much wind and sea in crossing the bay, which is twelve, or thirteen miles broad in that part. I found the Otter arrived and unloaden.

Wednes., August 23, 1775. We ballasted the shalloway, pitched my tent, made a tilt for the people, dug a spot of ground and planted some cabbages in it. In the morning, one of the people walked along shore to the head of the harbour, and there saw five deer feeding; he returned and informed me, but they were gone before I could get to the place. I found some good deer paths, and observed, that the white-bears frequently walked along the shore. At eight in the evening, the Otter sailed for Charles Harbour.

Thursday, August 24, 1775. At eight o'clock this morning, recollecting that I had not much to do here at present, and that it would be more convenient for me to go to Charles Harbour now than hereafter, I put a few clothes into the skiff, took all hands and rowed after the Otter; knowing she could not be far off, as there had been but very little wind ever since we sailed. In an hour I boarded her, abreast of Goose Cove, and then sent the skiff back.

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[1] Either the passenger pigeon, *Ectopistes migratorius,* now probably extinct, or the mourning dove, *Zenaidura macroura carolinensis.*

[Capt. Cartwright reached Charles Harbour, and after visiting Henley Harbour returned on the Lady Tyrconnel, bringing Mrs. Selby and the Indians with him.]

Sunday, September 10, 1775. At half past seven we anchored in Cartwright Tickle, abreast of the landing place, for there was too thick a fog to go any farther. Our people came off and informed me that the house was studded and covered in.

Monday, September 11, 1775. At one this morning it began to blow hard; at five the gale was heavy, and in half an hour after, our cable parted: we were then near driving on shore upon Western Point, which is shoal, and rocky; but we got her before the wind, ran up the harbour, and let go the other anchor between a small woody island, and Earl Island, where we brought up in four fathoms and a half of water, over a bottom of tough black mud, and there rode out the gale. The water was perfectly smooth, but the wind blew so excessively hard, that the vessel was frequently laid almost on her beam ends, the tide making her ride athwart the wind, and the spoondrift flew entirely over her. We got up the spare anchor, and bent the remains of the parted cable to it. It snowed and hailed all day, was severely cold, and we were in constant apprehension of parting our cable and losing the vessel, at least, if not ourselves also.

Tuesday, September 12, 1775. At seven o'clock

We weighed the anchor, and we found it had lain in very tough mud with many large stones in it; for the cable hung on them as it came in, and was rubbed in several places, nor was the anchor canted, notwithstanding the violence of the gale. We then set the forestay-sail and ran into the bight on the south side of my house, there came to an anchor in nine fathoms good, clear, ground, which is an excellent place for a ship to ride in. I went on shore and was informed, that the tide yesterday, flowed two feet higher than usual; that it rose two inches high in the house; and that the violence of the wind was so great, as to turn the bottom up of a sealing-skiff, which lay on Rocky Point. I never experienced so hard a gale before.

Sunday, October 1, 1775. We landed all the salt and part of the provisions [at Hoop-pole-Cove]. At noon taking Jack with me, I went up the East River in a skiff, landed at the head of the tide, and walked by the side of it to the foot of the second pond; we then ascended a high hill on the south side, from whence we had an extensive view of the country. We saw a lake lying on the river, to the eastward of that hill, and several small pools to the northward. On our return, we observed a salmon in the second pond, and found a gooseberry[1] bush on the bank of it, which is the first I have either seen or heard of in this country. From the top of Rodghill, I observed two other good streams fall into the river, before it empties into the tide way, and several large marshes by the sides of them. The country is very promising for deer and beavers, and the whole that we went over to-day, is so clear of woods and rocks, that I could have galloped a horse all the way from the boat, except the first two hundred yards. In one place were several acres of ground with long grass growing on it fit for tillage: I tried the soil, and found it a light sand, with a good mixture of black mould, and of a great depth. We killed a porcupine and a spruce-game.

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[1] *Ribes oxyacanthoides.*

Wednes., October 11, 1775. At nine o'clock, captain Kinloch and I went off in the yawl for my house, and took the new skiff in tow, laden with casks. On our arrival there, we were informed that three deer had taken the water in front of the door, about an hour before, and swum down the Tickle into Huntingdon Harbour, where they still remained. Leaving the skiff we pursued, and soon got sight of them, lying to in the middle of the harbour. They made towards us until we got very near; they then made off, and caused a long and severe chase, but at length I killed them all. They proved a staggard,[1] a knobler,[2] and an old hind: the quarters and humbles[3] of the whole, weighed four hundred and ninety-six pounds. It is incredible how fast they swim,[4] and how long they can hold it; although the boat rows very well, yet we had hard work to come up with the staggard. I also shot a duck, and saw a prodigious number of geese.

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[1] A stag in his fourth year.

[2] Knobbler or knobler, a hart or stag in its second year.

[3] Humbles or umbles, — entrails.

[4] Millais estimated that the Newfoundland caribou could swim at the rate of five miles an hour.

Monday, October 30, 1775. I went round my walk; and one of the traps which were tailed for otters was struck up, and I had a porcupine in another. Several large flocks of ducks flew close past Brocket Point. Finding myself much weakened by wearing flannel shirts, I this day put on a linen one, and intend wearing no others in future.

Tuesday, October 31, 1775. I went with Jack to Earl Island; we shifted one of his traps there, and saw the fresh slot of a deer. Had linen sheets put upon my bed instead of flannel ones.

Friday, November 3, 1775. At three this afternoon the Otter arrived from Charles Harbour, from whence she sailed the twenty-second of last month, with thirteen hands to complete the crews here. They informed me, that the gale of wind, which happened here on the eleventh of September, reached that place on the twelfth, and did infinite mischief both on this coast, and all round Newfoundland. Our ship the Earl of Dartmouth was driven on shore and greatly damaged, but was got off and repaired; our two shallops were driven on shore; one almost beat to pieces, and the other much damaged; the planter's boat was wrecked; four out of five of Noble and Pinson's vessels were driven on shore and bulged; several of their boats were wrecked in Lance Cove; seven others were driven over to Newfoundland and there lost, together with twenty-eight out of twenty-nine men; Thomas's brig was wrecked; Coghlan's sloop driven on shore; vast quantities of fish spoiled; and every stage and wharf on the coast were washed down, ours among the rest; and that nothing which was afloat, except the Man of War, one of Noble and Pinson's vessels, and this shalloway, had ridden it out. The Otter was near being lost last night; she ran into Berry Island Tickle in the dark, and at low water, grounded and beat a good deal, but fortunately the bottom was smooth sand, and she received no injury.

Sunday, December 10, 1775. The sealers cut out the net at Brocket Point, and had two bedlamers in it; the still part of the harbour having been frozen ever since the third instant. Jack and I took a walk to the top of the high hill on the south side of Great Marsh, from whence we saw two pools which lie upon the Laar. We went up the west side of the hill, which rises gradually and is well clothed with wood; but, as we found the walking very bad, by reason of the great depth and lightness of the snow, I determined to descend on the east side, being much deeper, and where but few trees grow: we got on very well for a little way, but coming to the top of a precipice, we found ourselves to be in a very unpleasant situation; for we could not get far, either to the right or the left, nor was it possible to mount the hill again, on account of its steepness and the depth of the snow. We were therefore reduced to the alternative, either of remaining where we were to perish with cold or of dropping over the precipice, which was at least twenty feet high, at the risk of breaking our bones on the fragments of rocks beneath, unless they were sufficiently covered with snow to break our fall. On searching my pockets, I found a fathom of cod-line, one end of which I tied to a small birch tree, which grew close to the top, eased myself down over the edge, and then dropped as soft as on a feather-bed; and Jack followed in the same manner; our guns, rackets, and hatchets, having been previously thrown down. We soon after came into Laar Cove, and returned home along the back-shore, on which we found a yellow-fox and a marten in two of my traps.

Thursday, December 21, 1775. We had a capital silver-fox, a good cross-fox, and a marten in the traps, and shot a spruce-game. Many foxes had been in my walk, and several of my traps were robbed. I gave out twenty-one traps to the sealers. I have now thirty-one in my walk, and Jack has nineteen in his.

Sunday, December 24, 1775. Jack and I looked at our traps and each of us brought in a yellow-fox. The sealers, according to custom, began to usher in Christmas, by getting shamefully drunk.

Thursday, January 4, 1776. I sent John Hayes and one of the western furriers to reconnoitre the country about Cape North, and the rest of us went round our traps. The eastern furriers followed the wolf which carried off the trap yesterday, and met with it near Goose Cove; it proved a grizzled bitch, weighed forty-nine pounds, stood twenty-seven inches high, and, from her nose-end to her rump, measured three feet seven inches. Another wolf followed my track of yesterday, to seven of my traps, one of which he struck up but would not meddle with the rest. I had a loin of wolf, and part of a loin of white-bear roasted for my dinner; the former was the sweetest, but the latter, by much the tenderest of the two.

Monday, January 15, 1776. All hands went round the traps, which were found drifted up; I had a raven's beak in one, and a marten had been caught in the spring-snare, but carried it off by cutting the line. My feet were on the point of freezing the whole time I was out although they were well defended by flannel and Indian boots: the little finger of my left hand was burnt from end to end, by touching a trap as I was tailing it; but I soon took the frost out of it by the immediate application of snow. This accident brought a couplet of Hudibras to my recollection: he says,

"And many dangers shall environ,
The man who meddles with cold iron;"

which so tickled my fancy, that I could not help repeating it all the rest of the day.

Sunday, January 21, 1776. I made preparations for a cruise on a party of pleasure.

Monday, January 22, 1776. At half past seven this morning, taking four men with me, and our provisions on two Nescaupick sleds, one drawn by two Newfoundland dogs, the other by two of the men by turns, I set off for Isthmus Bay, and arrived there at half past three o'clock. We went to the best inn in the place, which was a spot of strong wood, under a hill on the west side, and there made a good fire, by which we lay. By the way, we met with two cross-foxes in a couple of my traps, and saw a silver-fox by the South Hare Island, and also some old tracks of wolves.

Clear, mild weather all day, and till midnight.

Tuesday, January 23, 1776. At one o'clock this morning, it began to blow, snow, and drift exceedingly hard, insomuch that we could not go out of the wood.

Wednes., January 24, 1776. At five this morning the gale and drift abated, but it continued to snow till ten o'clock; we then went out, crossed the bay and walked upon the cape land, but saw neither deer nor fresh slot; from which I conclude that they are gone upon the outer islands. From the top of Mount Marten I could not see any water at sea, although I could plainly discern Wolf Island, which is thirteen leagues off. We returned to our quarters at three in the afternoon, when it began to snow again, and held it all night. We observed, that a fox had been very near the fire; and, although the dogs were tied up there, he had the impudence to gnaw a hole in a bag and carry off a piece of pork.

Thursday, January 25, 1776. It continued to snow till half past ten this morning, when it cleared up and we set off homewards. The fox came again last night, and we having secured our provisions, he revenged himself by cutting the harness from the sled, and carrying it off; together with a racket, which distressed us not a little, however we repaired the loss in the best manner we could. The day was severe, the wind in our faces, and the snow soft, which made it laborious walking. Finding the people could not keep pace with me, I pushed forward by myself, and felt very stout until I passed Black Head; but then, the snow growing lighter and deeper, (by being sheltered from drift) I sunk up to my knees even in Indian rackets, and soon was tired so completely, that it was with the utmost difficulty I got home; and even when within gun-shot of my own house, I was almost ready to lie down and give it up. I got home at half past five in the evening, and sent four men to meet the others, who did not get in till eight o'clock, and were as much tired as myself; had I not sent them assistance, they most likely would have perished. The distance from hence to Isthmus Bay, I judge to be fifteen miles. A good silver-fox was brought out of one of my traps on Monday, and Jack had a white one on Wednesday.

Sunday, January 28, 1776. Dull, severe weather. Notwithstanding the weather is so extremely severe, yet the cold feels healthy and pleasant; much more so than the winters of Europe; nor does it ever cause a person to shake.

Thursday, February 1, 1776. The business of this day was as follows: the eastern furriers had a cross-fox and carried out two more traps from the cat-path. Also, Jack shot a spruce-game. A prodigious number of foxes had been every where. The glow of the snow was offensive to my eyes today, for the first time.

Saturday, February 17, 1776. Jack, P. Hayes, and I went round our traps; the former carried the three which he brought home yesterday to Diver Island. As I was returning home, I discovered a wolf at one of Hayes's traps in Great Marsh; I watched him with my glass and saw him go a great number of times round it, trying to rob it from every side, but without accomplishing his purpose; he then went to another, which he tried in the same manner, but not so long, and afterwards turning into Laar Cove, took my footing, and robbed six of my traps in succession, by digging at the backs of them. I waylayed him at the seventh, and waited for him as long as the severity of the frost would permit me, and should have killed him, could I have remained there a little longer; but being almost frozen stiff, I walked gently towards him, and when he perceived me, he went off into the woods. I lost another trap in the drift.

Tuesday, February 20, 1776. P. Hayes, Jack, and I went to our traps; the former saw a wolf in Great Marsh, and two others were all round, and even walked over my house last night; one of them visited some of my traps, robbed the spring snare, and cut the line it was tied by. Three were about Jack's traps on Diver Island: in short, they are now so very plentiful, that their tracks are to be met with every where.

Wednes., February 21, 1776. All hands visited their traps; some wolves had been round them all, and P. Hayes had an old grizzled one. At three o'clock in the afternoon, as I was standing at the door, I observed a wolf going down the tickle, by the side of the water which is not frozen, and stop at the lower end. Taking my gun and dog I went towards him; but he never took the least notice of the dog, until he got within a few yards of him, and then went off in a gentle canter, making a running fight: the dog soon left him and went to the water side; at the same time I saw Jack creep down and fire a shot, which I supposed was at a seal. When I returned home, the boy soon after came in and informed me, that the wolf had chased a deer into the water, and that it was still there. I went with him immediately, and shot it through the head: it proved an old, dry hind, was with calf and very fat: the head and carcass weighed one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

Thursday, February 22, 1776. Jack and I went round our traps, and he brought home three, which were all that remained on the south side of the harbour. Thank God, I had some venison for dinner to-day; having scarce tasted any thing for these ten weeks past, except white-bear, wolves, and foxes. I have so great a dislike to salted meat, that I would rather eat any animal whatsoever that is fresh, than the best beef or pork that is salted.

Saturday, February 24, 1776. I went with Jack round Diver Island: a wolf had visited several of his traps, and had been caught in the last, but had got out again. At the west end of the island we met with the fresh slot of a deer, which I followed to the top of the westernmost hill, where I observed a wolf had attacked a deer; and, from observing some ravens, I believe he had killed it in the woods on the north side; but the weather then coming on so exceedingly bad, I made the best of my way home, and was met by four men who were in quest of me. After some difficulty in finding the road we arrived safe. I observed that numbers of foxes and martens traverse the woods on that island, in quest of spruce-game and rabbits; which, from their tracks, must be very plentiful.

Friday, March 1, 1776. Jack went to one of his traps on Earl Island and brought a rabbit: on examining it, I find the white coat is an additional one which is got in autumn, and will lose it again in spring; it is composed of long, coarse, king-hairs: the summer fur-coat remaining underneath, and retaining its colour.

Clear, sharp, frosty weather, with much drift all day.

Tuesday, March 12, 1776. P. Hayes, Jack, and I visited our traps; a wolf had robbed one of mine and looked at some others. I also went to Laar Pond, and from thence to the top of a high hill, which lies between it and Goose Cove, from whence I had a good view of the country round about. It is very mountainous, with but few ponds or marshes, and covered with bad wood, which is chiefly small, old, stunted, black-spruce. I observed a chain of ponds, or marshes run from the south side of Goose Cove, across to Table Bay; a small part of which, I could see. The Gannet Islands on one side, and Wolf Islands on the other were plainly to be discerned, but there was no water in sight. From the Gannet Islands inwards, the ice was new made, and clear of snow; without, was the main jam, perfectly firm. To the northward, the coast is low, with many small islands; from which I judge it would be dangerous to navigate from hence to sea that way. On the hill there was much tracking of grouse and some of spruce-game in the woods; also, signs of porcupines, but I could find none. I was pleasingly entertained with the melodious singing of the cross-beaked linnets;[1] they remain all winter with us, and feed on the seeds of black spruce. What made their music more agreeable, was the novelty; this being the first time that I have heard the note of any bird this year, except the jay,[2] which chants its short coarse tune every mild day through the whole winter.

Thursday, March 14, 1776. As I was going to bed to night I perceived myself to be attacked with scurvy.[1] I have long had some trifling complaints, to which I have paid no attention; but why I should now have the scurvy I cannot imagine, as I have tasted very little salted flesh, or fish, for these twelve months past; have drank great plenty of good spruce-beer, but no drams of any kind, nor have I been the least heated with liquor: I have used a great deal of exercise: having walked out every day that a man dare shew his nose to the weather, unless detained by indisposition, or business; neither of which has often happened, and I was always out from three to six hours; sometimes more.

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[1] Probably the white-winged crossbill, *Loxia leucoptera,* part of whose song, which is very melodious, resembles that of the canary. The song of the American crossbill, *Loxia curvirostra minor,* although sweet is not so pleasing. This latter species probably spends the winter farther to the south.

[2] Labrador jay, *Perisoreus canadensis nigricapillus.* For a discussion of this subject of the song of the jay, see Townsend and Allen, "Birds of Labrador," Boston, 1907, p. 386.

Friday, March 15, 1776. Early this morning I sent the Bay-men off. Jack and I went round our traps; my old plague the wolf had struck up one, and robbed two more: I believe this scoundrel is one of those which got out of some of the traps before, as he follows me every night, and is so cunning that he will not go fair upon them; but if he does not take care of himself, I will be the death of him yet. I tailed two more traps in my walk.

Saturday, March 16, 1776. Jack and I went our rounds; he had two martens, and some of my traps had been robbed by foxes, of which there had been a good run. I tailed another, which make thirty-four small and two large ones.

Severe frost in the morning, less, the rest of the day; clear with hot sun, and very warm out of the wind.

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[1] I am inclined to think his diagnosis was incorrect, as his diet was largely fresh meat.

Sunday, March 17, 1776. This being St. Patrick's Day, the people as usual, got beastly drunk. I sent Jack round my walk, and he brought the fore-half of a good cross-fox; the cursed wolf had eaten the rest.

Wednes., March 20, 1776. Jack and I went round our traps; I shot an American bullfinch,[1] which is as large as an English thrush. They come here in spring to breed, and leave us at the latter end of summer; this bird was full of partridge-berries.

Wednes., April 3, 1776. At three o'clock this morning Nooquashock, the eldest India woman, was taken in labour: my skill in these matters, was now fairly put to the test, for she had both a cross birth and twins, but at two in the afternoon, I delivered her of a brace of daughters. I then visited my traps, and had a marten; another had been at the seal, but the traps were so loaded with wet snow, they could not strike up. Several foxes, and some wolves had looked at many of them, but they would not meddle with any.

Sunday, April 7, 1776. I went round some of my traps, and found six of them robbed by foxes, and five out of the seven about the seal, struck up; a marten was in one, and a jay had been eaten out of another; the other three, I fancy had been struck up by jays. At three o'clock the deer-hunters returned and brought a marten which they had shot as it was feeding upon their provisions.

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[1] Canadian pine grosbeak, *Pinicola enucleator leucura.* Cartwright later speaks of the American robin under the name of the *robin-red-breast.*

Friday, April 12, 1776. In the afternoon I perceived a bitch white-bear, and a cub of last year coming down the harbour on the ice; we all got our guns and waited until they came within half a mile of the house, when they winded it and turned off for Earl Island: I then slipped the greyhound and we all gave chase. As soon as the dog got near them, the old bear turned about and attacked him with the greatest fury; she made several strokes at him with her fore-paws, but by his agility he avoided the blows. He then quitted the bitch and pursued the cub, which he caught near the island and pulled it down, but was obliged to desist on the approach of the enraged dam. As he would not fasten on her behind, both of them gained the island at the time we got up within fifty yards of them, when two of the people fired, and I snapped my rifle several times, but without effect, as the main-spring I afterwards found was broke. Two of the people followed them for some distance into the woods, but, as they had not their rackets and the snow was very rotten, they could not overtake them.

Thursday, April 18, 1776. I sowed some mustard, cresses, and onions in a tub, and hung it up in the kitchen.

It rained all day, but cleared in the evening.

Friday, April 19, 1776. Jack and I went round our traps; he shot a grouse on the hill, where we saw five, and in the evening he went there again and killed another; they are beginning to change colour now. Several saddlebacks[1] and a pair of eagles were seen to day; and from the top of the hill I could perceive that the ice was broken up on the outside of Sandy Point. By the saddlebacks coming up here, I am certain that the ice is gone off the coast, so far as to leave a clear passage all along shore.

A clear day, with gentle frost.

Saturday, April 20, 1776. We went our rounds as usual, and upon Great Marsh Jack saw a wolf struggling in one of his small, double-spring traps; but just as he got up to him, one of the springs came off and he got away. The boy then shot him through the flank with a ball, and pursued him a long way into the woods; but not being able to come up with him, he turned up to the top of the hill which I was upon the twelfth ult. from whence he could see that the ice was driven some distance off the coast, and was broken up as high as the west end of the north Hare Island. He brought home a porcupine and a spruce-game. The tickles are daily breaking up slowly; the snow goes off fast; and, as we have not had so much as usual this last winter, I expect it will all be gone early. Plenty of saddlebacks come up here, and there are now many flocks of snowbirds.[2]

Friday, April 26, 1776. Jack and I went round our traps; he had a silver fox and a wolvering.

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[1] Or great black-backed gull, *Larus marinus.*

[2] He refers probably to the snow bunting, *Plectrohenax nivalis.*

He also went on the top of Black head, where he saw much tracking of foxes.

Tuesday, April 30, 1776. At noon, a pair of geese came into the tickle, and at two o'clock a brace of wolves came over from the south side of the harbour, directly towards the house; I waited to receive them at the door, but they either winded or saw the smoke, and turned down the harbour before they came within shot. I immediately ran to the top of Signal Hill, expecting they would get into some of the traps, but they made a streight course to Huntingdon Island. I sent Jack to try for ducks, and he saw plenty going to the northward, but killed none.

Friday, May 3, 1776. At six o'clock this morning, I took my station on the top of Signal Hill to watch for deer, which, at this time of the year, are generally travelling to the northward. At ten I discovered two hinds and a calf come round Black Head upon the ice, and make towards Great Marsh. I got within eighty yards of them and fired at one, but being greatly out of wind I missed it. From thence they went out upon Cartwright Harbour and I followed; Jack headed them and turned them back, I then slipped the greyhound and we had a very fine course. The dog gained fast on them so long as he had bare, rough ice to run upon, but he lost ground when he landed, the snow being both deep and rotten upon the ground. However, he pursued them across the marsh and part of Huntingdon Harbour, but there gave them up, and they went to Huntingdon Island. I measured the length of their stroke at full speed and found it to be sixteen feet on an average.

Wednes., May 8, 1776. At three o'clock this morning I took John Hayes, his crew, Jack, the greyhound, and two Newfoundland dogs with me, intending to launch the skiff into the water, and go a duck shooting. As they were hauling her along, I went forward to Pumbly Point, from whence I discovered a white-bear lying on the ice near Huntingdon Island; we left the skiff, and all hands went towards him, but finding the ice extremely weak in the middle of the channel we stopped. I then sent one man round to drive him towards us: in the mean time the bear went into a pool of water which was open near the island, and the man got on the other side and fired at him; but as he did not come out so soon as I expected, I sent the rest of the people back for the skiff, intending to launch it into the water to him. He soon after got upon the ice, and came close up to me. I could have sent a ball through him; but as I wished to have some sport first, I slipped the greyhound at him, but he would not close with him till the Newfoundland dogs came up; we then had a fine battle, and they stopped him until I got close up. As I was laying down one gun, that I might fire at him with the other, I observed the ice which I was upon, to be so very weak that it bent under me; and I was at the same time surrounded with small holes, through which the water boiled up, by the motion of the ice, caused by my weight. As I knew the water there was twenty-five fathoms deep, with a strong tide, my attention was diverted, from attempting to take away the life of a bear, to the safety of my own; and while I was extricating myself from the danger which threatened me, the bear bit all the dogs most severely, and made good his retreat into the open water, which was at some distance lower down. Soon after he got upon the ice again, and made towards the brook in Goose Cove, when we all gave chase a second time, and some of the people came up with him at the mouth of the brook, but he got into the woods, and they could not follow him for want of their rackets. While this was doing, Hayes made me a signal, and I soon perceived eleven deer upon the ice, near Pumbly Point, coming downwards; I waylayed them at a point of one of the largest islands, but should not have had a shot, had they not, when they came abreast of me, seen the people returning from the chase of the bear. An old stag then turned towards me and came within a hundred and twenty yards, when I fired and killed him dead; the rest, which were hinds and calves, then pushed forward for Hare Island Tickle. We then broke the deer up, and made a very hearty meal on his humbles, which occasioned my naming the island, *Fillbelly*. After which we hauled up the skiff on Pumbly Point, and returned home with the venison. In Goose Cove we saw the tracks of several white-bears, and the slot of many deer; the latter had lately frequented Fillbelly very much.

Friday, May 10, 1776. After breakfast I sent the Indian women to Signal Hill to pick partridge-berries[1] and watch for deer. I then placed myself upon the ice, in the middle of the harbour, and at four o'clock they made me a signal: soon after, seven deer came full gallop out of Great Marsh, but keeping near the north shore, they passed me at three hundred and fifty yards distance. I then fired two guns without effect, and they ran up the harbour. They seldom travel so late in the day, but, as the frost did not go off till the afternoon, they durst not venture on the ice before the surface of it was thawed, for the wolves can kill them with the greatest ease upon slippery ice.

Clear with sharp frost till one o'clock; hazy with thaw afterwards, and it snowed fast at night.

Thursday, May 16, 1776. One man watched the deer as usual; the rest of the people were employed in cutting the ice round the shalloway, and in junking up the fire-wood. Some hounds[2] and a loon appeared today for the first time.

A little snow in the morning, some sleet and rain in the afternoon, and at night it rained freely; thawed all day.

Sunday, June 9, 1776. At eight o'clock this morning, I went out a egging with all hands. John uncommon noise on the south of the harbour, I went over in my kyack, and found it was a bitch doater with her whelp. Great quantities of salmon came in from sea to-day.

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[1] He does not refer to *Mitchella repens*, the "partridge berry," common in Nova Scotia and farther south, but probably to *Vaccinium Vitis-Idaea*.

[2] Old squaw or long-tailed duck, *Harelda hyemalis*. This name is still used for this species on the Labrador coast, and is an appropriate one as the calls of these ducks suggest a pack of hounds in full cry.

Our voyage is absolutely ruined, by a vessel not arriving with the necessary supplies.

Saturday, July 6, 1776. At noon, taking all my family, and a tent in one of the new skiffs, which I have appropriated to my own use, and called the Roebuck, I set out on a cruise of pleasure to the eastward, in hopes of meeting our vessel. I tailed a large trap for bears on the shore under Black Head, then went to Wreck Island, where we shot six ducks, gathered sixty-one eggs, and dined; after which they landed me on Huntingdon Island, and proceeded to Egg Rock, where they killed six ducks, two pigeons, and gathered two hundred and fifty eggs. This is the fourth time that this rock has been robbed this year, and we have taken in all, about a thousand eggs off it, although it is not above a hundred and fifty yards long, and fifteen broad. I walked across the marshes to the head of Egg Harbour, and found two good deer-paths leading into it, but they had not been much used this year. The boat met me there, and we pitched the tent on the west side; great numbers of geese and ducks were there on our arrival; and we saw plenty of caplin every where, as we came down.

Thursday, July 11, 1776. After breakfast, I went to the water-side and caught a few caplin with a landing-net. At noon Jack and I went in the skiff a few yards off shore, and in an hour's time we caught a hundred and ten cod, although he lost both his hooks soon after he began. I then trouled for them from the shore, in the same manner as for pike, and caught them as fast as I could throw in. In the evening Jack caught a bushel of caplin with the landing-net. I never in my life saw them in such plenty, nor so large.

Friday, July 19, 1776. Observing many cod-fish to come close in to the shore, where the water was deep, I laid myself flat upon the rock, took a caplin by the tail, and held it in the water, in expectation that a cod would take it out of my fingers; nor was I disappointed, for almost instantly a fish struck at, and seized it; and no sooner had one snatched away the caplin, than another sprang out of the water, at my hand, which I had not withdrawn, and actually caught a slight hold of my finger and thumb. Had I dipped my hand in the water, I am convinced they would soon have made me repent of my folly, for they are a very greedy, bold fish.

Saturday, July 20, 1776. From Black Head we perceived the Otter crossing the Flats for the harbour, and soon after we saw a vessel at an anchor off the north end of Huntingdon Island; we spoke the Otter in the tickle, and found captain Scott on board, who informed me, that the vessel was a snow called the Two Sisters, commanded by Robert Maxwell, which he had chartered to bring out our supplies. That he had sold both our own vessels, and that my brother John had bought the Earl of Dartmouth, and would send her out to me with supplies on my own account, as our partnership was to terminate at the end of this summer.

Wednes., July 24, 1776. The fur being aired, I valued it at a hundred and twenty eight pounds.

Friday, July 26, 1776. At ten o'clock captain Scott and I sailed in the Otter for White-bear River, and arrived there at sun-set; but we got aground about half a mile below the salmon-post. We went up in the skiff and found spring fish very scarce, but poolers were in tolerable plenty. Two of the people had just killed a cub white-bear and wounded its dam, which had another cub with her. They killed two hundred and fourteen fish to-day.

Saturday, July 27, 1776. We unloaded the Otter. After breakfast captain Scott and I went up the river in a skiff to the cataract, below which salmon were as thick as they could lie; I tried them with fly, but could not raise one. We killed four hundred and fifty-six fish to-day.

Sunday, July 28, 1776. At eleven this morning we attempted to fall down the river, but got aground as we were weighing the anchor. In the afternoon I discovered a very large white-bear coming up the river, upon the middle ground: captain Scott and I waylayed him, but he winded the shalloway, landed on the south side, and ran into the woods. At four o'clock we got under weigh, and fell down to Nine-fathom Hole, where we anchored for the night. We killed one hundred and sixty-four fish to-day.

Sunday, August 4, 1776. Captain Scott returned lew this morning of very large size; I have seen some few of them before, but never till now compared any of them with the others; this is darker on the back, has a white belly, and weighed fifteen ounces (the common sort but nine and a half) and the wings extended are longer by five inches.[1] I killed five curlews at the door.

Thursday, September 5, 1776. I concluded a bargain with captain Scott to-day, for the share of the stock in trade of his brother and himself belonging to our partnership, which being nearly expired, they did not choose to renew: I gave him bills for the amount, being one thousand two hundred pounds. After dinner captain Scott and I took a walk upon Signal Hill; he killed a curlew and two grey plover, and I shot fourteen curlews and a plover. Jack killed a curlew and a plover.

Saturday, September 7, 1776. Six men were at work on the house, which they finished by night. Captain Scott and I took a walk to Black Head. I found the trap which I lost in the winter, with the remains of a marten in it, and saw several tracks of black-bears. At dark the head-man of White-bear River came down to inform me, that he met with two mountaineer families yesterday, whom he towed down to the foot of Mealy Mountains, where they landed; it blowing too fresh for them to come any farther.

Wednes., September 11, 1776. At noon the

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[1] It is very possible that this was a Hudsonian curlew, *Numenius hudsonicus*. This species has been recorded for Labrador by Coues, Turner and others.

Mountaineers came here in two canoes; there were two men and their wives, a boy about sixteen years old (a son of captain Jack's) and two small children. They gave me four beaver-skins, and afterwards stole them again and sold them to me. They continued to drink brandy, of which they were very greedy, until they were quite drunk, but were not near so troublesome as captain Jack and his family.

Thursday, September 12, 1776. All this morning was spent in purchasing furs from the Indians; they had not much, but they sold them cheaper than the others had done. They shewed me their method of shooting deer; although they were very drunk, yet they made several good shots, which convinced me of their expertness.[1]

When a Mountaineer gets up to a herd of deer, he puts three or four balls into his mouth; the instant he has fired, he throws some loose powder down his piece, drops a wet ball out of his mouth upon it and presses it down with his ramrod, but puts in no wadding, either upon the powder or the ball; by which means he gets more shots than if he loaded in the common way. As they use no measure for their powder, but throw it in by hand, they generally over-charge; a spring-flask, with a ball made up in a cartridge would be a much better way, but those flasks come too high for the

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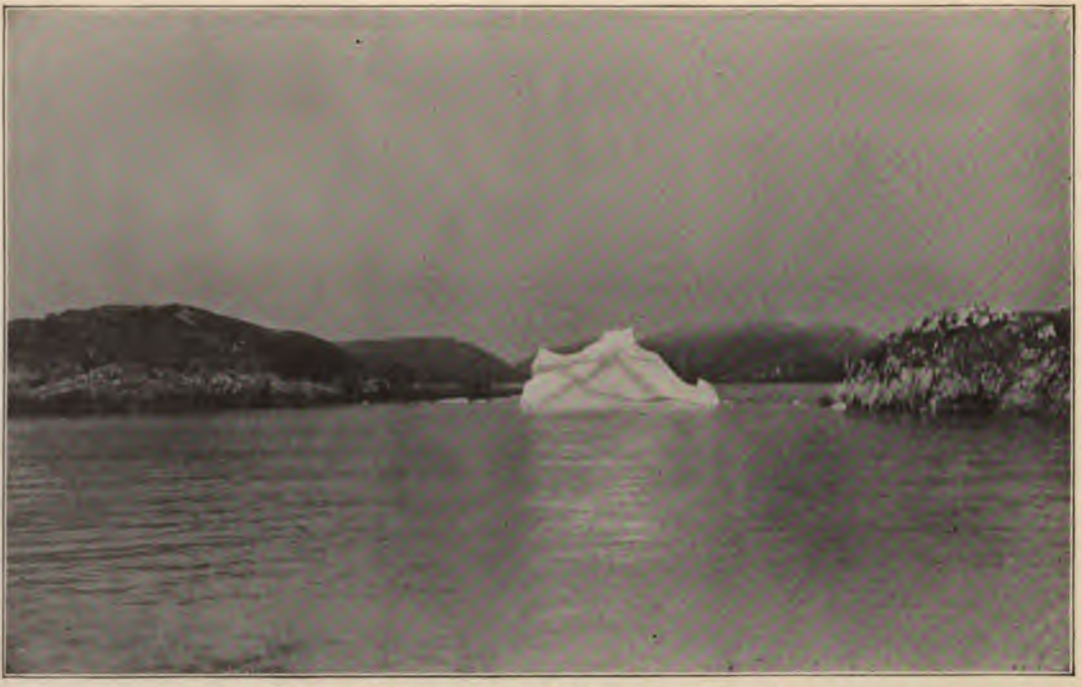
[1] This adoption of fire-arms by the Indians earlier than by the Eskimos, and their evident skill in their use, may partly account for the abandonment of southern Labrador by the latter people, although the prime factor was of course the white race. Indians and Eskimos have always been enemies.



Spear Harbour with an Iceberg at its Mouth

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Indian market; therefore they are furnished with the cow-horn, such as are provided for ship's use.

After dinner they went off for their tents, which were in Diver Tickle, well satisfied with the reception they met with, and promised to return again.

Sunday, September 22, 1776. Having concluded all my business on shore, captain Scott and I embarked on board the Two Sisters. At noon we got under weigh, and worked out of the harbour: at dark we were abreast of Black Islands, and found a great swell at sea.

Wednes., September 25, 1776. At ten this morning we saw the land, but did not know where we were, as the weather was foggy; we supposed that we were near Point Spear; at three o'clock we made the land again, and found it to be the Caribous; we then ran round the South side of them, and came to anchor in Charles Harbour, at half after four. I had the disappointment to hear, that our three salmon-posts here had got but a hundred and fifty tierces of fish. I also learned, that few other people had killed more in proportion, and that the cod-fishery had failed greatly all round Newfoundland, but had been very successful upon this coast. Noble and Pinson's schooner came in here this evening from the northward, and remained the night.

Saturday, October 5, 1776. We spread the remainder of the fish, got the Squirrel afloat, and packed the furs: there were in the whole, eighty-eight foxes, a hundred and twenty-five martens, thirty-five beavers, seventeen otters, seven wolverings, six wolves, four white bears, one black ditto, three minks, one lynks, and three Indian-dressed rangers.

Wednes., October 9, 1776. At eight o'clock this morning, we perceived a sail in the offing, and soon knew her to be my ship; at noon she came to an anchor, and the captain (David Kinlock) came on shore and brought my letters. From them I learned that she had brought my supplies for the winter, and also two clerks, viz. Joseph Daubeny and Robert Collingham; that she had goods on board for Quebec, to which place she ought to have gone first. This vessel had lately been named the Countess of Effingham: she had been eight weeks from Portland Road, and had met with much bad weather, by which some of her cargo was damaged. The arrival of this ship saved the lives of some fine, fat, blood-hound whelps; for, as we had nothing fresh to eat besides codfish, captain Scott and I had determined to have a bow-wow-pie for dinner to-day, and I was actually going out to kill the whelps, when I discovered the ship in the offing. We began to turn the oil out of the store-house and prepare for receiving the goods from on board the ship.

Tuesday, November 5, 1776. I shipped my baggage on board a small brig called the Ann, commanded by William Pinson, (Mr. Pinson's son) and in the evening I embarked, as did captain Scott, Mr. Pinson, and all his English servants, who were discharged.

Thursday, November 7, 1776. At half past two o'clock this afternoon we got under weigh, and sailed for Dartmouth; at six o'clock we judged ourselves to be abreast of Belle Isle, but could not see it, and at seven we passed close to a very large island of ice.

Dull, hazy weather.

Saturday, November 23, 1776. At half an hour after two o'clock this morning, (it then blowing a hard gale of wind, with a great sea, and very thick weather) we saw Scilly Light, right ahead, by which we knew we were among the rocks lying to the westward of it. The helm was immediately put aport, and the vessel, which was at that time going seven miles an hour, flew up into the wind with her head to the southward. While the people were bracing the head yards about, I espied a breaker, not far to leeward, and a little ahead withal; we immediately vered to the other tack, and in so doing, she went within half her length of the rock; we got the sails trimmed as quick as possible, then lay up north by west, and ran near five knots an hour. At a quarter after three we discovered four high rocks, close under our lee, and had much difficulty to clear them; indeed we all gave ourselves up for lost, and had we struck against the rocks, not a soul could have been saved; however, we were now out of all danger, for we saw no more after those; but for fear of the worst, we kept on our course till day-light; and during the whole time, the lee end of the windlass was scarce even out of the water, as it blew very hard, and we carried the top sails to it. At day-light we bore away, and passed between Scilly and England, at noon we doubled the land's end, and at half past two were abreast of the Lizzard, at six we made the Eddistone, and at ten we heaved to, off the Start; it then blowing most desperately, attended with much rain.

Sunday, November 24, 1776. At day-light we made sail, and plied to windward all day; in the morning we were about six leagues south easterly off the Start, but our sails and rigging were so much shattered by the late blowing weather, that we gained but little before dark.

Cloudy weather.

Monday, November 25, 1776. At day-light we found ourselves between the Start and the Berry, and no great distance off shore; and at nine o'clock we came to an anchor in Dartmouth Range. Captain Scott, Pinson, and I went on shore in the pilot boat; and at ten we landed safe at Dartmouth.

I did not leave Dartmouth until the second of December; and as I made several stoppages by the way, it was the evening of the tenth inst. before I arrived in London; where I conclude this voyage.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOYAGE.

THE FOURTH VOYAGE

April, 1777. Last year my brother John unfortunately put my business into the hands of alderman Woolridge, who sacrificed my interest to his own, by shipping a quantity of rum and porter on board the Countess of Effingham, for Quebec; in order that he might receive the freight, which amounted to two hundred pounds. From this circumstance she was not only detained in England above a month later than she would otherwise have been, which made her late arrival in Labrador of dangerous consequence, as well as a great loss to me; but she was afterwards obliged to proceed to Quebec. She, however, had the good fortune to arrive there, and to return to England; but as she came back empty, her expences amounted to more money than the freight. She had moreover received some damage, which obliged me to put a new keel into her, and give her some other repairs that cost me a considerable sum.

In the mean time I provided such good as could be procured in London, shipped them on board, and then ordered the ship to Lymmington to take in some salt, and to wait for my arrival.

Tuesday, April 29, 1777. We got under weigh at ten o'clock this morning, but having the tide against us, it was two in the afternoon before we passed the Needles.

Sunday, May 4, 1777. We got sight of Dungarvon Hills at noon to-day, and anchored at Passage, in the harbour of Waterford, at eight o'clock at night.

We found lying here the Pegasus Sloop of War, captain Gore; and the Wasp Sloop, captain Bligh; also a number of vessels which were bound to Newfoundland, under convoy of the Pegasus. The lieutenant of the above ship boarded mine soon after she passed Duncannon Fort, and although it was then tide of ebb and the wind was very scant, he obliged her to lie to, until she was very near being on shore upon the rocks. After a great deal of improper behaviour, he pressed Roco Gasper, an Italian; notwithstanding he had a protection. I was at that time on shore, and on receiving information of the above particulars, I waited on captain Gore; but very sorry am I to say, that I neither obtained the man's discharge, nor met with that degree of politeness which it was natural for me to expect.

I went to Waterford the next morning, where I purchased provisions, and hired upwards of thirty fishermen for the use of my concerns in Labrador. These transactions found me with full employment till the evening of the ninth; by which time the provisions were on board, most of the servants were embarked, and I put my ship under convoy of the Pegasus.

Sunday, May 18, 1777. Nothing worthy of remark occurred until this day, unless that captain Gore, having a fleet of ships under his care, and a report prevailing of privateers being near the Irish Coast neglected his duty: for he neither took the least pains to keep his fleet together, nor attempted to collect them when dispersed; he neither carried sail in proportion to the heaviest sailers, nor did he ever examine such ships as appeared in sight: although several vessels actually ran through his fleet, he never spoke to one, nor even shewed his colours, in answer to theirs. By such conduct, he soon lost the fourth part of his fleet; and as he persisted in keeping on the starboard tack, with the wind at south west, in the latitude of 46° 46′ north, at noon, I ordered the signal to be made for speaking with him; but notwithstanding we were no more than a mile from him, and on his lee quarter, he took no notice of it. At two o'clock I caused the signal to be hauled down, the colours to be hoisted, the vessel to be put about, and left him.

We had very tempestuous weather all night, and met several vessels, which alarmed us greatly, fearing lest any of them should prove American Privateers.

On the twenty-eighth we saw a pair of gannets, which made the sailors suspect that we were in soundings; but we could not find any ground with a hundred fathoms of line.

[On the 17th of June they reached Table Bay near Sandwich Bay.]

On drawing near North Point, I had the yawl hoisted out, and went off to the small island, which lies a mile and a half south by east from thence, in order to shoot ducks and gather eggs. An old white bear and her cub, had already taken possession of it for the latter purpose; and on my arrival within a hundred yards of the shore, the old lady appeared disposed to dispute my landing: but I soon settled that point, by sending a ball through her heart, and then landed and killed her cub also. Notwithstanding both bears were shot through the centre of their hearts, the bitch ran three hundred yards, and the cub at least a hundred before they dropped. As a great surf broke upon the shore, it was with difficulty that one man and I landed; and we were not able to do anything more with the bears, than merely to paunch them. I shot seven ducks, while my man gathered above two hundred eggs; we then re-embarked and followed the ship, which we overtook at nine o'clock: presently after, she was obliged to let go an anchor off the east end of Ledge Island; because, so thick a fog coming on, together with night, that we durst not attempt to proceed into a harbour, which none of us had even yet seen; an original chart of Lane's, being all that we had to go by.

Wednes., June 18, 1777. We weighed at daylight this morning, and presently came to an anchor in South Harbour, where we moored also.

At ten o'clock I sent the long boat with the mate and ten men for the bears, and they returned with them in the evening: they also brought a pair of ducks and four large baskets full of eggs; but very few of them were good. On examining the paunches of the bears, they found them well filled with eggs. I had often heretofore observed, that all the nests upon an island had been robbed, and the down pulled out; but I did not know till now, how those things had happened.

Thursday, June 19, 1777. I had the old bear salted: a hind quarter of her weighed ninety pounds, and although she was very lean, yet her fat filled half a pork-barrel. Plenty of the young bear was dressed for dinner, which, together with sitting ducks and half hatched eggs, proved a great treat to us, who had been so long confined to salt provisions; how much soever such food may be despised by those who never lived far from a butcher.

There was a thick dry fog in the morning, and wet one all the rest of the day.

[On June 21st the ship anchored in Cartwright Harbour.] I then went on shore, and had the pleasure to hear, that all my people had enjoyed good health since I left them; but I had the mortification to be informed, that they had got very few furs, and scarcely more seals than supplied them with sufficient oil for their own consumption.

Friday, June 27, 1777. This morning the ship unmoored, and prepared to sail for Charles Harbour. At nine o'clock Mrs. Selby and I set off in the ship's yawl, rowed by the two Indian women, for White-bear River; at five o'clock we arrived at Little Brook and pitched a tent there, afterwards we went to the salmon-post, where I found, they had got about six tierces of fish on shore. I shot a pair of geese.

[The chief occupation of the summer was the cod-fishery, in which Cartwright was fairly successful, for which he built a *Stage* at Great Island near Blackguard Bay. Hardly a day passed, however, when he did not indulge in shooting game or in exploring the country.]

Wednes., September 3, 1777. After breakfast, taking Jack with me, I went in the Roebuck to Cartwright River; we pitched our tent at the mouth of Alder Brook, and rummaged it for beavers, but could not find the house, which my people saw there this spring.

Thursday, September 4, 1777. Early in the morning we went up the brook again, and took a long, fatiguing walk to the top of a high hill, from whence we could command an extensive view of the country. We observed, that it was chiefly marshes with small ponds in them, and very little wood, except by the sides of the river and brooks; there the soil is good, rich sand, and produces plenty of very large timber, and abundance of good raspberries,[1] both red and white, as ever I ate in my life. There are also large beds of alder[1] and willow,[2] which must cause a great resort of grouse in the winter. To the northward of the river mouth we could perceive a large bay, the whole shore of which is a fine sandy beach, except the northern extremity, which is terminated by a rocky, hilly, barren headland, with a small island lying off the point. Between the bay and the river, the land is flat and low, consisting almost entirely of wet marshes. We found four dams and a hovel as we went up the brook; and on our return, Jack coming down the other side, found the house, situated at the extremity of a very narrow point, which we did not go round before. I killed three large, horn owls,[3] and a black-duck.

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[1] *Rubus idaeus* var. *aculeatissimus*.

Saturday, September 6, 1777. We had a couple of owls for dinner, which proved fat and white, but very tough.

Tuesday, November 25, 1777. I had an opportunity of shooting at a goose to-day, although it is very late in the year for those birds to be seen.

Sunday, November 30, 1777. Early this morning I went in the skiff to Earl Island. Sending her to the farthest brook, I landed in the first cove on the south side, and walked up the valley to the marsh; then turned westward along the island, looked at the deertrap, settled it afresh, and went to the top of the burnt hill over the northwest point, where I sat watching for some time. After which, merely by accident and contrary to my intention, I crossed upon the trap in my way back to the boat, and by this wandering prevented the poor Indian boy (Jack) from loosing his leg, at least, nay perhaps I saved his life; for, seeing me upon the hill, he intended to come to me, but in stepping over the trap, his foot slipped, and staggering back, he was caught by one leg above the calf; consequently he must have remained a prisoner there all night. When I came up to him, he smiled in my face and humourously said, "Here is a young fool of a deer caught at last."

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[1] *Alnus crispa.*

[2] The willows, *Salix*, are of course difficult to identify. Delabarre in the report of the Brown-Harvard Expedition (Bull. Geog. Soc. of Phila. III Apr. 1902, pp. 189, 190) lists nine species of willows from Labrador. Several of these are low creeping plants. Britton and Brown specifically refer eleven to Labrador. Seven different species of willows have been identified from the specimens I have brought from the eastern and southern coasts.

[3] Labrador horned owl, *Bubo virginianus heterocnemis.*

Wednes., December 10, 1777. This morning Jack and I crossed the ice to Earl Island above the tickle. I went to my traps at the east end of the island; the first I could not find, but shifted the other there, and baited them all with old Cheshire cheese and honey. Just as I had finished the last, a cross-fox came out of the woods to windward, and turned downwards; as soon as he winded some bits of the cheese which I had thrown at a distance, he stopped as if to consider whether he should venture to eat them or not, at last advancing with the greatest care, and trying the snow with his feet as he went along, he crept up and took them; growing more bold, he then trotted up and set one foot fairly within the trap, but not touching the bridge, he was not caught. At the same time, either winding or feeling the trap, or perhaps winding my footstep on a rock close by, he gave a sudden spring, and ran off at full speed. I lay all the time flat upon the ice at the water's edge, and on observing him go off I fired at him, but having only small shot, and being full sixty yards off, he was not much the worse for it.

Monday, January 5, 1778. This morning, two thirds of my house was so entirely drifted over, as to appear like a hill; and nobody would suppose it to be any other, were it not for the top of the chimney. At eleven o'clock, two of the sealers arrived with a letter from the head-man, informing me, that on the day when they left this place, they got no further than a few miles beyond Sandy Point; and that the next day, Joseph Poole going on about two miles ahead of the rest, fell through the ice and was drowned. Patrick Woods, one of those who came to-day, broke in also; but being near the shore and within his depth, fortunately got out again, and by immediately drying himself before a good fire which they made in the woods, took no harm.

Friday, January 9, 1778. Dull, mild weather, with a little snow at times until the evening, when it grew clear, and froze sharply. Although sudden and great changes of the weather most commonly cause sickness in England, yet I never found they had the same effect in this country, notwithstanding those which we experience here, are so much greater; as may be observed in many parts of this work.

Thursday, January 15, 1778. Jack returned in the afternoon without any thing. He lay in Goose Cove on Monday night; in Eagle Cove on Tuesday night; and at the stage last night; from whence he came early this morning. On Venison Head, he saw much slot of deer, and the tracks of both wolves and foxes. When he got near to the stage, three wolves came from thence upon the ice, and seemed disposed to attack him. As I never knew the boy given to lying, I cannot doubt his story; which, for its curiosity, I will relate. The three wolves separated and surrounded him; the two smallest clapped down on their bellies, and the largest, which he said was a very stout old dog, then ran full cry at him. He all this time endeavored to imitate the appearance and motion of a deer as well as he could, by holding his gun behind his back, with the muzzle over his head for a horn, and stooping and walking with his hatchet for a fore-leg. This scheme would have succeeded, had not the old wolf, before he got near enough, took the wind of him; when, finding his mistake, he ran off and howled in a different tone of voice, which the others perfectly understood; for they jumped up, wheeled round and joined him, and then all went off together. One of them has, perhaps, been in one of Wrixon's traps lately; for it was lame, and Jack saw blood in the shoremen's house, where they had taken up their quarters for some time; and they had fed upon the blubber which had been left in the casks.

Wednes., February 25, 1778. On my giving Tweegock a small slap for some sluttish and dirty tricks, she snatched up a penknife, which chanced to lie on a table near her, and would certainly have stabbed herself to the heart, if the point of it had not been stopped by a rib: I immediately took it from her, when she took her own knife out of her pocket and made a second attempt with that, but without effect likewise. She made two small punctures under her left breast, but of no consequence. I then took good care to pacify her effectually, before I let her go out of my sight.

Sunday, March 29, 1778. Jack and Terry examined the country to the southwards; where they found two marshes, four ponds and some pretty good timber: but the latter is too far from the water side to be of use. They saw no signs of beavers, but met with the tracks of a few martens, and killed two porcupines. I took Patrick with me, and went up the south-east brook to the first pond; then turned north-west, and came back, through the woods. I had a cat[1] in a trap by the brook, killed a porcupine, and saw the tracks of a lynx and another cat. I heard some crossbeak-linnets sing, for the first time this year.

Monday, April 6, 1778. At eight this morning, I set off for East Arm, taking Patrick and Jack with me, who, together with the bloodhound dog, drew our provisions and baggage on a sled. At the south point of Earl Island, Jack built a deathfall for foxes, and then followed. At two in the afternoon we got to the brook, when I pitched a tent upon the snow, and then sent Patrick home again with the dog.

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[1] As the wildcat, *Lynx ruffus*, is not known to occur in Labrador, it is possible that Cartwright refers to the fisher, *Mustela pennantii*, sometimes called the fish cat or black cat.

Tuesday, April 7, 1778. I went to the top of the high hill with a bare crown, which is on the south side of this brook, from whence I commanded a most extensive view in every direction, except from south-west, to west north-west. I observed a valley, full of marches and ponds, to extend from Dykes River to Paradise East River; and another, with a string of ponds in it, which run from the middle of the former valley, to Table Bay Brook. I am of opinion, that a few beavers may be found in some of those ponds; that they must be good places for otters; and that the marshes are exceedingly well situated for intercepting deer at the passing times. I observed a range of very high, barren mountains towards the head of White-bear River, a long way in the country, which I never saw before. But what pleased me most, was, to discover plenty of good rinds, in the woods not far from the water-side, as I shall want a great number this spring. I found a porcupine on the top of a tall fir-tree, and after taking the trouble to climb up and cut off the head of the tree with my knife (as he climbed higher than it would bear my weight) I lost my labour; for, before I could get down and overtake him, he shuffled into his hole, which was under a large rock not far distant, and escaped.

Thursday, April 9, 1778. I sent the boys in quest of the porcupine which I saw on Thursday, which they not only found and killed, but they dressed and eat it too, without saying a word to me; who lay all the time in my deer-skin bag in the tent, where I continued from the night of last Tuesday, until after it was dark this evening; nearly perishing with cold the whole time.

Friday, April 10, 1778. At eight this morning we set out homewards. It then froze so severely, that I was obliged to walk above a mile without my rackets, to prevent my toes from burning; but by the time we got half way home, the weather was grown very hot, and it was most intolerably so, after we got into the harbour, insomuch, that we were obliged to lay down on the snow to cool ourselves.

The boys brought a sled load of baggage, and we tailed three traps for foxes by the way. I judge, the distance from my house, to be about twelve miles.

A clear day. Ther. 5^h 1° below 0 — 2^h 56° — 8^h 19°.

Tuesday, May 5, 1778. After breakfast I went upon the hill and watched till eleven o'clock, but no deer appearing, made me conjecture, that the fresh water on the top of the ice, now being frozen, it was too slippery for them to walk upon, as they would easily become a prey to the wolves; besides, the snow is now so hard in the woods, that it is very good travelling across the country, and all the marshes being clear of snow, they can get food as they travel along. I am the more confirmed in this opinion, as I never knew them cross the ice at this time of the year, until the sun had thawed the surface sufficiently to enable them to keep their feet. The bridge of ice at the east end of the small island at the head of the harbour, broke up last night.

Clear, frosty weather.

Monday, May 18, 1778. At six this morning, taking the cooper and Jack with me, I went up the harbour in the Roebuck, to look for the lost traps, but found only one of them. I sent Jack to strike up the deer-traps, but we could get at only one; the other being yet covered with much snow. In the mean time the cooper and I sat watching for geese, but we could not get a shot as very few were stirring; but we saw a great many black-ducks. Two swallows[1] appeared today, which is very early for them, and I observed a stem of grass shewing its seed, although not yet two inches out of the ground.

Monday, June 1, 1778. Early this morning we took up the net and hung it upon the scaffold to dry; there was a pike of six pounds and a half in it. I went to the beaver-house, out of which the two beavers were caught last fall, and tailed a trap near it. In a small pond, which has been made by the beavers a little above, we found an old house. The stint was the longest and completest I ever saw; it extended across a small vale, through which ran a narrow rill of water, by which means a pond, of about an acre, was formed; this is often the practice of those industrious animals. But when they are found in such a place, it is a very easy matter to kill the whole family (or crew, as the furriers term them), for, by cutting a large breach in the stint, all the water is soon drained off, and they cannot make their escape. We saw a brace of deer on an island in the river, but could not get a shot.

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[1] The tree swallow, *Iridoprocne bicolor*, bank swallow, *Riparia riparia*, and barn swallow, *Hirundo erythrogaster*, all occur in Labrador.

Tuesday, June 2, 1778. Some more of the garden was dug, and we sowed some radishes, onions, turnips, mustard and cresses. I then went to a large pond which lies under the south end of that ridge, and empties into Eagle River; on the north side of which, I found three large beaver-houses, with a strong crew of beavers belonging to one of them: for, in the wood, lay as many trunks of stout birch trees as would load the biggest lighter on the river Thames; and in the pond, were as many logs and sticks, fresh cut, as would load two or three large stage waggons.

Tuesday, June 30, 1778. After breakfast I went in the skiff with the women, to the traps in the harbour, one of which had a robin-red-breast[1] in it. We landed on the woody island and there gathered sixteen eggs, I also shot six ducks, and my dog caught one.

Thursday, July 9, 1778. At day-break a skiff came here from the stage to inform me that a vessel of mine was arrived from England. I immediately went down there, and found her to be the Reconciliation, John Kettle master; a new brigantine which had been taken from the Americans, and purchased for me this spring. She is about eighty tons burden; is laden with provisions and stores; she brought out some new servants from England and Ireland. By my letters I find, that the Countess of Effingham is ordered to load with salt at Lisbon, to which place she carried a cargo of corn on freight for Leghorn, and to come from thence here.

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[1] American robin, *Planesticus migratorius.*

Sunday, July 19, 1778. The Otter coming up at ten this morning; I put some empty tierces on board her, and sailed immediately for White-bear River, where I arrived at four in the afternoon; but found no fish going, and only seventy tierces on shore.

Wednes., July 22, 1778. At four o'clock this morning we weighed anchor, towed out of the river, and anchored again a little below the mouth of it, where we moored. Leaving one man on board the shalloway, to take care of her, I got into the yawl with captain Kettle, Jack, and the other two sailors; and rowed up Eagle River to bring some of the salmon-craft from thence.

On entering the river, we observed a wolvering going along on the south shore of it, which is the first I ever saw alive, unless in a trap. When we got to the first rapid, which is as high as a boat can go, we saw a brace of white-bears in the river above; and a black one, walking along the north shore. I landed on the south side with my double barrel and rifle; ordering captain Kettle to land Jack on the opposite shore; then to follow me with one of his men, and leave the other to take care of the boat and keep her afloat. I had not gone far, before I observed a very large black-bear walking upwards, on the other side of the river; which soon took the water and swam across, but landed at some distance above me, and went into the woods.

About half a mile higher, I came to a very strong shoot of water, occasioned by the river being pent in between two high points; from thence I saw several white-bears fishing in the stream above. I waited for them, and in a short time, a bitch with a small cub swam down close to the other shore, and landed a little below. The bitch immediately went into the woods, but the cub sat down upon a rock, when I sent a ball through it, at the distance of a hundred and twenty yards at the least, and knocked it over; but getting up again it crawled into the woods, where I heard it crying mournfully, and concluded that it could not long survive.

The report of my gun brought some others down, and it was no sooner re-loaded, than another she bear, with a cub of eighteen months old came swimming close under me. I shot the bitch through the head and killed her dead. The cub perceiving this and getting sight of me, as I was standing close to the edge of the bank, which was near eight feet above the level of the water, made at me with great ferocity; but just as the creature was about to revenge the death of his dam, I saluted him with a load of large shot in his right eye, which not only knocked that out, but also made him close the other; during which time, he turned round several times, pawed his face, and howled most hideously. He no sooner was able to keep his left eye open, than he made at me again, quite mad with rage and pain; but when he came to the foot of the bank, I gave him another salute with the other barrel, and blinded him most completely; his whole head, was then entirely covered with blood. The second shot made him act in the same manner as the first, until he struck the ground with his feet, when he landed a little below me, and blundered into the woods; knocking his head against every rock and tree that he met with.

I now perceived that two others had just landed about sixty yards above me, and were fiercely looking round them. As both my guns were discharged, the ram-rod of my rifle broken by loading in too great haste the last time, and as I had left my shot, and ball-bag belonging to the other in the boat, I freely confess, that I felt myself in a very unpleasant situation. But as no time was to be lost, I darted into the woods and instantly loaded my double-barrel with powder only; that I might singe their whiskers at least, if I were attacked; for the rifle balls were too large. Having loaded my rifle also with as much expedition as a broken rod would permit, I returned to my former post. The bears having advanced a few yards, were at the edge of woods, and the old one was looking sternly at me. The danger of firing at her I knew was great, as she was seconded by a cub of eighteen months; but I could not resist the temptation. She presenting a fair broadside to me, I fortunately sent my ball through her heart, and dropped her; but getting up again, she ran some yards into the woods; where I soon found her dead, without her cub.

The captain, his man, and Jack coming up, I was informed that Jack could not get a shot at the black-bear; but had shot one of those white ones which first passed me; that the beast had landed on this side of the river, and had gone up on a small barren hill, some little distance within the woods, and there died; that they were going after her, but thought it best to come immediately to my assistance, when they heard me fire so often.

Leaving them to skin this bear, I advanced higher up the river, until I came opposite a beautiful cataract, and to the end of a small woody island which lies near the south shore. There I sat down upon some bare rocks, to contemplate the scene before me, and to observe the manoeuvres of the bears; numbers of which were then in sight.

The cataract is formed by the river being confined between two elevated points, with a flat rock extending across the bed of it; the perpendicular fall of which is eight feet; from whence there was a gradual descent for about forty yards, with several rude cubical rocks standing upon it. These made a most complete and magnificent cascade; far superior to the best artificial one I ever saw. Immediately beneath was a deep pool; and the river widened in a circular form, into a spacious basin of three hundred yards diameter, which, taking a short turn below, resembled a circular pond. The water being low, there was a space of some yards between it and the woods: some parts were composed of fragments of rocks; others, of gravel, sand, or flat rocks, with bushes of alder growing in their interstices. The whole was surrounded by small, detached hills, covered with spruces and firs, interspersed with larches, birch, and aspin, forming a most pleasing landscape; a drawing of which I greatly regretted I was not able to take. In the lower part of the pool were several island-rocks from one to two yards over; with salmon innumerable, continually leaping into the air, which had attracted a great concourse of bears. Some of them diving after the fish: and I often observed them to get upon a rock, from whence they would take a high leap, fall headforemost into the water, dive to the bottom, and come up again at seventy or eighty yards distance. Others again were walking along shore; some were going into the woods, and others coming out. I had not sat there long, ere my attention was diverted, from the variety of objects, which at first presented themselves, to an enormous, old, dog bear, which came out of some alder bushes on my right and was walking slowly towards me, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his nose not far from it; at the same time he presented a fair forehead to me: I turned myself round to front him, drew up my feet to elevate my knees, on which I rested my elbows, and in that position suffered him to come within five yards of me before I drew the trigger; when I placed my ball in the centre of his scull, and killed him dead: but as the shore was a flat reclining rock, he rolled round until he fell into the river; from the edge of which, he dropped at least four yards.

On casting my eyes around, I perceived another beast of equal size, raised half out of the water. He no sooner discovered me, than he made towards me as fast as he could swim. As I was not then prepared to receive him, I ran into the wood to make ready my unerring rifle. Whilst I was employed in that operation, he dived and brought up a salmon; which he repeatedly tossed up a yard or two in the air, and letting fall into the water, would dive and bring it up again. In this manner he diverted himself for some time, falling slowly down with the stream until he was shut out from my sight, by some bushes, which grew a little lower down. Being now ready, I advanced to the attack, and presently perceived him, standing in the water with his fore paws upon a rock, devouring the salmon. I crept through the bushes until I came opposite to him, and finding myself then within fifty yards, I interrupted his repast, by sending a ball through his head; it entered a little above his left eye, went out at the root of his right ear, and knocked him over, he then appeared to be in the agonies of death for some time; but at last recovered sufficiently to land on my side of the river, and to stagger into the woods; where I found he bled so copious a stream, that it was impossible that he could go far. Captain Kettle and his assistants had now finished their work, and joined me a second time; and as I wished them to skin the other bear, I sent them to him for that purpose.

Never in my life did I regret the want of ammunition so much as on this day; as I was by the failure interrupted in the finest sport that man ever had. I usually carried fourteen balls in a box which is in the butt of my rifle, exclusive of the load; besides a couple of bags, tied to my bandoleer, for the use of my double-barrel; one containing six balls, and the other shot. But this morning, I had inadvertently neglected to replenish the box, which had only seven balls in it, and had left my bandoleer with the bags in the boat, as I mentioned before; otherwise I am certain, that I could with great ease have killed four or five brace more. They were in such plenty, that I counted thirty-two white-bears, and three black ones: but there were certainly many more, as they generally retire into the woods to sleep after making an hearty meal; and they could not be long in doing that here, for the river was quite full of salmon.

Having now only two balls left beside that in my rifle, and fearing I might be tempted to fire them, and afterward have my retreat disputed, or be attacked by one or more enraged bears immediately after I had fired a shot, when I should have nothing to defend myself with but the powder only, which was in my other gun, I thought it was most prudent to return to the boat and get a fresh supply of ammunition. When I got down, I not only found myself very much fatigued, but the day was much spent, and we had as much other work to do, as the remainder of it was competent to. The Shalloway likewise was left in so exposed a situation, that she might easily be driven from her anchors, if it came on to blow strong; I therefore altered my intention, and waited the return of the other three people. It was not long before they came down; for they were not able to skin the bear. Although his body was afloat in the water, which was about four feet deep, and nothing but his head rested upon a flat rock, yet they could not lift even that up. It was with the utmost exertion of their united strength, that they could heave him off the rock with assistance of leavers; nor could they cant him on his back, after he was wholly afloat, in order to skin him in the water; much less were they able to draw him on shore. We judged him to be as much as twelve hundred pounds weight; nor could he well be less than that, as he stood six feet high, as his carcass was as big as the largest ox I ever saw. Finding themselves foiled in every other attempt, at length they tied windfalls to him and launched him into the stream, in hopes that we might pick him up with the boat; but the trees came down without the bear, which made us conclude, that he had grounded somewhere above. Thus ended in disappointment, the noblest day's sport I ever saw: for we got only one skin, although we had killed six bears, and not one morsel of flesh; which at this time would have been particularly acceptable, as we had eaten nothing of fourteen hours.

The black-bear which I saw cross the river, appeared to swim very heavily; and I do not believe that they can dive and catch fish in deep water, but content themselves with walking along the shores, where the water is not out of their depth, to pick up the offals which are left by the white ones and otters; or such as die of their wounds and drive on shore; but they will catch fish in shallow streams, and rake up clams and other shellfish. When they first come out of their caves in the spring, for want of better food, I have observed that they eat dead grass; they also feed on ants and other insects which they get out of rotten windfalls; these they tear to pieces for that purpose, but when Empetrum Nigrum is ripe, they feed almost wholly on the berries; which not only make them fat, but also give their flesh a very good flavour. As they have no chance with a white-bear, they always avoid the unequal combat; and I do believe they will attack no animal that is able to make a stout resistance: even the porcupine, I am inclined to think, they do not molest, for I never saw or heard of one, which had any quills of that creature in him.

Being now all assembled, we picked up the killicks and buoys, which we stowed in the salmon-house along with such other things as I intended should remain there during the winter. We then took the nets and moorings into the yawl, and rowed on board the Otter, which we reached at ten o'clock at night as tired and ravenous as a pack of fox-hounds after a hard day.

Tuesday, July 28, 1778. Having got on board a few beams from above the salmon-post, at nine o'clock we sailed for Caribou Castle; where we arrived at four in the afternoon. We then took on board some beams, longers, and blubber-casks; also the three hogs, with some other things; and at midnight sailed for the stage.

Wednes., July 29, 1778. We arrived at the stage at four this morning; at which time the shoremen were just coming out of it. I found three hundred and twenty quintals of fish on shore, one small pile was made, and five boats were at sea; but no baits were to be had. At noon Mr. Daubeny went away in the baitskiff for Table Bay, in quest of baits. We unloaded part of the timber out of the Otter. The boats came in between five and six this evening, with forty quintals of fish.[1]

Thursday, July 30, 1778. Having landed most of the timber out of the Otter, I had the inner end of the stage covered. At nine o'clock, I went off in a skiff with four hands to Tern Island, where I spread some old salmon-nets on the rocks, shot twenty-two terns,[1] an eider-duck and a sea-parrot[2]; all of which I gave to the boats for baits; they were then fishing off Long Island.

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[1] At the present day *fish* is the technical name for codfish on the Labrador coast.

Thursday, August 20, 1778. At six this morning, the Stag came in with the fish of all the boats, amounting to nine quintals only; the boatmaster informed me, that he saw a vessel working in here yesterday, and gave her chase until the wind and sea obliged him to desist; soon after which, he saw her stand out to sea again. At noon, Mr. Daubeny sailed in the Stag in quest of the above vessel; which we suppose must be the Countess of Effingham.

Friday, August 21, 1778. At eight this morning the vessel was discovered about four or five miles to windward of Blackguard Bay. She could have come into the harbour very easily; but hauling her wind, she weathered the Gannets, and stood out to sea again; which makes me not know what to think, although by my glass I could plainly descry her to be a ship and am certain she is mine. I immediately ran to the top of the highest hill, and set fire to some bushes there, but she took no notice of it. I then returned and sent captain Kettle, with four hands in the Otter, out after her. In the evening I saw him bear away round

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[1] Probably the Arctic tern, *Sterna paradisaea.*

[2] Puffin, *Fraterculus arcticus.* This bird is known to-day on the Labrador Coast by the name of *peroquet.*

Black Islands; it then blowing very hard with a high sea.

Exceeding cold and dark weather.

Saturday, August 22, 1778. I went several times upon the hill to-day, to look out for the ship and boats; but could see none of them until past three in the afternoon; then I discovered the ship coming in from sea, and the Wolvering from Black Islands; whereupon I sent a skiff out to meet the shallop, and order her to speak with the ship. At dusk the latter came safe to an anchor in the harbour, and proved to be the Countess of Effingham, David Kinloch master, laden with salt from Lisbon; which place she left on the fourth of July. She brought the first intelligence of hostilities being commenced by Great Britain against France, by the taking of a forty gun ship and two frigates. Kinloch made Cape St. Francis on the fourteenth instant; and had met with very bad weather ever since. The Beaver, Wolvering and Squirrel came in this evening, and brought twelve quintals of fish; they informed me they saw the Marten beating up between Black Islands and Cape land.

Sunday, August 23, 1778. Early this morning I sent the Wolvering on a cruise to the southward, after the missing boats. The ship moored in her berth. I gave all hands two pounds of venison each for dinner. Jack took a walk to the other end of this island, where he saw a silver-fox, and shot six curlews. After dinner I went with all my family to Slink Point, where we picked a bowl full of baked apples; I also shot two grouse, and Jack five. In the evening, the Martin came in; she had ridden the gale out, under North Head. At ten at night the Otter returned; she had torn her sails very much in the gale on Friday last, and had taken shelter between the two Black Islands; where captain Kettle informs me, there is a good harbour for ships. The Wolvering met with her there, gave her some provisions, and then worked into Gready Harbour.

Wednes., August 26, 1778. At three in the afternoon a ship was discovered to the eastward of the Sisters, standing in for this place; I sent Mr. Daubeny off to her, in a skiff with four hands, and soon after perceived, that she had my baitskiff in tow.

Thursday, August 27, 1778. At one o'clock this morning, I was alarmed by a loud rapping at my door, which when I had opened, a body of armed men rushed in; they informed me that they belonged to the Minerva privateer, of Boston in New-England, commanded by John Grimes; mounting twenty nine-pounders, and manned with a hundred and sixty men; and, that I was their prisoner. They then demanded all my keys, took possession of both my vessels; also the Otter, then full of goods which she was going to land from the brig, and of all my stores which were on shore. About nine, the Minerva worked into Blackguard Bay, and came to an anchor there. I then went on board her, and was received with civility by captain Grimes; who told me that, some days ago, he had entered Temple Bay and taken three vessels from Noble and Pinson, which he had filled with fish, and stores from the shore and sent off for Boston. He said that many of the fishermen had entered with him; among whom were two men who had lately lived with me, and who had informed him where I lived. From thence he went to Charles Harbour, where he had taken one vessel from Mr. Slade, another from Mr. Seydes, and had plundered my possessions there and at Ranger Lodge; at the former place another man who lived with me last year, and one of my salmoniers at the latter, had entered with him. I requested the releasement of Mr. Daubeny, who was kept prisoner on board, but he would not grant it. He sent an officer and a party of men in my baitskiff to Caribou Castle, to plunder there also. The skiff was piloted by that villain Dominick Kinnien, who went out baitmaster of her for the first time yesterday, and who, together with his whole crew of six men, had entered with the privateer's people the instant they got on board. In the course of the day, they shipped what was in the Otter on board the Countess of Effingham, and in the evening sent her off for Boston. In going out of the harbour, they ran her on shore off the low point on the east side, but soon got her off again, and went to sea through the north-east passage. In the night I slipped a skiff out of the harbour with four hands, to inform the boats, and order them to go into North Harbour, in Table Bay.

Friday, August 28, 1778. The Minerva came into the harbour this morning, where she moored, and filled her empty water-casks. The Otter and Stag were sent to Caribou, to bring down what was there; and they shipped off some of my dry fish, and most of the goods which were here. By this time, many of my people had entered on board the privateer, and some of them had informed the captain of the four men going away in the skiff last night; which enraged him and his people so much, that I found it prudent, to send Indian Jack by land, with orders for the boats to come in here.

Saturday, August 29, 1778. In the course of this day, the remaining part of the dry fish, and most of the goods which were here, were shipped off on board the Reconciliation. In the afternoon the three shallops which were out a fishing, came into the harbour, the people were set on shore, and the sails were unbent: but the Indian boy, was kept on board. In the afternoon, the surgeon of the privateer drove the two Indian women on board, and the child, Phillis, was soon sent after them. In the night, the Otter and the Stag returned from Caribou, with all my property from that place. At supper, having heard that they intended to send to Paradise and White-bear River for what was there, I dropped a hint, of expecting a frigate here immediately; and it had the desired effect.

Sunday, August 30, 1778. Early this morning, I found the enemy in a great bustle. They took on board the privateer, all the goods which had been brought down from Caribou, except a chest of baggage, which Grimes returned; but many things were pillaged out of it. He then gave me a small quantity of provisions, returned my boats and most of their sails, and by noon, the ship together with my brig went to sea through Western Tickle, and steered away north-east by east; passing to the westward of the Gannet Islands. May the devil go with them!

The Minerva's guns formerly belonged to one of his Majesty's frigates, which was cast away near Boston; I think the Syren. The first lieutenant's name is Carlton; the third, Cushin; the master's Ogilvie; lieutenant of the marines, Larey; and the surgeon's, Elliot. Carlton and Elliot are two of as great villains as any unhanged; the other three behaved exceeding well, particularly Mr. Ogilvie, of whose civilities I shall ever retain a most grateful remembrance. I should be particularly happy to have it in my power to reward properly the infamous behaviour of Carlton and Elliot; and the villainy of Thomas Adams, lately a mate in the service of Noble and Pinson; also of Michael Bryan, Luke Ryan, Dennis Ryan, and Dominick Kinnien, lately my servants, who were by far the most active in distressing me. They were the persons who gave information where I lived, piloted the ship to this place, and discovered to the enemy the places where great part of my property lay. Grimes is a lying rascal; for, he voluntarily made me many promises, and afterwards broke them all. Many of my people entered, and went away in the privateer; and most of the remainder would have done so likewise, under the apprehension of being left here destitute of the means either of subsisting, or getting off the island: but I thought it my duty to my king and country, even in my then distressed situation, to prevent the desertion. Grimes turned two rascals on shore again, and I immediately gave them a most severe beating with a sound stick.

The rest of this day was spent in landing the provisions which Grimes had returned, and in picking up the few things which were left scattered up and down; and I had the pleasure to find, that they had forgot a puncheon of olive oil, and my three live swine. As soon as they were gone, I took up my gun, walked out upon the island and shot a curlew.

A very fine day.

A list of my people who entered on board the privateer voluntarily, and also of those who were impressed; distinguishing the stations in which they were employed, at the time they quitted my service.

Entered at Charles Harbour

John Downing, salmonier.

Entered at Great Island

* John Kettle, master of the Reconciliation

David Kennedy, youngster;

William Raylie, ditto;

* On being informed by the officers of the privateer, that Kettle had entered with them, as a prize-master, I expostulated with him; and endeavored to persuade him, to continue firm on the side of his king and

William Johnston, mate of the Reconciliation.
Thomas Cahill, boatmaster.
Dominick Kinnien, baitmaster.
Nicholas Power, midshipman;
Richard Whelan, ditto;
Darby Sullivan, ditto.
Jos. Flemming, foresheetman;
Murtough Kelly, ditto;
John Sheehy, ditto.
John Dalton, splitter.
Michael Downey, header;
Michael Rielly, ditto.
Patrick Carrol, cooper.
Patrick Bryan, youngster;
Cornelius Keef, ditto;
Thomas Denn, ditto;
Thomas Dawson, ditto;
Patrick Sheehy, ditto;
James Cleary, ditto;
Edward Fling, ditto;
John Scannel, apprentice;
James Hoben, sailor;
James Simon, ditto;
John Conake, ditto;
Thomas (a boy) ditto;
Angel Bennett, ditto;
Martin Cornelius, do. } Dutchmen.
I. P. Edzard, ditto. }
Jack, a boy about 17 years old;
Cattook, a woman about 26;
Tweegock, a woman about 18;
Phillis, a girl 3¼, daughter to Tweegock.

The last four are Esquimaux, and my household servants; who were carried away, to be made slaves of.

Total 36

The crew of the Minerva was composed of a variety of nations; but the major part of them, were English and Irish; and the officers told me, that they had not above ten native Americans amongst them. Grimes is the son of a superan-

country; upon which he pretended, that he was only taking the advantage of going as passenger to Boston, in order to get to England from thence. The next year, he went to England and complained, that on his arrival at Boston, he was confined a prisoner, until he was exchanged; and he compelled me to pay him, all the wages which were due to him at the time he entered on board the privateer. I was afterwards informed, that all the rest of the traitors (who entered from me and the other merchants on the coast, in expectation of sharing the plunder) were served in the same manner. Grimes artfully held out a share of the booty, to inveigle the fishermen to enter with him, in order that he might replace those men whom he had sent away in the different prizes; otherwise he would not have had men enow left, to navigate his own ship; but on his arrival at Boston, he threw them all into prison, to cheat them of their share of the prize-money. The villains were served right, and Grimes acted in character.

nuated boatswain at Portsmouth; *Ogilvie, a Scotchman, and formerly a mate of an East Indiaman; †Larey, an Irishman; §Elliot, was born in the Tower of London; ‡Carlton and ‖Cushen, were the only native Americans I saw; the latter, is descended from an opulent family of that name at Boston, who were principal owners of the ship, and he was much of a gentleman in his behaviour: the other, was formerly a Marble-head fisherman, and as great a villain as any this day unhung. Just before they sailed, as I was begging a few nails of Mr. Grimes, Carlton, who was walking the quarterdeck, stopped short and said to me, "G—d d—n you, sir, if I commanded this ship, I would not leave you a rag by G—d; I would carry off all I could; and what I could not, I would burn; then if you, and those who remain with you, could not eat those rocks (pointing to the shore) you might starve and be d—d."

Monday, August 31, 1778. We washed out the remainder of the fish that was left in the stage. Two of the men who went away in the skiff appeared upon Slink Point this forenoon. I sent a boat for them, and after dinner, had them landed on the south-east side of the harbour, with orders to return to North Harbour, where the other two were, to haul the skiff up there, and then all to come home; and they accordingly returned in the evening. I then mustered my people, and found, that the remaining number, including the man at Ranger Lodge, and the crew at Paradise, amounted in the whole to thirty-seven. And upon the best calculation we were able to make, we judged, that I cannot be less than fourteen thousand pounds worse for this visit; which I have great reason to fear, will prove my ruin. Had not this happened, we had calculated upon fifteen hundred pounds profit on the year's work. As the goods which the Americans took from me, were such as they were greatly distressed for at Boston, they valued their capture at seventy thousand pounds.

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* The sailing master. † Lieutenant of marines. § Surgeon.
‡ First Lieutenant. ‖ Third Lieutenant.

I shot a brace of curlews to-day, and the skiff's-crew brought a porcupine.

Tuesday, September 1, 1778. I made preparations for sending two shallops to Newfoundland; we laid one of them on shore to clean her bottom, and got her off again in the evening. Mr. Collingham went to Caribou, to see what was left there. I shot one curlew.

It rained all day.

Wednes., September 2, 1778. I wrote several letters. Mr. Collingham returned at noon and said, that nothing was left at Caribou besides my bed, a few bad pease, some kegs of sour oatmeal and the old seal-nets: they even took the dial-plate, off the post in the garden.

Thursday, September 3, 1778. At two this afternoon, Mr. Daubeny sailed in the Stag with four hands for Charles Harbour; from whence he is to go on to Newfoundland, to purchase some provisions and a few other necessaries. At the same time captain Kinlock sailed in the Wolvering for St. John's, in Newfoundland, with the sailors; where he is to sell the boat and endeavour to procure a vessel, to carry the salmon and the remainder of the codfish to market.

Monday, September 7, 1778. My new house which was building, was pulled down; and the materials carried into the stage, to be ready to be sent up the harbour where I intend to build a house for myself to live in this winter; because I am sure we shall be so short of provisions, that if we have not good success with our traps and guns, we must all inevitably perish for want of food, before a vessel can possibly arrive next summer; and there is no chance of killing much about Caribou.

Wednes., September 9, 1778. We spread the green fish, put it into piles this evening, and heaved one pile. After breakfast I took traps up to the highest part of this island and tailed them for hares. At noon, we saw a shallop coming in here from the southward. Fearing a privateer's crew might be in her, I armed all my people with guns, sticks or stones, and placed them in ambush behind one of the window-leaves of the stage; but it proved to be William Phippard, who is going with four hands to winter in Ivucktoke Bay. He informed me that the privateer had plundered the merchants in Temple Bay and Charles Harbour, very severely; by his account, more so than they did me.

Saturday, September 19, 1778. The people began to build my new house to-day, but the weather soon obliged them to desist.

Wednes., September 23, 1778. Early this morning I sent Smith and four hands in the Lance to Caribou, to bring the doors, windows, kitchen range, and some other things from that house. I fitted out Joseph Tero for a furring voyage to White-bear River, at which place he is to reside by himself during the winter. I sent him off in the Otter, under the command of Mr. Collingham; from whence she is to go to Paradise, return to White-bear River, and then come back here.

Saturday, September 26, 1778. After breakfast I went up Curlew Harbour, shifted the two first otter traps, tailed two for foxes and another large one in the middle path for deer. I then sent Terry to the eastern hills. Immediately after I saw a large stag upon the south hill, winding and looking at me; he then trotted off to the northward, and I let him pass; crossing his route and sinking the wind, I made all possible speed to the foot of Gravel Hills, where I headed him. He walked slowly past me within fifteen yards, and must certainly have been killed had not my gun missed fire: he immediately set off in a full run, when I fired hastily after him, but without success. Such misfortunes will happen sometimes, and had I not met with worse, I should have had no cause of complaint in this instance; but now, in my present scarcity of food, I must look upon it as no hills: I am afraid it will overtake me, before I am ready for it. Mr. Daubeny not being yet returned, with a supply of provisions and clothing, makes me very uneasy. Under these distresses and inquietudes, would any man believe, that my people have been ready to mutiny, because I would give them no salted pork along with their two pounds of fat venison each day for dinner? Yet it is a fact: nor could I quiet them until I peremptorily declared, that I could not possibly suffer any salted meat to be expended, whilst any fresh remained in the house; and that, if they were not content, I would give them, what I verily believed they much deserved, a hearty drubbing.

Monday, October 12, 1778. At nine at night Mr. Collingham returned from Paradise with some hoop-poles, planks, salmon-nets, and all the people from thence. At Longstretch he found all the Indians, who intended going to Paradise. They had eight canoes, and were about forty in number; from them he purchased forty-eight beaver, eleven otter, and three black-bear skins.

Thursday, October 29, 1778. At three o'clock this morning, I sent off all my discharged servants in the Otter; there were thirteen of them. We repacked the largest pile of fish, upon the place where it is to stand all winter.

Wednes., November 4, 1778. About one o'clock this morning, Mr. Daubeny, and the four hands whom he took with him, returned in a shallop belonging to Mr. Seydes and Co. He had borrowed this vessel to bring the provisions, &c. which he

Fishing Schooners going North, Mealy Mountains in the Distance

"A Deal of Ice near the Land"

UofM

had purchased in Newfoundland; having had the misfortune to be cast away at the mouth of Inglis Harbour, and to loose the Stag in his return to this place; but he saved all the provisions and the rigging of the boat. He met the Otter in Batteau Harbour, and would have persuaded the people to turn back, in order that these men might go away also, as I did not want them; but he could not prevail on them to do so, as the winter was so far advanced. This is an additional distress to me; for I now have but nine barrels of pork for fourteen people, when I ought to have as much more; as I don't expect any vessel before the middle of July; so that we are now in great danger of being starved for want of food, before we can get a fresh supply.

Friday, November 13, 1778. Early this morning I went to the new house, with Mr. Collingham and one man in the Roebuck, and then walked to Blackguard Bay to look for the last lost trap, but could not find it. At noon Mr. Daubeny and the rest of the family followed in the Caplin with a load of furniture, and we now took possession of our new habitation; which is much too small, for want of more boards and nails.

Sunday, November 15, 1778. I went round my traps in Blackguard Bay; in one, I had a capital silver-fox, approaching nearly to a black;* in another there was a good cross-fox, and I shot another cross-fox with my rifle, and tailed the three traps which I struck up some time ago. Mr. Daubeny papered part of the roof of the house.

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* In February 1780, this fox was sold by auction in London, for forty guineas; and had he not been slightly rubbed on one hip by being two nights in the trap, he would have fetched sixty; being esteemed the best that had been imported of seven years.

Thursday, December 24, 1778. Mr. Daubeny visited two of his traps and had the leg of a white-gull,[1] which had been eaten out by a fox. I went to two of mine and shot a brace of ptarmigans. This being Christmas Eve, I gave the people some brandy as usual, and they all got very drunk, in conformity to annual custom; which, I presume, was first imported into Newfoundland from Ireland, and brought hither from thence.

Severe frost with some drift.

Thursday, January 21, 1779. I rested very indifferently last night, and was much indisposed all this day; occasioned by drinking too much new spruce-beer yesterday; and the fatigue of the two last days; having walked full fourteen miles each, without rackets; which caused me to sink into the snow three or four inches in general; frequently down to my knees, and sometimes to my middle. Notwithstanding all this, and the walking as fast as possible, some spruce-beer, which I carried in an elastic bottle in my upper waistcoat-pocket close to my ribs, froze so, as to lose all fluidity.

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[1] This was perhaps an ivory gull, *Pagophila alba*, a bird that comes to Labrador with the winter and arctic ice, at the time when the kittiwakes and herring gulls are departing for the south. The Labrador men at the present day call them "ice partridges" and shoot them as they hover about seals' blood which has been poured on the ice to attract them. Mrs. Holmes in the "Log of the Laura," p. 60, speaks of the shooting of "snow grouse or ivory gulls" on the east coast of Greenland.

Thursday, February 4, 1779. I visited my southern traps, and found both stations robbed. From thence I intended going to the top of Table Hill, but on coming to the foot of it, I crossed the track of a wolvering with one of Mr. Collingham's traps on his foot. Leaving my sled and dog there, I followed, and came up to him on the west side of the hill; and on my return, tailed the trap in a marsh by the shoal ponds; observing that the foxes had followed his bleeding track. As this beast went through the thick of the woods, under the north side of the hill, where the snow was so deep and light, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could follow him even in Indian rackets, I was quite puzzled to know how he had contrived to prevent the trap from catching hold of the branches of the trees, or sinking in the snow; but, on coming up with him, I discovered how he had managed: for, after making an attempt to fly at me, he took the trap in his mouth and ran upon three legs. I now do not wonder at the stories which I have heard of their carrying a trap so far. These creatures are surprisingly strong in proportion to their size: this weighed only twenty-six pounds, and the trap eight, yet, including all the turns he had taken, he had carried it six miles.

Tuesday, February 9, 1779. From the abundance of fresh slot, which has generally been seen hereabouts, by visitors to these parts during the three preceding winters, I was induced to believe, that the peninsula of Cape North was never without deer. But I am now convinced, that they resort thither in the greatest numbers from the time the rut first begins to affect them (which is early in October) until the ice is firm to the eastward of it, which is generally by the middle of January. At this time they go off to the outermost islands, in order to be more out of the way of the wolves; and those islands lie so far from hence, that we cannot go to them and back again in a day, nor do they afford shelter to pass the night in, being destitute of wood. In about another month, I expect they will begin to draw in a little more to the continent, but I do not think they are so plentiful on this part of the coast as they were in former winters; because, I never knew wolves to be so scarce as of late.

Not a single track of a white-bear has been seen for a long time past, which makes me think that those creatures keep out upon the outer edge of the ice during the winter; for, there they may meet with seals. When they come on shore, I presume it is chiefly on the outer islands; yet I have sometimes known them go far into the country in the winter: but how they can procure food there, is to me unknown; for I cannot believe they can catch any other land animal than the porcupine, and of them but few; they must also pay severely for a scanty meal, from the pain occasioned by the quills which nature has provided for its defence. As to fish, they certainly can catch but few, and those only small ones, in such parts of rivers and brooks, as the strength or particular sets of their currents, or warm springs may keep open. I should have imagined that they would resort greatly to those parts of the tickles going into Sandwich Bay, which are open all winter, because great numbers of winter seals (harps, and their young, called bedlamers) constantly remain there; yet we never saw the track of one in the depth of winter. These animals are prodigious travellers, and must certainly be able to go a long time without food. When they can get nothing else, they will feed on the long stalks of the sea weed[1] from which kelp is made; so will seals likewise, for I have seen both of them do it. Great numbers of them, I believe, are destroyed every spring, by being carried upon the ice too far from land to be able to regain it, although they will swim to a very great distance. I have heard of their being met with, on loose pans of ice, fifty leagues from the land, by ships which have been coming upon the coast. They bring forth their young about March, and drop them upon the ice, where they lie for some days before they are able to follow their dams, which leave them there while they go in quest of prey; and when they are first able to travel, frequently carry them on their backs. They most commonly have but one at a time; sometimes, however, they have two, and I have heard of their having three. They breed but once in two years, and their cubs follow them all that time; but how long they suckle them, or how long they go with young, I do not know. When their cubs are very small, it is dangerous to meet them, as they have then been often known to attack a man without the least provocation; but at other times, they always make off: yet, should you fire at one at any time of the year, and shoot it through a part which is not immediately mortal, you must expect to be instantly attacked with the greatest fury. As they are amazingly strong and excellent boxers, your danger will be imminent, unless you have a double-barrelled gun loaded with shot to blind them, or a dog, which will keep continually seizing them behind (this all dogs will do, after they have run at two or three) the bear will then sit down on his buttocks and spin round like a top, endeavouring to get hold of the dog. This is the time, when you may approach and kill him dead at one shot, if you are but cool: but if the dog is not well used to the sport, he will attack him forward; in which case he is sure to be either killed, lamed, or cowed immediately, and the bear will then attack you.

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[1] He evidently refers to the " devil's-apron," *Laminaria*.

Thursday, February 11, 1779. Heavy gales with snow, drift, and severe frost. The badness of the weather drove Gready and Martin from the island, because they could not keep their fire in. As they were coming along the ice, they observed three tinkers[1] fly past them, and presently, one of them fell as suddenly as if it had been shot. On picking it up, they found the eyes of it were frozen as hard as beads.

Both myself and others have often found some of these birds, terns, and bulls[1] dead upon the ice, or land, at a great distance from water; yet I could never tell how they came there; the mystery is now unravelled. During the whole of the winter season, small holes, like ponds, are kept open on one side or other of most of the outer islands (by the set of the wind) to which these birds resort for food. Upon the shifting of the wind, the ice fills up those holes, and the birds are then forced to betake themselves to flight to seek others: and, as it often comes on to snow and drift excessively hard at those times, with severe frost, they are most completely lost. Sometimes they fly into the country; at other times, along shore: and in short any way, as chance directs them, until their eyes are frozen in their heads; and, being quite overcome by the severity of the weather they drop dead;[2] as was the case with this bird, to-day.

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[1] Razor-billed auks, *Alca torda*.

Monday, February 15, 1779. At three this afternoon, the upper part of the kitchen chimney (which, for want of bricks, I was obliged to finish with wattles clayed over) took fire; which quickly found its way to the boarded partition between it and the dining room, and burnt with such fury, that the whole house, the provisions, and all that were in it must soon have been consumed, had we not fortunately been all at home. The great pot chanced to be on the fire, in which was spruce, boiling for beer: this liquor, together with snow, we applied so successfully within doors, and also from without, through a hole made in the roof, that we soon extinguished the flames; and thereby saved our lives from the most terrible of all deaths; the want of food.

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[1] Dovekie or little auk, *Alle alle*.

[2] Starvation is undoubtedly the chief factor in this mortality. Northern birds stand extreme cold provided they have plenty of food. The freezing of the eyes is probably a *post mortem* phenomenon.

Monday, March 15, 1779. Daubeny went to Table Bay, and might have had a good shot at a wolf, if his gun had been ready. Collingham went to North Harbour and killed three grouse. I went round my eastern walk, and killed four grouse. Great plenty of foxes had been going everywhere, but the traps were all drifted up, and they kill such plenty of grass mice, that they are not very eager for dead baits. This evening we drank the last drop of rum.

It froze sharply all day, yet the sky being pretty clear, the weather was quite warm; and I saw some water on a rock, made by the melting of the snow, for the first time this year.

Wednes., March 17, 1779. I had reserved a small quantity of brandy for the people to celebrate St. Patrick's Day with, and now let them have it for that purpose.

Sunday, March 28, 1779. At noon Mr. Daubeny returned, and one of Mr. Coghlan's people with him. From this man I learned, that their crew, consisting of three hands, had killed but eleven foxes and one deer: and that the other crew of three hands at Black-bear Bay, had killed but three foxes. Mr. Daubeny brought with him a medal, which William Phippard picked up last year among the Indian baggage, which they found on the island in Ivucktoke Bay, where they saw so many dead Esquimaux. As I well remember this medal (for it belonged to a brother of mine who gave it to one of the Indians whom I had in England) I am now no longer in doubt respecting their persons, or the cause of their death. I am certain, that they must be the same I was acquainted with; that Caubvick must have retained the infection in her hair which she kept in a trunk; and that the small-pox broke out amongst them in the winter, and swept them all off. He also brought eleven beaver-skins, which he purchased from one of the people.

Monday, April 5, 1779. Three hands were digging for the Caplin, which they found in the evening. Daubeny and Collingham went to Great Island and the sealing-post, and killed a grouse. I sat watching for some time on Slink Point: and had the pleasure to see a streak of water in the offing, extending some leagues along shore to the northward.

Friday, April 9, 1779. At six o'clock this afternoon Mr. Collingham returned: he got to Tero's house on Wednesday evening, and found him and his companion, (my Newfoundland dog) both well. He went with Tero round his traps yesterday, and left him this morning at four o'clock; the distance is thirty-five miles. He informed me that Tero had killed twenty-two martens, eleven foxes, eight wolves, four beavers and three wolverings. One of the wolves had gone off with a trap, and he accidentally met with him ten days after; he was alive, but so far from his house, that he left him. Tero told Collingham, that soon after the last boat left him, several Indians stopped a few days on Separation Point; that they staked the beaver-house which I found in the summer, hung the two traps which he had in it upon a tree, and had stolen the chains off them. Martens were beginning to run again. The snow is now grown very rotten.

Wednes., April 14, 1779. I made a beaver-net today of seal-twine. In the afternoon Mr. Daubeny visited some of his traps near home; two of which were struck up.

Wednes., April 21, 1779. At day-break Mrs. Selby was taken in labour, and at ten o'clock I delivered her of a daughter. At seven Mr. Coghlan's men set off for Sandhill Cove. Daubeny and Collingham went round the traps of the latter, on Venison Head, and brought in a white-fox. Three men were throwing the snow out of the cook-room.

Thursday, April 22, 1779. Two men were at work in the cook-room. Mr. Daubeny went with me round my traps; three of them were carried off by foxes, none of which we could find. He shot a hare, and we saw another; also a brace of white-foxes near a breeding earth, which is under the cliff on the north-east side of Mount Martin, on which there is a falcon's[1] nest. The offing breaks up but slowly; the ice has parted from Cape North, by the outer Sister, to the inner Gannet, and nearly in a north-west line from thence.

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[1] Cartwright may refer to duck hawk, *Falco peregrinus anatum*, or to a white or black gyrfalcon, *Falco islandus*, or *F. rusticolus obsoletus*.

A clear, hot sun, which melted the snow fast.

Sunday, May 9, 1779. After breakfast I took a walk to the end of Slink Point, in expectation of seeing the ice broken up by the late gales of wind; but I could not observe that it was more so now than before; which convinces me, that there must be a vast body of drift-ice still upon the coast, extending to a great distance from land; otherwise a swell must have rolled in, sufficient to have ripped it up in every place which is not land-locked. I killed a grouse with a ball, out of my double-barrelled gun; observed that Indian sallad made its appearance; and that the mountain sallow was in bud. These are the first instances of vegetation I have taken notice of this spring.

Friday, May 14, 1779. Mr. Daubeny visited his traps this morning and had the smallest white-fox I ever saw; it weighed only six pounds and three quarters, although it was very fat, which is a pound and a quarter less than the hares here. I got an egg out of a butcher-bird's[1] nest, which is in the top of a spruce-tree close to my house. These birds build their nests exactly in the same manner as house-sparrows[2] do, when they build in a tree; and their eggs are as like as possible to the eggs of those birds.

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[1] Northern shrike or butcher bird, *Lanius borealis.*

[2] European house sparrow, called in America "English sparrow," *Passer domesticus*, a pest that has fortunately not yet reached Labrador.

Wednes., May 19, 1779. In the afternoon, observing a great number of ducks in the west corner of Blackguard Bay, I had the Roebuck launched round on the ice to that place; but there being then no wind, they were so shy that I could kill only one. There were several hounds and gulls, with some pigeons and black-divers[1] among them.

Thursday, May 20, 1779. I shot the hen butcher-bird and had her nest taken, which had six eggs more in it; the cock bird I shot a few days ago; and as I am now in possession of them both, I mean to stuff the skins.

It snowed till nine this morning, and was clear afterwards.

Wednes., May 26, 1779. [Capt. Cartwright became convinced that Mrs. Selby had been unfaithful.] The fact being clearly proven by two witnesses, and by very strong corroborating circumstances related by seven others, together with her own confession, I declared as formal a divorce between us as ever was pronounced in Doctors Commons. Upon reading the depositions to Daubeny, and asking him what he had to say in his defence, he positively denied the whole; accused her of being in a combination with the other people against him, offered to take his most solemn oath to the truth of his assertions, and repeatedly pressed me to administer an oath to him; but I did not chuse that he should add perjury to the crimes he had already committed. I disowned it [the child], and resolved never to make any provision for it, unless I should hereafter be compelled so to do by a judicial sentence.

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[1] Possibly American Scoter, *Oidemia americana*, as the other scoters are called divers.

Friday, May 28, 1779. I walked to the end of Slink Point, where I killed one goose, wounded another, and struck up all the traps; which concludes the fox-catching for this season. The whole of what we got at this place is as follows, viz. sixteen silver-foxes, twenty-eight crosses, nineteen yellows, twenty-six whites, and one blue-fox, total ninety-six. Eight at least have been eaten out of the traps, or have been lost with them; and had the traps not been so very old and bad we should nearly have doubled the above number. What I have now, are only the worst of my old stock; for the privateer not only carried away six dozen of new ones, which had never been opened, but also, what good ones they found in use.

Sunday, May 30, 1779. Mrs. Selby's child being very ill to-day, I baptized it by the name of Maria.

Dark till two o'clock, and the rest of the day proved as bad weather as it usually is in the month of January in England.

Monday, May 31, 1779. Notwithstanding Daubeny offered to take his oath that he was perfectly innocent of all which he had been accused of, yet, this day, he confessed to me, that he was guilty of the crime laid to his charge.

Tuesday, June 1, 1779. At nine o'clock this morning I sent Daubeny in a skiff with four hands to White-bear River, a rinding. I had a punt trimmed, and at six in the evening, sent four other men after him. I took an account of the provisions which are left, and found that, owing to the success of our traps, slips, and guns, together with good œconomy, I have now enough left to last until the end of September. I was under the greatest apprehension all winter, of falling short of provisions before any vessel could arrive with a supply. From the delays of waiting for, and sailing with convoy, I did not suppose the arrival could be earlier than the middle of July; and, if the vessel should chance to be taken, I should be obliged to send a boat to St. John's, in Newfoundland. I therefore would not suffer a morsel of salted meat to be expended at such times as there was anything fresh in the house: and it was no small additional uneasiness to me, that my people were, three or four times, on the point of mutiny, because I would not give them salted pork, which they threatened to take by force: but I prevented their doing so, by assuring them, that I would shoot the first, and every man, who should make an attempt of the kind.

Unfortunately, the foxes went out of season much sooner than usual, and by the month of March, they smelled so rank, that I could not insist on their eating them. I then hit upon an expedient which was of singular help to me; for on catching the first white-fox, I skinned him with great care and ate him myself, telling my people, that a white-fox was superior to a hare. This set them a longing; and then, by way of an indulgence, I gave them all we caught afterwards; but the fact was, they were no better than those of other colours; they however satisfied the cravings of the appetite, and kept us from famishing. Before they went off this morning, I had the satisfaction to receive their voluntary thanks for not giving way to their unreasonable demands; they being now convinced, that we must all inevitably have perished if I had.

Tuesday, June 8, 1779. This was a terrible, bad day. The ground is greatly flooded, and I fear the rivers will overflow. If any ships are on this coast now, God help them! unless they are piratical privateers, coming to plunder innocent people again; for such, I recommend to their friend the D—l.

Friday, June 11, 1779. I got a shot at about forty eider-ducks, pretty well doubled up, and killed three; also crippled five or six more, but got only one. Upon examining the down of these ducks, which is so valuable, warm, elastic, and light, I found that it grows out of the body in the manner of a feather; whose whole length, both of quill and shaft, is extremely fine, and does not exceed one tenth of an inch in length. On this grows a bunch of feathery substances, resembling the harle[1] on the sides of a peacock's tail-feather, which are from eight tenths of an inch to an inch and two tenths in length. I counted the number of harles on two of these stems, and found one to have ninety-six, the other fifty-two; but not having a microscope, I could not tell if either of them was entire or not.

Weather as yesterday, till seven in the evening, the sky then cleared, and we were blessed with the smiles of the enlivening sun once more.

Friday, June 18, 1779. This afternoon William Phippard and his crew arrived from Ivucktoke Bay,[2] on their way to Sandhill Cove. He informed me, that they had killed but twenty-six beavers, twenty-two martens, six white-foxes, and three wolverings: that he had seen but two families of Mountaineer Indians, from whom he had gotten twelve martens and an otter. I got eight beaver-skins and three wolverings from him, in balance of a debt, which his late partner John Wrixon had contracted. He had been three weeks from his winter-house. He also told me, that they met with white-geese,[3] and another sort of spruce-game, much larger than the common ones, the cock having a long tail;[4] that they were a scarce bird, and so very tame, they would almost suffer themselves to be taken off the trees by hand. These, I presume, are the swans,[1] and pheasants, said by Mr. Ellis to be found in Hudson's Bay. He saw the ruins of three French settlements, and found several beaver-houses; but the place was so much frequented by Indians, that the crews of beavers were all broken ones. One of the Indians drew him a chart of that bay, upon birch rind; it is very large, and contains several rivers, islands and smaller bays.

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[1] Harl, the little plumelets growing on each side of the tail feathers of the peacock. Used in making flies.

[2] Eskimo Bay, The mouth of Hamilton Inlet.

[3] Greater snow goose or "wavy," *Chen hyperborea nivalis.*

[4] Sharp-tailed grouse, *Pedioecetes phasianellus.* It is probable that this bird occasionally strays to the shores of Hamilton Inlet, but it occurs regularly on the Hudson Bay coast.

Tuesday, June 29, 1779. I shot a loon, took a duck's nest, by the pond near the flagstaff and found a robin's nest. These birds are somewhat bigger than a thrush, are like that bird in shape, but of a more beautiful plumage. They build the same sort of nest, but their note is like the blackbird's;[2] their eggs also, of which they seldom lay more than three, are very like those of the blackbird's.

Wednes., June 30, 1779. I weighed some eggs to-day, and found those of the saddleback gull to be four ounces fifteen pennyweights; eider-ducks, from three ounces six pennyweights to four ounces; and pigeons two ounces five pennyweights: I also weighed some eider down, and found, that thirty-seven of the little tufts weighed one grain.

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[1] The whistling swan, *Olor columbianus*, breeds on the islands on the eastern side of Hudson Bay.

[2] The English blackbird is a thrush, *Turdus merula*, and is related to the American robin. Both the English thrush and the American robin use mud in the construction of their nests. In more favourable regions farther south the robin often lays four or five eggs.

Friday, July 9, 1779. At nine o'clock at night I was alarmed by a rapping at my door; but was soon relieved from my fears, by the appearance of captain Kinloch and nine servants, which were some of my old hands. He informed me, that my old ship, the Countess of Effingham, was safe at an anchor in North Harbour, with all the salt and most of the other goods, which the Minerva's people had carried away in her. She had been retaken on her passage to Boston by five of the crew which had been put on board at this place to conduct her thither; three of whom had entered from me, and two from Noble and Pinson. They carried her into Dartmouth, where she was delivered up to my agent. She sailed from thence to Waterford, in the beginning of June; and from thence came hither. Kinloch had met with a deal of ice near the land, and had got through it with much difficulty, and the loss of the ship's head. I gave them plenty of boiled bear for supper, but some of the new hands were so nice, that they would not eat it.

Monday, July 12, 1775. At five in the afternoon, James Gready, and his two hands returned from Charles Harbour in a sealing-skiff of mine. He informed me, that a small American privateer of four guns had gone into Twillingate this spring, and there taken a vessel, laden with old fish, belonging to Mr. Slade of Poole, and had given all the goods which were in his stores, to the poor inhabitants of the place; that from thence she had come to Battle Harbour on this coast, and had taken a sloop of Mr. Slade's, with about twenty-two tuns of seals' oil on board, and destroyed his goods there; that a good many seals had been killed on this side of Chateau; but that most of the posts within the streights had lost the greatest part of their nets, and killed very few seals. That at my post in Charles Harbour, any number might have been killed; they were in such plenty. That every body on this side of Trinity were in the utmost distress for provisions, from the depradations of the privateers, as no vessels had arrived from England. He informed me likewise, that twelve men had been lost the last winter upon this coast, by the severity and badness of the weather: that there were plenty of codfish to the southward, but no salt; as no other vessel but Slade's sloop had yet arrived. He also told me, that John Baskem had taken possession of my salmon-post at Port Marnham, and that all my houses in, and near Charles Harbour had been broken open and plundered by the English crews in that neighbourhood: that Coghlan's crew at Sandhill Cove had killed above a hundred tierces of salmon, and had still strong fishing.

Saturday, July 17, 1779. Early this morning, the people finished rigging the Beaver, and at seven o'clock, I sailed in her for Paradise.

Sunday, July 18, 1779. At three in the afternoon the wind coming fair, we weighed and ran up as high as the south point of Drunken Cove, where we came to an anchor for want of wind, and I went to Paradise in the skiff. I found here, about three hundred and fifty tierces of fish on shore; all the casks and all the houses were full, by reason of so much old fish; all the salt was expended, and most of the nets were taken up. Fish were still in prodigious plenty; a new salmon-house of ninety feet by twenty was built, and all the rinds were brought to this place. Only ten nets were put out at first, and in a few days the fish were in such abundance that the people were obliged to take four of them up again; and when they had taken up some of those yesterday, having neither salt or casks to cure more fish, they were killing thirty-five tierces, or seven hundred and fifty fish a day, and might have killed more, with more nets. Six hundred and fifty-five fish were killed to-day. Clear fine weather.

[Cartwright gives "A Diary of the Salmon-Fishery" by which it may be seen that 12,396 salmon were caught between June 23 and July 20 inclusive. Only 36 were taken in June, but the numbers rapidly increased and on July 6th, the largest number, namely, 1,305 salmon were caught.]

The fish were about fifteen pounds weight each, upon an average, and filled three hundred and ninety tierces of forty-two gallons. Had I not been visited by the privateer last year, I should have kept my nets out during the whole of the season; and, from the length of time that I afterwards found the salmon continued to run up the river, am confident I should have killed upwards of thirty two thousand fish; which would have produced a thousand tierces.

Wednes., July 21, 1779. I took Mr. Collingham with me in the Beaver, and at seven o'clock we came to sail. Being near Duck Island, I landed opposite to it, and walked along shore to the mouth of the small brook, which empties itself into the south side of Eastern Arm in Sandwich Bay, and the shallop came to an anchor off it. Good paths of bears and foxes run along this shore, and it is much used by geese at certain times. I picked up above six score of excellent quills, which had dropped from their wings in the late moulting season; at which time they are in their prime; these quills are sold in London for two shillings a score.

Friday, July 23, 1779. We got under weigh at four o'clock this morning, and towed downwards; we soon after saw a bitch-wolf, with four small cubs at her heels, running along the shore between Muddy Bay and the narrows. I landed a head of them with my double-barrel and rifle, and should have given a pretty good account of them, had they not turned into the woods. In Laar Cove we saw a black-bear with one small cub; off Venison Head we caught seven codfish; and at ten at night, arrived at the stage.

Sunday, July 25, 1779. This morning the ship's two boats came up here, when I loaded them with household furniture, &c. and at noon, removed with my family to Great Island for the summer. This morning a hind and calf swam over from

Venison Head, and landed close to my house on Great Island; but, upon seeing the people, they immediately took the water again and made off. Four hands pursued them in a skiff, killed the hind, and caught the calf alive; they bound its legs, and kept it so till my arrival, when I had a crib made for it at the end of my house. It appeared not to be very timorous nor wild, but seemed much distressed for want of its dam and her milk, for it ate white moss, and other things out of my hand, and sucked at the ends of my handkerchief most eagerly; suffering me to stroke it all the time. It was very quiet whenever I was with it, but grunted incessantly, and tried to get out when it was left alone.

Sunday, August 1, 1779. In the afternoon John Mac Carthy having behaved very ill, and, as I was going to give him a stroke with a stick, he raised a hatchet at me, and took an oath upon a book (which I believe was a prayer-book) that he would cleave me or any other man down, who should offer to go near him. He made several efforts to chop at me, and some of my servants, who attempted to take him, and then ran off to the other end of the island. At night he went into the cook-room, where one of the people took the hatchet from him, but he absconded again.

Friday, August 6, 1779. [Mac Carthy delivered himself up on August 5th.]

In the afternoon I gave Mac Carthy twenty-seven lashes with a small dog-whip on his bare back, and intended to have made up the number to thirty-nine; but as he then fainted, I stopped and released him; when he thanked me on his knees for my lenity, and acknowledged that he not only deserved the punishment, but expected that I should have flogged him nearly to death, And as I had the pleasure to observe, that all my people expressed themselves well pleased with what I had done, I therefore hope to have no more occasion to be reduced to the painful necessity of inflicting corporal punishment as an example to the rest.

A sharp frost this morning, a cloudy day, and moist evening.

Saturday, August 14, 1779. I took a walk round the island with the dogs, but saw nothing. I was also attended by my young deer, which is now perfectly tame, and I shall now make some remarks on those animals. Notwithstanding reindeer are naturally very wild and timorous, yet no creature is so soon, or so effectually tamed if taken young; but what they may be when caught afterwards I cannot tell. They not only grow very bold, but also shew great affection for such men and dogs as they take a liking to, and have a great spite against those who affront them. This deer of mine has had its full liberty ever since the fourth day after it was caught (except a few nights confinement in the crib, lest the dogs should kill it when we were all asleep) but since that, it has constantly lain out. It is not in the least alarmed at any noise, not even at the report of a gun fired close to it; but it is much terrified, if any dog runs after, or even near it, and any running of the people instantly affrights it; but the moment all is quiet, it is so too. It will often go up to a dog and smell to him: it is well acquainted with all mine, and will lie down by the fire amongst them. I believe they scarce ever sleep, for as much as I have watched this, I never could observe, that it was ever asleep, or kept its eyes closed for more than two seconds at a time; and if I moved ever so little, it would start up. When I have lain down on the bed, at a time when it was lying on the floor, it would start up every five or six minutes, and come to see that I was not gone; and having licked my face, or sucked my neck handkerchief a little, it would quietly lie down again. When at any time it lost me, it would run about grunting somewhat like a hog, and never rest until it had found me, when it would run up to me in full speed. Sometimes I have diverted myself, with stooping and running, both after and from it, which pleased it much; and it would do the same, and frisk about in the same manner, as I have seen the wild calves one among another: and I have likewise observed, that whenever it is frightened, it erects its single[1] which at all other times hangs down. It is a mistaken notion that they will not eat grass, or scarcely anything but white moss; for they will eat every kind of vegetable which this country naturally produces; alexander, and some few other things excepted: nor have I yet been able

[1] Tail.

to discover that any beast in this country would eat alexander, except black-bears, which are very fond of it. Rein-deer do not seem to relish grass much, yet I have seen mine eat a little, and it generally preferred the coarsest kinds. I have often observed, that in the latter end of April and in the month of May, the wild ones eat little else besides dry grass and wild rye, which then appear through the snow. They affect great variety in their food, while things are in a growing state; preferring the youngest and most juicy. This causes them to vary their food every month; and also several times on the same day, accordingly as it is moist or dry; rejecting now what an hour ago they preferred to every thing else. The leaves of the dogberry[1] bush when young, and a tender plant which grows by hill sides on moist ground, resembling cross lettuce, as also a succulent, aquatic plant which grows in ponds, all these they devour most greedily. There is a small pond near this house which is full of the latter, and this deer of mine has eaten it close down to the water. I think I have seen the same kind of plant in the Highlands of Scotland, and is what they use there in their beer, instead of hops. They also delight to eat young leaves of most sorts of trees and shrubs which have not a resinous juice; particularly the willow: but I have known them eat the outer shoots of the black spruce in the winter time, though but sparingly. I most wonder that they are not fond of vetches,[1] which grow in great abundance here. I have often tracked the wild ones through large beds of them, without observing that they cropped any; yet I have seen mine eat a few sometimes. This will eat a little of the crumb of soft bread, but will scarcely touch the crust, or biscuit; but that may be owing to the tenderness of its teeth. Pudding and boiled potatoes it is very fond of, but will not eat the latter raw; it will also eat boiled salt meat. They are very sure footed; for they will run along shore, over sharp rough rocks, or smooth, round, loose stones, without ever stumbling or slipping; but on smooth ice they can with difficulty stand. They are beautifully made, are as straight limbed and have nearly the same shape as the horse, only not so good a neck. They walk, trot, and gallop in the same manner, and no old hunter will take either a flying, or standing leap with more grace or judgment than my young deer will now. They have great strength and are remarkably active; which renders them very useful in a sled. They go very wide behind, are fearless of their road, and will swim with most extraordinary swiftness, and to a prodigious distance: I am certain they will swim more than five miles in an hour, and I verily believe, six. The stags have a deal more courage than the hinds, and those hinds which have calves, have less than the dry ones. When they hear a noise, or if they see a man standing perfectly still, their curiosity will often tempt them to make out the object; a curiosity which I have known prove fatal to them: for they will frequently gallop, or trot down within sixty or a hundred yards, and there stand and gaze for the space of a minute or two. When they are satisfied, they run off, and generally sink the wind to be informed of a pursuit. In the winter they most commonly go several miles before they rest. If pursued by a dog they husband their speed and wind surprisingly; for they will suffer their pursuer to come by degrees within a few yards of them, but no nearer if they can prevent it; they will then continue to run at his rate till he is tired; and as soon as he stops, they will do so too, and turn about and look at him; after which they will go leisurely on, but often stop to look back. If they are upon ice, where there is much snow, they will not quit it for the barren hills. When pursued in the summer time, they always make for the nearest water, in which no land animal has the least chance with them. If their enemy comes up with them, they defend themselves with their horns and hind feet; and are so strong and active, that a fair stroke with either, generally proves fatal to wolf or dog, if the deer be an old one. I have often eat of various kinds of venison, and in different countries; but I think none equal to that of the rein-deer when in proper season. From the observations which mine has given me opportunities to make, I am fully of opinion, that there are many parts of England where they would live and thrive well, but I do not think they would exist in such parks as produce nothing but fine grass.

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[1] The name dogberry is applied to a species of gooseberry, *Ribes Cynosbati*, to the black chokeberry, *Pyrus melanocarpa*, and to the mountain ash, *Pyrus americana*. The last named species Cartwright recognized by its proper name, the first he would have called a gooseberry. Whether the black chokeberry occurs in Labrador or not, I do not know.

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[1] Milk vetch, *Astragalus alpinus*, and beach pea, *Lathyrus maritimus*, are both common on this coast.

Sunday, August 15, 1779. Most of the people were shamefully intoxicated to-day. I take as much care as possible to prevent these things, but they will happen sometimes.

Friday, August 20, 1779. At one this morning, I was greatly alarmed by one of my people knocking at my door, and telling me, that I was taken again; for that a stout ship was at an anchor in Blackguard Bay, and her boat was gone to take possession of my ship. On opening the door, I saw her riding abreast of my house. I immediately ran out, without stocking or shoe, to hide some guns; sending the man to do the same by my plate. On returning to the house for more, I found an officer in possession of it; but he soon relieved me from my fears by informing me, that the ship was his majesty's sloop of war, Marten, commanded by Thomas Durell, Esq. At the same time he delivered me a letter from his captain, and another from John Becher of London Esq. He then returned on board, and I to bed again; but the alarm had put my spirits into such an agitation, that I could not close my eyes. At six o'clock I went on board the Marten to pay my respects to captain Durell; soon after, she got under weigh, and captain Kinloch piloted her into the harbour; where she moored. I shipped two hogsheads of furs on board the Marten, to be carried to St. John's for fear of accidents here, and spent the day on board with her captain. I sent a man out a deer shooting, upon the Cape land, but he saw none.

Saturday, August 21, 1779. Captain Durell was so obliging as to give me the assistance of some of his people, who put a new mainmast and boom into the Beaver, and did some work on the Countess of Effingham; also the captain and his purser dined, and spent most of the day with me. The boats came in at night without a fish; and it was a double mortification to me, to reflect that much about this time last year, when I was visited by that accursed privateer, I had venison, curlews, and other good things in the greatest plenty; but, that now, when friends were come, I had not one morsel of anything but salted provisions to set before them: the weather likewise was too bad to get anything.

Sunday, August 29, 1779. We saw an old, bitch black-bear with a very small cub, going up wind on the south-west shore; I landed behind them, got a shot at the old one, and struck her through: they then ran up the hill. I laid down my gun, pursued and caught the cub in my hands. The dam no sooner heard it cry, than she stopped, roared and threatened me with an attack; but the mate fired and killed her. I sent the cub on board, intending to keep it alive; but my people being much afraid it would worry them, squeezed it so hard as to force the meat undigested through it, and it died soon after. We then walked to North Point, and saw many curlews, but they were so wild, that I killed but three.

Monday, August 30, 1779. The bears were skinned and weighed; the old one was but seventy-two pounds, and the cub only eight; they had nothing but alexander in them.

Wednes., September 8, 1779. At noon I discovered a black-bear feeding on Venison Head; taking Mr. Collingham, Martin, and four dogs with me, we landed under Berry Hill, and shot him through. I then laid the dogs on and baited him for some time; they all behaved very well, particularly the greyhound, which always kept behind: but the three Newfoundland dogs seizing forward, he lamed them all, and one of them so desperately, that I am afraid he will scarcely ever be good for any thing again. Observing that the other two were in great danger also, I seized the bear by the back of the neck, introduced my knife behind his shoulder to his heart, and killed him. This method, I learnt from his majesty's Jagurs, in the forest of Linsburg, in Hanover, when I was killing wild boars with them, at the conclusion of the German War. When a boar is stabbed in that manner, he instantly drops dead, but this bear did not; on the contrary he fought the dogs most furiously until all his blood was spilt, and the exertions which he made, forced it up my sleeve as high as my elbow. He weighed sixty-three pounds, was getting fat, and I judge him to be about three or four years old.

Friday, September 10, 1779. At nine this morning, taking James Gready and three other good hands with me, I sailed in the Beaver for Charles Harbour.

Monday, September 13, 1779. [He arrived at Port Marnham on this day at seven in the evening.] As John Baskem had taken possession of this place, cut up several of my casks, and done me other injuries, I had determined to turn him, his family and goods out of my houses and seize his fish for satisfaction: but he not being at home, and observing that neither his wife nor children had a shoe to their feet, and were in the utmost poverty and distress, my resentment was turned into pity, and I accordingly made him a present, by a written deed of gift, of my houses and all my interest in that place and Deer Harbour, which is an appendage to it, and also of what salmon-racks and cribs I had at Charles Harbour.

Tuesday, September 14, 1779. We sailed at four this morning, and at six anchored in Charles Harbour, where I found all my houses shut up, and nothing missing of what had been left this spring.

[Cartwright returned to Blackguard Bay where he settled his accounts, and loaded the Countess of Effingham deep with fish.]

Monday, October 25, 1779. I shipped off all my own baggage, also the chests and bedding belonging to my discharged servants; who, together with Mr. Daubeny, Mrs. Selby, [whose child had died on September 16th] and I, embarked in the evening.

Wednes., October 27, 1779. At half past seven this morning we began to heave up the anchor, but it was so firmly fixed in the ground, which is tough black clay, that it was with the utmost difficulty, and not without the assistance of all the men from the shore, we could weigh it; we broke a couple of purchasing bars in the operation. At nine we got to sea through the eastern passage, with a strong gale at north-west; there being a high sea running, and the ship extremely deep, and too much by the head, she plunged into it in such manner, that it made quite a free passage over her. The gale kept gradually increasing until the next evening, by which time it became a very heavy one, and continued so for twenty-four hours, which carried us into the latitude of Funk Island, and as we judged, about fourteen leagues to the eastward of it. All that time it froze so severely, that everything was solid ice, as high up the rigging as the spray of the sea reached: but now both wind and frost abated, and we had afterwards mild, foggy weather, with light baffling winds, until the fourth of November, when we had a fresh breeze at south-west, with which we got safe to an anchor in the harbour of St. John's, in Newfoundland, where I went to get convoy. I found lying here Admiral Edwards, the governor of Newfoundland, in the Romney man of war of sixty guns; the Surprise and Lycorne frigates; the Marten and Cygnet sloops; and the Wildcat

Tumbled Rocks

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and Courier armed vessels; besides a great number of merchantmen. I immediately waited on the admiral, who informed me, that if the wind permitted, he should sail in the morning for England; accompanied by the Surprise, Lycorne, and Marten, and should take under his convoy all such vessels as were bound to England or Ireland. I dined on board the Romney with captain Mercier of the marines, and in the evening I went on shore to transact my business there, but could do nothing, everybody being in hurry and confusion. The next morning, the admiral made the signal to prepare for sailing, but the wind not serving, he could not stir. I landed all my discharged servants, and got on board provisions and water for the ship. At four o'clock the following morning (the sixth) the admiral made the signal to unmoor, and at ten, another signal was given to weigh; when the Surprise, Marten, and several merchantmen got out of the harbour with all speed. At eleven the admiral went out; we got up our anchor at two in the afternoon, and the Lycorne frigate did the same immediately after. When we got out to sea, the admiral and the body of the fleet were so far ahead, that we could not distinguish his ship, nor any of the men of war, except the Lycorne; which by that time was two miles off, and going fast from us. We were about two leagues off at sunset; many vessels were then just got out, and we observed several others getting under way; the mouth of the harbour being open to us. That harbour being very narrow, a fleet of eighty-four sail of merchant ships, must necessarily take a long time to get out; or they would fall on board of each other; and I saw several do so. We expected that the admiral would heave to for the remainder of the night, when he had got to a proper distance from the land; yet although we carried sail the whole night, and every day and night after, with very strong and heavy gales (in which we split the head of our rudder; strained the ship so, that she leaked very much, which she had never done before; split some of her sails to pieces, and were most of the time nearly under water, by carrying to such extremity) we saw nothing more of the admiral or the fleet, until the morning of the twelfth; when we discovered them about four leagues off upon our weather bow. At eight o'clock, we saw some guns fired by a ship, which we supposed to be the admiral, but could not tell the meaning of them. We continued to carry every sail which could stand, and threw out a signal for seeing a strange vessel, but no notice was taken of it; nor did the admiral shorten sail in the evening to collect his fleet, although other vessels, as well as mine, were far astern and one large ship a great way to leeward. That night, and the following day proving foggy, we never saw him or the fleet afterwards. We had every day from leaving St. John's seen several unfortunate vessels, who like ourselves, had been left behind; and we continued to do the same, for above half the voyage after. We still carried sail to the very utmost extremity for many days after, and then, giving up all hopes of joining the fleet, we carried only as much as prudence warranted. For fear of being taken, I directed that the ship should be kept in the latitude of the Shannon; intending to land there myself; because, had I been taken, the people whom I left behind would probably have been starved to death next year, for want of a supply of provisions. We had a very blowing passage, with many contrary winds, and much dark weather. On the evening of the twenty-ninth, by an observation of the moon and a fixed star, taken by captain Kinloch the night before, we found ourselves still thirteen leagues to the westward of the Blasques, although we ought to have been half way up the Shannon, according to the dead reckoning. It then blowing very hard at north-west by north, we stood under our courses to the southward; but seeing no land, at eight the next morning, by which time we knew we were to the southward of the Blasques we bore away right along shore till noon; when being in the latitude of 51° 22′ north, I ordered a course to be shaped direct for Cape Clear, which, if the longitudinal observation was right, and the wind held, would carry us abreast of the island called Dorses, by four in the afternoon, and the length of Cape Clear by midnight. The observation proved so very exact that we actually made the former on our larboard beam at a quarter before four, and at midnight we were close in with the latter. This is the third time that I have seen those observations taken, and each time they ascertain the longitude to the greatest nicety; full as much so, as the meridian observation of the sun does that of the latitude. It immediately after became calm, and so continued till day-light, when we had a fair sight of the land, at about three leagues distance. A light breeze then came from the southward and brought on thick fog, when we stood along shore to the eastward, sometimes seeing the land, and others not. The wind increased by degrees until it reduced us to close reefed topsails; the fog was then become very thick, and we began to think ourselves in danger of being lost; as we were not far from the shore, the wind being dead on it, and a gale of wind, with a long dark night at hand. Lost we must have been, beyond all doubt, had not a pilot boat, lying off the Old Head of Kinsale, got sight of us, and boarded us at two o'clock in the afternoon; we then were within a mile of that land yet could not see it. We immediately put up the helm, squared the yards, and at four, came safe to an anchor in the excellent harbour of Kinsale; by which time it blew a desperate gale of wind, with so thick a fog, that we could not see across the harbour, and both continued for three days. The next morning I went on shore, and took up my quarters at a house called the Bowling-green, and had the pleasure to find general Moucher and several of my old friends of the Regiment of Buffs; I dined at the mess of the latter. The following day I dined with the general; on Sunday the fifth of December I went to church, where I returned God thanks for my safe arrival, and the merciful deliverance I had lately received from his hands. I heard a most excellent sermon on Patience; after which I dined with Mr. Othwell, who is at the head of the Customs here. On Wednesday I went to Cork to get some money from Mr. Jasper Lucas, merchant at that place, and to settle a credit for my ship with him. I returned the next day; and late the following night embarked on board the George Privateer of Bristol, commanded by captain John Major, a gentleman like young man, who very politely offered me a passage for myself and Mrs. Selby, to Bristol. He had returned from a six months cruise, in which he had taken only one Spanish ship, bound from Cadiz to the Havanah. Early the next morning we sailed with a fair wind at south-west, and pleasant weather; but the wind kept creeping forward until we were forced to haul the bowlines; and as we did not make a sufficient allowance for the indraught of the tide into St. George's Channel; at two the next morning, we discovered the light of the Smalls on our weather bow. The consequence was, that for the remainder of that day, and all the next night, we were tossed about by a hard gale of wind in St. George's channel; but, instead of repining at our fate, we had great cause to rejoice; for had we got into Bristol Channel that night, we must have been cast away on the Welsh coast. At day-break the following morning, we saw land ahead and to leeward, which we supposed was Barsey Island, and the land adjoining; and that consequently we were imbayed on the Welsh Coast, and should be lost; but on drawing nearer to it, we were agreeably surprised to discover that it was Tuscar and part of Ireland; we had still a smart, close-reefed gale with which we tacked, and at one o'clock got sight of St. David's Head. At three in the afternoon, having weathered the Smalls, we bore away up Bristol Channel with a strong gale, which by that time had got to north-west. At ten we heaved to, and saw Lundy the next morning at four. We were abreast of Illford Coome at nine, when a Pilot boarded us, and at the same time we were chased by two press boats from thence, which the people kept off by firing shot at them. At four in the afternoon we anchored at Posset, and I had very soon after the pleasure to set my foot on Old England once more, by landing at a place called Lamplighters Hall, where I spent the night. I sent a man to Bristol this morning for a Permit from the Custom-house, for landing my baggage; but the forms of office requiring more ceremony and delay, than were either necessary in my case, or convenient to myself, I set out for Bristol in a chaise in the evening. My baggage arrived at the Custom-house the next morning, and each legal fee being paid, as well as some, which, perhaps, were not so, it was delivered to me again; and at noon I set off in a chaise towards London. I lay that night at Devises, and the next day, at nine in the evening, I arrived in Town. In a short time after I went into the country to my father's; I set Mrs. Selby down at her brother's house, by the way, and made her an annual allowance for life; having strictly kept the resolution which I made on the twentieth of May last, and the declaration made on the twenty-sixth.

END OF THE FOURTH VOYAGE,

AND SECOND VOLUME.

THE FIFTH VOYAGE

Soon after my arrival in England in the year 1779, I found upon settling my accompts, that the various and great misfortunes which I had met with had involved me in a much larger debt than I was able to pay. Interest then suggested to me, that an immediate bankruptcy would be the most advantageous step I could take; but honor forbade it; because, I knew that my father had by his will, made me his sole heir and executor, after paying his debts and such legacies as were contained in his will: and by my calculations, I judged there would be a sufficiency, not only to pay them, but also both principal and interest of my own debts, and leave a competent maintenance for me into the bargain when ever his exit should happen, which, from his age and infirmities, I had reason to suppose could not be at any distant period: besides which, I had other expectations. I therefore laid those things before my principal creditors, and gave them their choice whether they would immediately proceed to extremities, or give me time and wait for that event. They chose the latter, but required me to give bonds and such other securities as were in my power; and as I had no intention of doing any thing but what was strictly honest and just, I hesitated not to comply with their demands: but I have since found, that I should have acted more prudently if I had taken good advice first, and had the accompts strictly examined, by which, my debts would have been greatly reduced. I now continued to carry on my business as usual, and every year after met with more misfortunes: in particular, my ship, the Countess of Effingham was dashed to pieces in Trinity Bay, in the spring of 1781. A new schooner, which had been that year built by my orders at Paradise, arrived at Dartmouth, about Christmas, a mere wreck; with great part of her cargo thrown over board, and only a single hundred pounds insured on her, and that was done, at thirty-three guineas per cent. The next year, she was taken by the enemy. These misfortunes caused great hindrance to my business in Labrador, and prevented the fish, and other things which were procured there, from being sent off the coast to their respective markets. On the eighth of December 1781 my father died; and towards the end of the following year, I discovered, that he had, a little before his death, settled upon my next brother, John, landed estates to the amount of nine hundred and fifty pounds five shillings a year; and that the demands which were upon the residue of his estates and effects, for debts and legacies, would not only swallow up the whole, but were more by a few hundreds than they would satisfy; consequently, that not one shilling would come to me from that quarter; and that, what with the accumulation of interest and the late additional losses, my debts were considerably increased. However, I had yet one chance left, for I received a letter from my agent, Mr. Robert Collingham, informing me that he had met with a vein of some kind of ore, twenty inches wide. I therefore determined to return again to Labrador, and take a miner from Derbyshire with me to examine it; not in the least doubting, but I should soon be out of debt, and also in very affluent circumstances. I then appointed my brother John my attorney, to transact all the business of the executorship, put all my late father's effects into his hands, and prepared for my intended voyage.

June 5, 1783. This morning at three o'clock I left London, and went in the stage coach to Poole. I arrived there at eight o'clock that night, and went to Mr. Lester's house; where he politely entreated me to continue until my embarkation, and I accepted his offer. I found Samuel Mather, a Derbyshire miner, had arrived here some time since.

July 7, 1783. This afternoon, I embarked on board a brig belonging to Mr. Lester, called the Labrador, commanded by Mr. John Pitt; and bound to Trinity in Newfoundland.

[On August 24th Cartwright landed at Trinity Harbour, and on August 30th he sailed in the brig Catharine for Paradise, in Labrador, where he arrived at noon on September 11th]; but found no living creature there, except a Newfoundland bitch. The doors were all locked up, nor could we discover, where the people were gone. In the evening the Esquimaux which we had seen at Spotted Island, arrived here in a small shallop and a whaling-boat, and pitched their tents among my houses: which now consist of a dwelling-house and store-house in one, sixty feet by twenty five, and two stories high; a house for the servants, thirty feet by seventeen; three salmon-houses, ninety feet by twenty each; and a smith's shop, sixteen feet by twelve. On the south side of the dwelling-house, we found a tolerable large garden; with plenty of cabbages, turnips, lettuces, pease, and other things in full perfection.

Friday, September 12, 1783. I had the vessel warped to the wharf head and landed all my goods; having taken the liberty of breaking open the servants house. I had a little trade with the Indians, but they had not much to sell; having already disposed of most of the goods which they brought this year. At eight o'clock at night Mr. Collingham, the cooper, and a boy arrived in the Neddy (formerly the Caplin) from White-bear, and Eagle River, whither they had been to bring away some nets and traps, which were left there. I now had the mortification to hear, that my people had killed very few furs last winter, and only seventy-one tierces of salmon this summer. But those disappointments were nothing, compared to another which I now experienced; for the supposed ore, proved to be a friable substance of no use or value; consequently, all my expectations from it were blasted, and I clearly foresaw inevitable ruin, waiting my return to England.

Saturday, September 13, 1783. I had a small matter of trade to-day with the Indians, and admired exceedingly the honest principle of one of them, who absolutely refused to part with a bundle of whalebone, which he had brought to pay a debt with; notwithstanding I assured him that the person to whom he owed it was not in this country, nor would ever return to it again.

Tuesday, September 23, 1783. After breakfast I took two men with me in a skiff, and went to the mouth of South-east River: where we landed and walked into the country, on the south side of it, as far as the east end of the large black hill, called *Thickhead.* The distance which we walked to-day, is about seven miles; we found the woods but thin in general; the walking good and plenty of feed for deer at this time of the year, and for black-bears in the summer. The food, which the black-bears meet with here, is ants and flies: the woods have been burnt several years ago, and great numbers of trees lie on the ground; which being now perfectly rotten, are filled with plenty of ants and other insects. The bears break these trees to pieces with their paws, and lick out the insects with their tongues. This is no supposition, but a real fact; for I have killed a bear with her paunch almost full of such insects, and with nothing else in her. We saw in the course of the day three otters, a musquash,[1] and nine spruce-game: I beheaded one of the latter with my rifle, and killed another with shot.

Sunday, September 28, 1783. As all accounts which I have hitherto read of beavers, are very erroneous, I shall here communicate my observations on those animals. I suppose, that none of the writers who have mentioned them, ever saw a beaver-house, but related only the tales of illiterate furriers, whose veracity is not to be depended upon. I tremble at seeing myself under the necessity of contradicting that celebrated natural historian Compt de Buffon; yet I must take the liberty to do it. He says, " A beaver has a scaly tail, because he eats fish: " I wonder much that Monsieur Buffon had not one himself for the same reason; for I am sure that he has eaten a great deal more fish, than all the beavers in the world put together. Beavers will neither eat fish, nor any other animal food; but live upon the leaves and bark of such trees and shrubs as have not a resinous juice, and the root of the water-lilly. I have known them eat black spruce; and they will sometimes cut down silver fir; but I believe, that is only to build with when other trees are scarce. When they eat, they hold their food in their forepaws and sit up like monkies. In the summer time they ramble about very much, paying little regard to their houses, and will make a bed of sticks shred fine, under a bush near the water-side, and there sleep: the first bed of this kind which I found, I took to be the nest of a goose. If the pond which they lived in the last winter, has plenty of such food as they like, growing by the side of it, and they have not been disturbed by man, they will seldom quit it; but if there be a scarcity of food, they will wander about in search of another, where they can be more plentifully supplied: and it has long been observed, that of all the trees which grow in Newfoundland or Labrador, they like the aspen[1] best, and next to that the birch. Having found a place convenient for the purpose, they commonly begin early in August to erect their house. Their mode of constructing it I had from a very intelligent observer, John Edwards, who has made the catching of them his whole employment for several winters; in which time he has killed several hundreds. He told me, if the pond be deep close to the bank, and that free from rocks, they begin under water, at the foot of the bank, and scoop out a hole, rising gradually to the surface; carrying all the earth which they dig out there to the top, and mix abundance of sticks, and even stones among it. The sticks which they make use of on this occasion, are of all sizes, from the thickness of a man's ancle to his little finger, but very seldom of larger dimensions. They pile up these materials in the form of a dome, sometimes to the height of six, or seven feet above the level of the ground, but commonly not more than four. The base is generally of an oval form; the height ten or twelve feet, and eight or nine in width. As they raise this pile above, they hollow it out below, taking care that their bed, or lodging place, shall be above the reach of the floods, and sufficiently roomy to contain the whole family. From the fore part of the house, they build a projection into the pond, sloping downwards all the way, and under this they enter into their house. This entrance is called by the furriers, *the Angle;* nor do they always content themselves with one, but more commonly will have two, and sometimes three. They have but one apartment, which is termed the lodging, and which is shaped in the inside like an oven, the bottom of which is covered with the shreds of sticks, resembling fine narrow shavings. At a little distance from the angle, is their magazine of provisions, which consists of the roots of water-lilly, and the branches of trees; the but-ends of the latter they stick into the mud, where there is any. The whole is termed *writh*, and I have seen as much as a cart would hold; great part appearing above water. They are very industrious creatures, for even amidst a superabundance of provisions, they will continue to add to the store; and though their house be completely built, they will still carry on fresh works, until the pond is frozen firm over; they will even keep a hole open to work on the house for some nights after, provided the frost is not very severe: and as they will enter every old house and do a little work upon it, young furriers are frequently deceived thereby, supposing those houses to be inhabited. Although they will sometimes continue in the same pond for three or four years or more, yet they will frequently build themselves a new house every year; at other times they will repair an old one, and live in that; and they often build a new house upon, or close adjoining to an old one, making the two tops into one, and cut a communication between the lodgings: hence, I presume, arose the idea of their having several apartments. When the pond is not deep enough for them, they will throw a dam across the mouth of the brook, by which it discharges its water, to raise it to a sufficient height; making use of sticks, stones, mud, and sand for this purpose. Some of these I have seen of great length and strength, insomuch that I have walked over them with the greatest safety, though not quite dry-shod, if they be new, as the water always sheds over them, being on an exact level from end to end. But if, notwithstanding the stint, they cannot raise the water to a proper depth, near the bank, they build their house in the pond, at a few yards distance from the shore, beginning at the bottom and hollowing it out as they go on, for they must have about three feet depth over the end of the angle, or the water would freeze in it, and they could go neither in nor out. If there be an island in the pond, they generally make their house on that, being the safest place; and by far the greatest number of houses are on the north shore, for the advantage of the sun. They have no opening from their house on the land side, and for these reasons; because the frosty air would enter at that hole and freeze up the water in the angle, whereby they would be cut off from their magazine: the wolves likewise and other enemies might enter thereat and kill them; and the cold would be greater than they could bear. For, although they are provided with a thick skin, covered with plenty of long, warm fur, they cannot endure severe frost, being well known, that they die if exposed to it for a short time. By what I have said, the reader will suppose they are endued with unerring sagacity, but that is not the case; for they have been known to build their house in a pond, where there was such a scarcity of food, that they have all died for want; or in one, that lay in a flat country, which, by a great thaw in the winter, has been flooded; when they have been obliged to cut a hole through the crown of the lodging, and by so doing, and the water freezing in their house on the return of the frost, they have not been able to get into it again, but have all been found dead upon it. At other times, they have lived on a brook, where a thaw has caused such a stream as has washed away all their food, and consequently starved them. They will often run a stint across a narrow valley, through which a small drain of water runs, and where plenty of willows, alders and such like things grow, and make a pond for themselves. The furrier has then only to cut the stint, and when the water is run off, he kills them all with the greatest ease. As the killing of beavers is an art appertaining to the science of furring, which I do not wish to make public, I shall say no more on that head, except that they are always killed by staking their houses, by guns, or by traps; and not by hunting them with dogs, by men on horse-back with spears, as I have seen ridiculously described in prints. Nor do they ever castrate themselves to escape their pursuers, for that part is not only of no use, but both those, their prides and oil-bags (the two latter vessels being common to both sexes, and the prides only used in medicine, known by the name of castoreum) lie so completely within them, that the operation must be performed by a very skilful hand indeed, and with the greatest care not to kill them. Besides, what made them acquainted with the cause of their being pursued? If their flesh were not such excellent eating, very few beaver-skins would ever come to market. Beavers generally bring forth two young ones at a time, which are most commonly male and female; yet they will often have but one, especially the first time of breeding; and sometimes three or four; and I was told by a man of mine (Joseph Tero) that he once cut seven out of an old one. The first year, they are called *pappooses;* the second, *small medlers;* the third, *large medlers;* the fourth, *beaver;* and after that, *old* or *great beaver*. They copulate in May, and bring forth toward the end of June. The young ones continue to live with their parents until they are full three years old; then pair off, build a house for themselves, and begin to breed. Yet sometimes, and not uncommonly, if they are undisturbed and have plenty of provisions, they will continue longer with the old ones, and breed in the same house. They are then called a *double crew;* and that was the case with the family which we found yesterday. It oftentimes happens, that a single beaver lies retired, and it is then stiled by furriers, a hermit: they say, it is turned out from the family, because it is lazy and will not work; and what is very singular (for be the cause what it will, the fact is certain) all hermit beavers have a black mark on the inside of the skin upon their backs, called a saddle, which distinguishes them. I rather think the cause of hermit beavers to be fidelity; as they are very faithful creatures to their mate; and by some accident or other, losing that mate, they either will not pair again, or remain single until they can find another hermit of the contrary sex; and that the saddle proceeds from the want of a partner to keep their back warm. I am sure that supposition is more natural, than, that it should be turned out because it is lazy; for many of those hermit beavers do so much work that good furriers have sometimes been deceived, and imagined, they had found a small crew. Whether they do, or do not make use of their tails as trowels to plaster their houses with, I cannot say, though I am inclined to believe they do not; because their tail is so heavy, and the tendons of it so weak, though numerous, that I do not think they can use it to that effect; and that therefore they daub the earth on with their hands, for I must call them so. When they dive, they give a smack on the water with their tails as they go down; but that appears to me to proceed from the tail falling over with its own weight. They move very slowly on land, and being also a very cowardly creature, are easily killed there by any man or beast that chances to meet with them: yet, being defended by long fur, and a thick skin, and armed with long, strong teeth, firmly set in very strong jaws, they are capable of making a stout resistance. I have heard of an old one, which cut the leg of a dog nearly off at one stroke, and I make not the least doubt of the truth of the information. Still I have been informed, that otters will enter their houses and kill them; but I believe it must only be the young ones, when the old ones are from home; for I hardly think, that an old beaver would suffer itself to be killed by an otter. When met on shore by a man, they have been known to sit upon their breech and fall a crying like a young child; an instance of which I must relate.

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[1] Labrador musquash or muskrat, *Fiber zibethicus aquilonius.* The animal found in Labrador is smaller and darker than the common muskrat, *Fiber zibethicus.*

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[1] *Populus tremuloides.*

A man newly arrived in Newfoundland, was walking through a wood, and near a pond; where he chanced to meet a beaver with a billet of wood on his shoulder, going down to the water. As soon as the creature saw him, he laid down his load, sat upon his breech and cried exactly like an infant. The man having more tenderness in his disposition than such men usually have, not knowing what it was, and, perhaps, taking it for a creature superior to the brute creation, stopped and addressed it thus, "Thou need'st not cry, "poor thing, for I would not hurt thee for the "world; so thou mayest take up thy turn of fire-"wood and go home about thy business." The above story I do not give as a positive fact; relating it only as I have often heard it. It is an actual truth however, that a late servant of mine, Charles Atkinson, could never be prevailed upon to taste the flesh of beavers, because he was sure, he said, "They were enchanted Christians." When beavers meet with a sufficiency of aspen, birch, or such shrubs as they are fond of, and which are not bigger than a stout pole, they will seldom cut those of a larger size; but, when necessity obliges them, they will cut down the largest tree that ever grew. How long they are in performing the work, I have no opportunity to ascertain, but I believe it is done in no great time: for I once found at the foot of a black spruce, that they had cut down, a chip of four inches in length and two in breadth, which seemed to have been taken off at one stroke. And I have seen so many stout trees, which have been felled by them in the course of one season, that I am convinced they must work both quick and diligently. Small trees they cut on one side only, but large ones they go round and always fell them towards the water, to save themselves carriage. A stick, the thickness of a stout walking cane, they will cut off at one stroke, and as clean as if done by a gardener's pruning-knife. It is the bark only of trees which they eat, and seem to like that of the branches best, though they will eat the rind of the trunks also. Having felled a large tree, they lop off all the branches, and those, as well as the bodies of small trees, they cut up into lengths according to their weight and thickness; the larger ones they carry on their shoulders to the water side, throw them in, and tow them to the place where they are wanted; the long branches they drag along in their mouths. They always cut on the windward side of a pond, because, by swimming along the shore before they land, they can wind any enemy who may perchance be there; the wind also assisting them to fell the tree towards the water, and to tow the wood home. These creatures begin to grow fat after the middle of July, are in tolerable case by the end of August, and by the end of September, are at their best, provided they have good living and are not disturbed. Those which feed upon brouze,[1] particularly on birch, are the most delicious eating of any animal in the known world; but the flesh of those which feed upon the root of the water lily, although it makes them much fatter than any other food, has a strong taste, and is very unpleasant. After Christmas they begin to decline, and by May are commonly poor; in these particulars they resemble the porcupine, as they do in many other respects. If their house is disturbed much before the pond is frozen, they commonly quit it, and go into the next, either above or below; or they will go into an old house in the same pond, or a small one of their own there, which they generally have besides the one they live in, and it is termed the *hovel*. If they have been teased much in former years, they will often fly for a very slight disturbance; but should the furrier chance to catch the two old ones at first, the rest of the family will scarce ever quit the pond. So long as the pond is free from ice, they keep adding to their magazine of provisions; but when it is frozen firm, they begin to live upon it. As the sticks which compose their magazine are entangled one in another, so as to make it difficult to extract a whole one, they cut a piece off, bring it into their house, and then eat off the bark: after which, they carry it out again and cast it loose in the water. In bringing their food into their house, they often strike one end of the stick on the bridge of a trap, which the furrier has placed for them in the angle. From this circumstance, many of the ignorant people have positively asserted, that the sagacity of the beaver induced him so to do, to prevent being caught himself; but if beavers had so much knowledge, very few of them, I am persuaded, would be taken. Whereas, the beaver's safety depends chiefly on the furriers' ignorance, for he who understands his business well, will certainly catch the whole family, or all the families which are in the same pond (if it be not too large) in a very few nights, be they ever so numerous. If they are caught young, they are soon made tame, and then are very fond of boiled pease. Buffon and others say, that they make use of their tails as sleds to draw stones and earth upon: I cannot contradict their assertions, as I have never seen these animals work; but I do not believe it, because, their tails being thickest at the root and down the centre part, it would be almost impossible for them to keep a stone on it, unless held there by another. Nor have I ever observed, that they had taken any stones off the ground; but they bring them from the sides and bottoms of the water, and must make use of their hands for those purposes; as they could easier shove and roll them along, than draw them on their tails: besides, the skin of the under part of the tail would be rubbed off by the friction on the ground; which never yet has been observed to be the case with them, and is a stronger proof, that they never do make use of them for that purpose. Those who compare this account with the writings of Buffon[1] and others, will find a great difference, but it must be remembered, that they wrote entirely from hearsay, and I, from experience chiefly. As so many noblemen and gentlemen in England have expended large sums on curiosities and pleasure, I greatly wonder, that not one, out of so many who have parks well walled round (for no other fence will do) with convenient ponds in them, have been curious enough to establish a colony of beavers; which might easily be done, by planting plenty of birch, aspen, ash, willow, sallow, osier, alder and other such like trees round the ponds, according to the nature of the soil, and procuring a few pairs of beavers to turn in. But care should be taken to have pairs of the same families, lest they should all turn hermits.

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[1] Or brouse, the tender shoots or twigs of shrubs and trees.

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[1] Buffon (translation by William Smellie, London, 1791) says of the beaver: "The form of the edifices is either oval or round . . . some of them consist of three or four stories; and their walls are about two feet thick, raised perpendicularly upon planks, or plain stakes. . . . They are built with amazing solidity, and neatly plastered both without and within. They are impenetrable to rain, and resist the most impetuous winds. The partitions are covered with a kind of stucco, as nicely plastered as if it had been executed by the hand of man. In the application of this mortar, their tails serve for trowels, and their feet for plashing. . . . These retreats are not only very safe, but neat and commodious. The floors are spread over with verdure. The branches of the box and the fir serve them for carpets, upon which they permit not the smallest dirtiness. The window that faces the water answers for a balcony to receive

Thursday, October 2, 1783. I sent Edwards this morning with two other men to the beaver-house, and they returned in the evening with a beaver and a great beaver; another trap had been struck

the fresh air, and to bathe. During the greatest part of the day, they sit on end, with their head and anterior parts of the body elevated and their posterior parts sunk in the water. . . . The continual habit of keeping their tail and posterior parts in the water, appears to have changed the nature of their flesh. That of their anterior parts, as far as the reins, has the taste and consistence of the flesh of land or air animals, but that of the tail and posteriors has the odour and all the other qualities of fish."

Buffon repeats only to reject as incredible the stories "that, after the beavers have established a society, they reduce strangers and travellers of their own species into slavery; that these they employ to carry their earth and to drag their trees; that they treat in the same manner the lazy and old of their own society; that they turn them on their backs, and make them serve as vehicles for the carriage of their materials; that these republicans never associate but in an odd number, in order to have always a casting voice in their deliberations; that each tribe has its chief; that they have established sentinels for the public safety," etc.

up and hauled out, and some others would also have been caught, had not the late rains raised the water about a foot higher than it was when the traps were tailed; by which, the whole of their stint had been carried away. The great beaver, which was the mother of the family, weighed forty-five pounds; measured two feet seven inches in length, from the tip of her nose to the root of her tail, and her tail was a foot long and six inches and a half in breadth. The beaver weighed thirty-three pounds and three quarters; both of them were paunched before they were brought home.

Wednes., October 8, 1783. The first flight of eider-ducks went up the river this evening. As those birds trim the shore along in the flight-times, great numbers of flocks go up this river as high as Friend's Point, and sometimes higher, but on finding their mistake, they commonly return again along the opposite side. Some few flocks are supposed to cross the country to the sea again, and in spring some have been seen to come down the river, which were supposed to return the same way back, but in general they keep over the salt water.

Thursday, October 9, 1783. Mr. Collingham and four men nearly finished the new kitchen by breakfast-time; he then served out provisions to the two coopers, who are to have a couple of youngsters with them and live this winter at the head of Hinchingbrook Bay, to make tierces; and also to one furrier, who is to live by himself about a mile from the coopers. In the evening they all sailed for that place in the Neddy.

Friday, October 10, 1783. I sent Edwards to the beaver-house to shift the traps and stay the night if he saw occasion. Mr. Collingham having finished the new kitchen, we made a good fire in it, and found the chimney to carry smoke very well.

Saturday, October 11, 1783. At noon Edwards returned with a small medler, and informed me that he had found another new house in one of the ponds above, in which he supposed were two great medlers. At the same time, the people from Hinchingbrook Bay returned in the Neddy, and took back with them the remainder of their things in their skiff. My people are now all fixed for this winter. Besides the above, and the five people who are to seal at Indian Island, Mr. Collingham and the boy are to remain here.

Thursday, October 16, 1783. The brig was unmoored at seven this morning, and at nine the miner and I embarked. We got under sail immediately.

[On the 20th they reached the Coast of Newfoundland and drove in a gale of wind towards Cape John.]

At eight the wind shifted to north by east, and blew with great violence, driving us toward the Barrack and other rocks. At noon the following day, captain Gayler told me that we should be among those rocks before day-light, if the gale held; and that the vessel would bear no more sail, without great danger of upsetting. I replied, " It

" is not now a time to consider what a vessel will " do, but to determine what she shall do. For " my part, it is a matter of the greatest indifference to me whether I am drowned by being " driven on the rocks, or by the upsetting of the " vessel, but as the one seems to be certain, and " the other is only a supposition, I am decidedly " for setting more sail immediately, and endeavouring to get outside of Funk Island, where we " shall have drift enough." He approved of my arguments, set more sail, and the little vessel plunged through the sea better than could be expected.

[On Thursday, October 30th, Cartwright reached Trinity Harbour, and on Thursday, December 18th, he sailed on the " Little Benjamin " for Poole. A month later, on Saturday, January 17, 1784, they " endeavoured to get into the bay of Biscay."]

At two in the afternoon, a most dreadful hurricane came on from the northward, such as none of us had ever seen, and which beggars all description, suffice it to say, that it was dreadful and terrible to the greatest degree. Although captain Pitman, the master of the vessel, had the prudence to take in what sail he had out, yet it laid the vessel nearly on her beam ends, and we expected that she must either have upset or lost her masts. It lasted three quarters of an hour, and even afterwards blew so hard till ten at night, that we could not shew one rag of sail: and as it had shifted again to north north west, we supposed that we were driving upon the coast of France, between Ushant and the Seimes. To retard her drift somewhat, a cable was veered out, which at ten at night was cut away, and we set a reefed foresail and balance-reefed mainsail. It is easier to imagine than to describe the anxiety of our minds, expecting every minute, from ten o'clock on the Saturday morning to eight on Sunday night, to discover ragged rocks close under our lee, and soon after to be driven upon them in a most violent gale of wind. We then, most devoutly, went to prayers; I officiated as chaplain, and no sooner had we done, than, to the admiration and astonishment of every man on board, the wind became perfectly moderate; it shifted four points in our favour, the sky cleared, and, miraculous to relate, the sea which but the moment before ran as high and as dangerous as it could well do, in an instant became as smooth as if we had shot under the lee of Scilly at five or six leagues distant! We could attribute all these things, to nothing but the effect of the immediate interposition of the DIVINITY, who had been graciously pleased to hear our prayers, and grant our petitions; and I hope, I shall never be of a contrary way of thinking. After this, we had various weather with hard-hearted winds, which drove us to the westward of Cape Clear, so that it was not till the fifth of February, at midnight, that we saw the land; and at eleven at night, on Saturday the seventh, we let go an anchor in Studland Bay, to the no small joy and satisfaction of every man on board. I then had the mortification to hear, that the ship, John, foundered at sea in a few days after she left Trinity; consequently all my furs and whalebone went to the bottom; and I soon after learnt that, Mr. Lester not receiving my letter till after the above news arrived in England, not one penny had been insured on them. Early the next morning Mr. Stone and I, together with three other passengers got into the pilot boat and went up to Poole, where we landed safe at nine o'clock. We immediately dressed ourselves, and went to church to return God thanks for the mercies which we had so lately received at his hands; and, through the minister, offered our public thanks, also. I remained at Mr. Lester's house during my stay at Poole, which was till the eighteenth; when I set out for London in the Post Coach, lay that night at Alresford, departed from thence the next morning at seven, and arrived in London at five o'clock in the evening.

Well knowing that it was utterly out of my power to satisfy the demands of my creditors, principal and interest, together amounting to upwards of seven thousand pounds, on my arrival in town, I employed a friend to make the following offers to them; and to request of them to choose that which they thought would be most conducive to their interest.

1st. I would give up to them, upon oath, every article of property I possessed in the world, provided they would give me a discharge in full.

2d. If they would allow me five years free of interest, I would return to Labrador, in expectation of being able, now that peace was restored, to pay the whole of my debts in that period.

3d. If neither the above offers were satisfactory, I requested of them to make a bankrupt of me.

But, strange as it appeared to me, and must do so to others, my principal creditors absolutely refused to accede to any of these proposals. However, Peregrine Cust, Esq. to whom I owed a hundred pounds, taking compassion on me, immediately struck the disgraceful Docket.[1]

During all these transactions and until I had received my certificate, it was necessary for me to keep close in my lodgings, where I amused myself with transcribing my journal, and in writing a poem, which, bad as it is, I will take the liberty of laying before the public, at the end of my next voyage, in hopes that it may afford some little amusement: at the same time, assuring the gentle reader that, if I am so fortunate as to obtain his pardon for this presumption, I will never more be guilty of the like offence. Tho' I have often slept whole nights on mountains as high as that of famed Parnassus, yet, never having taken a nap in its sacred summit, it cannot be expected, that I should have awoke a Poet.

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[1] *To strike a docket*, is to give a bond to the lord chancellor, engaging to prove the debtor to be a bankrupt, whereupon a fiat of bankruptcy is issued against the debtor.

END OF THE FIFTH VOYAGE.

THE SIXTH VOYAGE

April, 1785. Although, the certificate which I have received, is equal to a receipt in full; the very liberal offers which my brother John has made to me, are sufficient to enable me to live in England with comfort; and the tormenting sciatica, with which I have been afflicted for these five years last past, renders me totally unfit to encounter those hardships and fatigues which a life in Labrador is subject to; yet, since I am convinced that there will be far short of twenty shillings in the pound for my creditors, when the final dividend on my bankruptcy is made, and as I cannot look upon myself to be an honest man, unless I pay up the last deficient penny whenever it is in my power to do it; consequently I feel it my duty to put myself in the way of obtaining money for that purpose. As I see no prospect of doing that by remaining in England, I have determined to return to Labrador once more, to try my fortune upon as large a scale, as my present confined circumstances will admit of. My plan is, to keep but few servants, and to employ them and myself, in killing furs in the winter, and in trading with the Indians in the summer.

In consequence of the above resolutions, I have, with my brother's assistance, for sometime past been making preparations accordingly. And Mr. Nepean, under Secretary of State to Lord Sydney, having prevailed on me to take some of the convicts, who are under sentence of transportation for seven years, I went to Newgate and pitched upon Alexander Thompson, William Litchfield, John Keshan, and Thomas Connor; the first twenty-two, the second seventeen, and the other two sixteen years of age, and gave in their names to Mr. Nepean.

[On Friday, April 29, 1785, in the brigantine Susan, Moses Cheater master, and a ship's company of thirty-nine souls, Cartwright sailed from Studland Bay for Newfoundland.]

Friday, May 27, 1785. At ten this morning [near the Newfoundland Coast] observing several birds very busy about something in the water, the small boat was hoisted out, and it proved to be a large squid,[1] which measured seven feet, exclusive of the head, which broke off in hoisting it in; when gutted, the body filled a pork barrel, and the whole of it would have filled a tierce. Although such of these fish as come near the land, and are generally seen, seldom exceed six or eight inches; yet I am told, that they grow to a most enormous size; even to that of a large whale. They are also called the ink-fish, from emitting a black liquor when pursued by other fish. They are caught in great numbers in the harbours of Newfoundland; and multitudes run on shore at

[1] *Archeteuthis*, species?

high water, where they are left by the tide, especially if a fire be made on the beach. They are used in Newfoundland for baits to catch codfish, and are excellent for that purpose. I have eaten them, but the taste is not pleasant, being very sweet; perhaps plenty of pepper and salt might make them better, but I had none at the time.

[On Tuesday, June 14, Cartwright sailed in the shallop Fox for Isthmus Bay, Labrador.]

Tuesday, July 5, 1785. This morning I had my boat moved nearer to the Lyon, [a British armed brig commanded by Lieutenant Michael Lane, who was employed to survey Newfoundland and the points adjacent] and we spent the day on board that vessel. A boat came in from Funk Island laden with birds, chiefly penguins.

Funk Island is a small flat island-rock, about twenty leagues east of the island of Fogo, in the latitude of 50° north. Innumerable flocks of seafowl breed upon it every summer, which are of great service to the poor inhabitants of Fogo; who make voyages there to load with birds and eggs. When the water is smooth, they make their shallops fast to the shore, lay their gang-boards from the gunwale of the boat to the rocks, and then drive as many penguins on board, as she will hold; for the wings of those birds being remarkably short, they cannot fly. But it has been customary of late years, for several crews of men to live all the summer on that island, for the sole purpose of killing birds for the sake of their feathers, the destruction which they have made is incredible. If a stop is not soon put to that practice, the whole breed will be diminished to almost nothing, particularly the penguins: for this is now the only island they have left to breed upon; all others lying so near to the shores of Newfoundland they are continually robbed. The birds which the people bring from thence, they salt and eat, in lieu of salted pork. It is a very extraordinary thing (yet a certain fact) that the Red, or Wild Indians, of Newfoundland should every year visit that island; for, it is not to be seen from the Fogo hills, they have no knowledge of the compass, nor even had any intercourse with any other nation, to be informed of its situation. How they came by their information, will most likely remain a secret among themselves.

Thursday, July 21, 1785. At half after five in the evening, came to an anchor in the harbour of Quirpon, which is the northernmost one in Newfoundland, and formed by a large, high island, which gives name to the harbour; the north-east point of which, is called Cape Quirpon, is the north-east extremity of Newfoundland, and is in sight of Labrador. Here we found several French ships, and were well received by captain Guidelou, who commanded the Monsieur privateer in the last war, during her first cruise; when, in the space of four months, he took twenty-eight prizes on the coasts of England and Ireland. For which services, he was honored with a sword, and a letter of thanks from his king. He is much of a gentleman, speaks English tolerably well, having formerly been a prisoner in England; he has a great respect for our nation, and takes every opportunity of rendering services to the English in this part of the world. He is a proprietor of the greatest French house in the Newfoundland trade, and has the direction of all their concerns on this side of the Atlantic. Here also, and in almost every harbour between this place and Conch, the fishery has been good: but in those within the Straights of Bell Isle, and Gulph of St. Lawrence it has failed greatly.

Tuesday, August 2, 1785. Mrs. Collingham and I dined on board the Echo with captain Nichols, [at Temple Bay] and we all went on shore at Lance Cove, and drank tea with Mr. William Pinson; who is agent to Noble and Pinson, and son of the latter. Two families of Esquimaux, part of some who lived last winter at the Isle of Ponds, are now here, but no others have been seen hereabouts this summer. Two men of that nation were shot last year at Cape Charles, by two others (Tukelavinia and Adlucock) for the sake of their wives, which is the reason that the rest did not come as usual. At Ance-a-Loup and parts adjacent, the fishery has been pretty successful. I saw one flock of curlews.

Thursday, August 11, 1785. At six this morning we came to sail; at half past four, doubled Cape North; and at seven, came to an anchor in Isthmus Bay, opposite the house which I built immediately after the privateer left me in the year 1778; and in which I lived, that winter. I had the pleasure to find it unoccupied, and in as good condition as possible. I immediately took possession of it; intending to make it my residence in future.

Monday, September 5, 1785. In the evening I placed a hare-net across this end of Slink Point, and had it beat by two of the boys and three dogs, but found nothing. At noon, a shallop belonging to Noble and Pinson, arrived here from Table Bay, and brought part of my provisions from Battle Harbour. Mr. William Dier, late master of the Mary, came in this boat, and brought some people to complete the winter crews at Paradise, where he is to be superintendent, and as soon as he had landed my goods, he sailed for that place. My late possessions in Sandwich Bay, together with what goods remained there, were sold last winter, by my assignees, to Noble and Pinson; for the paltry sum of two hundred and fifty pounds: whereas, the goods alone were valued at two hundred and eighty pounds; and I had informed my assignees, that the fishing-posts and the buildings thereon, were well worth a thousand pounds. But Mr. Robert Hunter, merchant in London, who is the acting assignee, does a great deal of business by commission, for Noble and Pinson; therefore it is no wonder, that my property was sold by private contract to those people; rather than by public auction at Poole; as I desired it might be. I must confess, that I cannot help feeling greatly hurt, that Noble and Pinson, who have been my inveterate enemies ever since

I first came to this country, should get, for less than nothing, possessions which cost me so much labour, to find out, and money to establish. Had they given a fair price for them, I should have been contented, and my creditors would not have been injured.

Thursday, September 8, 1785. At eight o'clock at night, a man arrived with a letter from Mr. Collingham, informing me, that Mr. Dier had forcibly seized upon all his whalebone, oil, and furs, together with what belonged to my assignees and myself, and sent the whole to Mr. William Pinson, at Temple Bay. Mr. Collingham requested me to go immediately to Paradise in my boat, to bring himself, his wife and baggage away from thence, as he had no other chance of getting from that place, nor any means of living at it.

Monday, September 12, 1785. At one o'clock this morning the Fox brought Mr. Collingham and his wife, and also his baggage: likewise all the remainder of those goods which formerly belonged to me, and had either by accident or mistake not been mentioned in the inventory; Mr. Collingham having put them up to auction, and bought them himself for sixty-two pounds ten shillings. This day Mr. Collingham and I agreed to enter into partnership for so long a time as should be hereafter determined upon.

Wednes., September 14, 1785. At two o'clock this morning Mr. Collingham sailed for Temple Bay in the Fox, with Tilsed, Will, and Jack, to demand, from Mr. William Pinson, restitution for the stolen goods, and in case of refusal to proceed to England to lay the case before His Majesty's ministers, and also to endeavour by law to obtain redress.

Wednes., September 28, 1785. At five in the evening, Mr. Collingham returned in our boat, and another of Noble and Pinson's came along with him, with four hands to winter at Paradise. These boats brought the remainder of my provisions, all the pine boards, and the goods from Indian Island. Mr. Collingham informed me, that Mr. William Pinson had restored the goods which Dier robbed him of, and that he had shipped them on freight in the Mary, commanded by Mr. Pinson himself, and had consigned them to our friend Benjamin Lester, Esq., at Poole. He also said, that he saw a brig and a shallop among the Seal Islands, which belonged to an adventurer from Quebec; who was going in the shallop to winter in Ivucktoke Bay, and intended leaving the brig with a crew of hands to winter where they were, and to fish for seals.

Saturday, December 10, 1785. Observing that William and Alexander still persisted in their old tricks of being as idle as possible, I requested Mr. Collingham to give each of them a severe beating with a rope's end, which he executed in a masterly manner. Sorry am I to observe, that all the four convicts are so intolerably idle, that nothing but severity, can induce them to do their work as they ought. Gentle means have hitherto been used in vain; and now we are determined to try the effect of strict discipline. Not having been conversant with people of their description, I did not reflect that idleness was the root from whence their villainies sprung; and that of course, severity only could extirpate it. Alexander and Jack are such old offenders, and so thoroughly abandoned in their principles, that I am fully of opinion, they will both be hanged, if they live to return to England; and I think it not improbable, that we shall some day or other be obliged to shoot them in our own defence; for they have more than once threatened the lives of our other servants, and may probably hereafter attempt to destroy their masters. Mr. Collingham shot a brace of grouse on the hill above the house.

A clear, severe day, with drift on the barrens.

Monday, December 19, 1785. Between eight and nine this morning a brace of deer were perceived crossing the harbour to the eastward; and after breakfast Mr. Collingham followed them. From the top of Mount Martin he discovered nine others, feeding near Gready's Tilt; and in going towards them, he met with a hind and calf, near the brook of South-east Cove, which seeing him, joined the herd; when they all went off upon the ice, and walked to the lower end of Curlew Harbour, where they lay down. He stalked up within a hundred and seventy yards behind a large umbrella of white dimity; at which they took fright, and starting up, ran nearly as much farther, and then stood to look at it: he at that time made ready to fire, but his gun going off accidentally, blew a hole through the umbrella. Tilsed was planing boards, and the rest of the people were sawing and cleaving firewood.

Sunday, December 25, 1785. At noon ten deer crossed the harbour from Martin's Cove, and landing in that opposite the house, went upon the High Barrens. This being Christmas-day, we gave the people roasted venison for dinner, and had for ourselves a mountain hare, an excellent venison pasty, and a berry pie; we afterwards finished the remaining three bottles of porter.

Monday, January 2, 1786. Rein-deer have many peculiarities, in which they differ from all other kinds of deer; especially respecting their horns. That the females have them as well as the males, I have noticed in former parts of my Journal; but till now, I never knew that they were so irregular in mewing them. I have seen stags with their horns on the eighth of March; I killed one the fifth of April, which had mewed a little time before; yet not only this deer, but also all the other nine which were with him, had mewed about the same time; for the parts were not well skinned over. One of those which I saw on the twenty-third ult. was an old stag which had mewed; but as I had no idea, that they did so before April, I thought that he naturally had not had any horns, from the circumstance of that hind having but one, which we caught in a slip on the eighth of November. Notwithstanding that the male deer mew so irregularly, yet they all burnish in August. My people, who lived on Indian

Island two years ago, told me, that the stags mewed at this time of the year, but I gave no credit to them for the reasons which I have mentioned; also, from seeing a three or four years-old male deer with his horns on, in the month of May, 1772. I have also reason to believe, that neither male nor female rein-deer ever burnish their first horns, which appear at a year old; as I never saw one which had done so.

Friday, February 3, 1786. At ten this morning, Mr. Collingham went over to the Capeland, and took Tilsed, Crane, William, Alexander and Tom with him; also two Newfoundland dogs and the greyhound. He met with some deer in the vale beyond Burnt Knap, and surrounded them; but they escaped without anybody getting a shot at them. The weather then proving bad, he called the people away, joined Tilsed, and came home: the others followed, and were not far behind when he saw them last. These two returned at four o'clock; but as none of the other four, nor the dogs are arrived, I am greatly alarmed for their safety, as they must have lost themselves, and there is no shelter on all that ground. Tilsed shot a brace of ptarmigans near the house.

Saturday, February 4, 1786. At half after nine this morning, Mr. Collingham went off for Table Hill, and Tilsed for Mount Martin, to look for our lost people. At eleven o'clock, William and Tom returned almost speechless; and so cold, as scarcely to have any perceptible warmth about their bodies; their clothes were barricaded with ice in such a manner, that I was obliged to cut them off; and upon the whole, they were shocking spectacles. I immediately put them to bed, and gave them some warm tea, with a little soft bread and butter; an hour after I gave them a cup of warm, strong grog; and some time after that, a basin of venison broth. Fortunately, the night being mild, they were not frost-burnt, except Tom, slightly, at the end of one of his great toes; but that I did not regard. At one o'clock, Crane returned; his clothes were covered with ice, and he was slightly burnt about his hams, which were bare by his stockings slipping down; but he was not near so much tired nor cold, as the others. At two o'clock Mr. Collingham returned with information that he found Alexander on North Harbour, asleep upon the ice; that he knew him, and spoke once; and with his assistance was able to walk a few yards; when his leg failing, he and Tilsed carried him on shore, laid him in the sun under some bushes, and covered him with part of their own clothes; but that he died immediately after.

Alexander Thompson formerly belonged to that gang of fresh-water pirates, who committed so many depredations upon the river Thames, and was a most desperate and hardened villain. He frequently recounted the various robberies in which he had been concerned, and always concluded with expressing a determined resolution to return to his former course of life if ever he saw England again. As he talked of murdering a man on the slightest provocation, with as little concern as he would of killing a dog; it seems as if Providence had cut him off in this shocking manner, to prevent the mischiefs which he otherwise would have committed; and had miraculously preserved the other two for the work of reformation: indeed they are by much the best of the four; their greatest fault being idleness.

Thursday, March 16, 1786. Finding that we have now a hundred and forty-four pieces of venison left, we determined that no other meat shall be dressed whilst any of it remains; as by that time, we may expect mild weather to set in. Our servants have had venison four days a week until yesterday se'nnight, since which time they have had it every day; but we have had it every day all the winter through.

Friday, June 30, 1786. When Mr. Collingham was at the Indian settlement, they showed him a small island in the mouth of the bay, and near to the north shore of it, on which a most tragical scene happened about fifty years ago. A number of Esquimaux were then encamped upon it, when a dispute arose between two young men, about the wife of one of them, with whom the other was in love, and insisted upon having her from him. High words ensued; the respective friends of the two men took part with them, and not being able to settle the matter amicably, they at length had recourse to their bows: their arrows flew swiftly until all were expended; they then attacked each other with their knives. Neither age nor sex were spared in this civil dissension. The feeble grandsire, the tender mother, and the infant at her breast fell alike undistinguished victims of frantic rage and ungoverned fury. Two men only, and they of opposite parties, survived the bloody contest: when each, surveying the dreadful carnage that every where surrounded him, and struck with the thought of what would become of himself, if he killed his antagonist, agreed to desist.

Thursday, July 13, 1786. Early this morning Mr. Collingham delivered me a letter which he had received from Noble and Pinson, brought by the Mary, in which they informed him, that my assignees had attached all the goods which he sent to England last year, for the benefit of themselves (Noble and Pinson) and likewise falsely accusing both Mr. Collingham and myself of embezzling part of my late estate. From this intelligence I instantly determined to return to England, to confute their villainies, and recover the goods.

Wednes., July 19, 1786. Eketcheak, one of the Indian men, last winter married a second wife; a young girl about sixteen years of age: I took a fancy to her, and desired that he would spare her for me, as I had no wife, and was in great want of one. He replied, "You are very welcome to "her, but I am afraid she will not please you, as "her temper is very bad, and she is so idle, that "she will do no work; nor can she use a needle: "but my other wife is the best tempered creature "in the world; an excellent sempstress, is industry itself, and she has two children; all of which "are much at your service; or, if you please, "you shall have them both; and, when I return "next year, if you do not like either one or the "other, I will take them back again." I thanked him for his extreme politeness and generosity, and told him, that I could not think of depriving him of his good wife and two children, but would be contented with the bad one. "You shall have "her," said he, "but before we proceed any far-"ther in this business, I wish you would mention "it to her relations, and obtain their consent." Her father being dead, I sent for her mother and two uncles, who readily gave their consent, and expressed great pleasure at the honor of the alliance. I then communicated my wishes to the young lady, but she no sooner understood what they were, than she began to knit her brows, and the instant I had concluded my speech, in which I expatiated on the pleasure, elegance, and affluence which she would experience as my wife, to what she enjoyed in her present state, she contemptuously replied, "you are an old fellow, and "I will have nothing to say to you." So there ended my courtship; and how polite soever any future refusal may be, yet I must understand the literal meaning to be, as above expressed.

Friday, July 21, 1786. A number of the Esquimaux are ill of most violent colds, which they are very subject to; it carries off great numbers of them. The disorder[1] being infectious Mr. Collingham has got it also which he tells me is not the first time, having caught it of them formerly.

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[1] Influenza or la grippe is at the present day a very serious and fatal disease among the Labrador Eskimos.

Wednes., July 26, 1786. Last night about twelve o'clock, the moschetos being very troublesome, Mr. Collingham got up and made such a smoke in the kitchen, as in a short time filled every part of the house: fortunately I awoke just in time to save our lives: Mrs. Collingham being quite overcome with it, was carried out of bed into the open air in a lifeless state; all the rest of us were obliged to jump out of our beds, and run naked out of doors; where we were forced to remain above an hour, before the smoke was sufficiently cleared away for us to be able to endure it.

[On Sunday, July 30, 1786, Capt. Cartwright sailed in the Fox for Temple Bay which he reached on August 10th. Here he re-embarked in the Merlin Sloop of War, Capt. Edward Packenham, and sailed for St. John's, Newfoundland. This port was not reached until October 2nd as the whole western and southern coasts of Newfoundland were leisurely skirted.]

Tuesday, October 3, 1786. After breakfast I brought most of my baggage on shore, and took my leave of captain Packenham and his officers; the latter I shall always remember with pleasure, for their civility to me: but as to the former, I can not say that my obligations to him, are any great burthen to me. Mr. Routh[1] took me with him to Mr. Ogden's the surgeon of the island, ant, and a hundred and eleven discharged fishermen, exclusive of the ship's company, consisting of ten men; making in the whole a hundred and twenty-four. We laid in for our own use, two live sheep, several head of poultry, plenty of vegetables, and good store of every other article which we thought requisite for our passage to England. Nothing material happened, till Sunday the twenty second, when a hard gale of wind came on; however, we bore the violence of it tolerably well till ten o'clock the next night, when our boltsprit was carried away. This was soon followed with the loss of the fore-mast, and main-mast; the tiller went next; two of the deadlights were beat out; the tafrael carried away; some casks of water, coals, and in short everything washed off the quarter-deck; our sheep were drowned in the long-boat; and our poultry, together with all our vegetables, except the potatoes which were in the cabin, were washed overboard. The wreck of the bolt-sprit and fore-mast, by the lee rigging not being cut, still hung to us; and, the vessel being forced over them, they kept beating under the bottom for seven hours: when, by the spirited exertions of the mate, they were cut away. Never did I experience such a night; the sea ran incredibly high; it blew most tremendously; we expected, that the sea would have beat the vessel to pieces, and feared every instant, that she would be bulged by the wreck, and sink with us. At length day-light came, but it still continued to blow so hard, that nothing more could be done, than to set up a top-gallant-mast abaft, lash it to the timber-heads, and hoist a stay-sail to it, to keep the vessel some what steadier. We were then but four hundred and ninety five miles from St. John's; and, as we judged it impossible to get back there, by reason of the prevalence of the westerly winds, we determined on proceeding towards England; we also intended to quit the vessel, if we should be so fortunate as to fall in with any other, which would take us on board. The day following we began to get up jury-masts, but it was five days before we completed that business, and were very badly rigged at last, having only the main boom for a fore-mast; a top-mast for a main-mast; with a pole of firewood on it for a top-mast, and a top-gallant-mast abaft, to keep her nearer to the wind. Some days after, we made a short mast of planks, and steped it through a hole cut in the quarter-deck, by way of a mizzen-mast. Our sails were very few, and those both old and bad; nor had we any to replace them, in case they gave out. We examined the quantity of water and provisions, and went to an allowance of three half pints for each passenger, and double that quantity for the ship's company. But twelve days after, we reduced the passengers to a pint of water, and the ship's company to a quart. We had scarcely any remission for hard gales of wind, from south-east to south south-west, for five weeks, which drove us into the latitude of 56°—15′ north, which is quite out of the track of all shipping, nor could we fetch any land as the wind then was, except Iceland or Greenland; and those countries were locked up in frost and darkness. At last, to our no small joy, on Monday the twenty seventh of November, it pleased God to send us a fine north-west wind, which continued fair for us during the rest of the voyage. On Thursday the thirtieth we struck soundings in sixty-five fathoms of water, between Cape Clear and Scilly; and there saw a dismasted, and abandoned vessel. We sent our boat on board her, but got only a few kegs of water; her provisions and sails having been all taken out. She was the Hopewell from Newfoundland, laden with dry fish, and belonged to Poole. Our allowance of water was doubled to-day; the next day, it was encreased to three pints; and we saw another vessel upon a wind far to leeward. On Saturday the second of December, we saw several vessels ahead, and one on our starboard quarter which came up with, and spoke us; she was a small schooner from Twillingate, in Newfoundland, to Poole; had been out twenty four days, and had met with no other, than westerly and north-west winds. She belonged to Mr. Hezekiah Guy, who was formerly a servant of mine, and was commanded by a brother of his. I desired him to make a report of me, on his arrival at Poole. At three o'clock in the afternoon, we had the pleasure to get sight of the land, from the Landsend to the Lizzard. The wind veered southerly in the night, and blew hard; and at day break we had the mortification to find a very thick fog, accompanied by a heavy gale of wind dead on the shore; but at nine o'clock, judging that we were abreast of the start; a full council was called, to determine what we should do, when every man except general Arnold, unanimously concluded, that it would be better to put before the wind and make the land at all events, than to keep the sea in our crippled state, as we did not think it possible to clear Portland; in which case, we must run on shore in the night. Having made our election, we bore away; and never did I see so much anxiety in the countenances of men, as appeared in every one on board; for every minute we expected to see a rocky shore not far distant, and most likely to run upon it. At two in the afternoon the fog cleared away, and we then got sight of Berry Head, with Tor Bay right a head. A frantic joy now pervaded every one, almost to madness, and continued for near an hour; by which time, we had four fishing-boats from Brixham along-side, and in a short time, all the passengers, except general Arnold and his servant, got into them and went on shore; leaving the vessel safe at an anchor in Babicam Bay. At six o'clock I landed at Brixham, and regaled myself on a luxurious and plentiful dish of beef-steakes; which was the first good meal I had made, since the commencement of our misfortunes. Here I learned that great numbers of vessels, particularly Newfoundlanders, had been lost, and others greatly damaged in the late gales; one belonging to this port, got in here this morning, a greater wreck than we were; having lost her masts and nine men; all of whom were washed overboard, when her masts were carried away.

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[1] Richard Routh, Collector of the Customs at St. John's.

I remained at Brixham till Tuesday the fifth, when I hired a single-horse chair, (no chaise being to be had) and went to Tinmouth; where I found the John safe arrived, and a Newfoundland vessel, which attempted to come in on Sunday night, on shore upon the beach at the mouth of the harbour. On Wednesday I got my baggage on shore, and was informed by the mate, that, at such times as I was upon deck general Arnold through the medium of his servant, had stolen most of the wine, which belonged to us both, and had sold it to the sailors for water; which he kept for his own use. Be that as it may, the facts were these; on examining the lockers, only one bottle of wine was left, although there ought to have been more; and there were nine bottles of water, not one drop of which I knew of. A few days after we were reduced to a pint of water, the general's servant offered to purchase from the sailors, two bottles for me; the price of which was to be a dollar in money; I readily consented to give that price, and one bottle was delivered the next day; but I could never get the other until Friday last, when I had no occasion for it; and as I had, for a long time past, observed the general to have great abundance of water, there is very great reason to believe the mate's report to be a true one.

On the seventh I went in a chaise to Exeter, and on the eighth took a passage in the mail coach to Blandford; from whence I went that night to Poole in a chaise, and arrived at Mr. Lester's house at eight o'clock. He had heard of me from Mr. Guy, but, the letter which I wrote to him from Brixham having not yet appeared, he had concluded that we were cast away on Sunday last, and that all hands had perished. I continued at Poole till the sixteenth, when I went to Wimbourn; the next evening I set out for London in the Poole mail coach, and arrived there at nine o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth.

Soon after my arrival in London, I made application to my assignees for restitution of the goods which they had attached; yet although I very clearly convinced them, that they were the property of Mr. Collingham and myself, and had been honestly obtained, and that Noble and Pinson could not possibly have any claim on them, they refused to restore them. I threatened them with law; and they proposed arbitration; to which I consented. But they afterwards found a pretence for refusing to sign the bonds, which forced me to assign my part (only one hogshead of oil) to Mr. Collingham, and then, as his agent, to serve William Pinson with a copy of a writ. My assignees defended the action; they put the trial off twice, and attempted to do it a third time; but I frustrated their intentions; and when the cause came to a hearing, the great Erskine[1] himself was obliged to declare that he had not a word to say in defence of his client. In consequence of which, Mr. Collingham obtained a verdict for full damages and costs of suit, a circumstance not to the honour of those who endeavoured to deprive him of his property. I was, however, above two hundred pounds out of pocket, by the expences which I had been at: yet, as I had obtained a perfect cure of my sciatica and had prevented my partner from being shamefully wronged, I thought the money had been well applied.

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[1] Baron Erskine, 1750 to 1823, famous jurist and forensic orator.

Perhaps it may not be displeasing to the reader, if I here attempt a short Natural History of the country, and add such remarks as my very confined abilities have enabled me to make.

Labrador is a large peninsula, joined at the isthmus to Canada, which, together with Hudson's Bay, bounds it on the west; on the north are Hudson's Straits; the Atlantic Ocean on the east; and the Straits of Bell Isle, and the Gulph of St. Laurence on the south.

The face of the whole country, at least all those parts we are at present acquainted with, are very hilly; and in most parts mountainous. The south coast has great appearance of fertility from the sea, but a close inspection discovers the soil to be poor, and the verdure to consist only of coarse plants, which are well adapted to the support and nourishment of deer and goats, but do not appear proper for horses, kine, or sheep. There is no doubt but cultivation would produce good grass of different kinds, and that grazing farms might be established; they would however, be attended with too much trouble and expence to have them on a large scale; as it would be difficult to fence against the white-bears and wolves, and all kinds of cattle must be housed for nine months in the year. Corn might possibly be raised about the heads of the deepest bays, and in the interior parts of the country; but the few experiments which I made in my gardens failed of success; for the ears were singed by the frost before the grain ripened.

All the east coast, as far as I went and by what I could learn from the Esquimaux, exhibits a most barren and iron-bound appearance; the mountains rise suddenly out of the sea, and are composed of a mass of rocks, but thinly covered in spots with black peat earth; on which grow some stunted spruces, empetrum nigrum, and a few other plants, but not sufficient to give them the appearance of fertility; such lands therefore are always denominated Barrens.

As some compensation for the poverty of the soil, the sea, rivers, and lakes abound in fish, fowl, and amphibious creatures. No country is better furnished with large, convenient, and safe harbours, or supplied with better water; for rivers, brooks, lakes, pools, and ponds are every where to be met with in great abundance. And I cannot help observing here, that the swelled throats[1] which the inhabitants of many Alpine countries are subject to, are occasioned by the mineral particles which the waters imbibe in their passage down certain hills, and not to the effect of snow-water, since no such complaints are to be found in Labrador, where genuine springs are so scarce, that I may venture to affirm, nineteen parts out of twenty of the waters in that country, are the product of the winter snows.

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[1] Goitre.

All along the face of the east coast, and within the many capacious bays which indent it, are thousands of islands of various sizes, on which innumerable multitudes of eider-ducks, and other water-fowl breed; the very smallest are not without their inhabitants, if the spray of the sea does not fly entirely over them; and the larger ones have generally deer, foxes, and hares upon them: the former will swim out to them, to get clear of the wolves which infest the continent; but the two latter go out upon the ice, and are left upon them when it breaks up in the spring.

All those kinds of fish which are found in the Artic seas, abound on this coast; and the rivers are frequented by great abundance of salmon, and various sorts of sea-trout; pike, barbel,[1] eels,[2] river-trout, and some few other kinds of fresh-water fish are also found in them.

Although, in sailing along this coast, the astonished mariner is insensibly drawn into a conclusion, that this country was the last which God made, and that he had no other view than to throw together there, the refuse of his materials, as of no use to mankind, yet, he no sooner penetrates a few miles into a bay, than the great change, both of the climate and prospects, alter his opinion. The air then becomes soft and warm; bare rocks no longer appear; the land is thick clothed with timber, which reaches down almost to high-water mark, and is generally edged with grass. Few stout trees are to be met with, until you have advanced a considerable distance and have shut the sea out; for the sea air, most certainly has a very pernicious effect upon the growth of timber, as well as on many other things. The best timber, is generally found near the head of the tide, and by the sides of brooks. My business requiring a great deal of all sorts, and a multitude of rinds, it became necessary for me, in all my ranges through the woods, to keep a very sharp look-out for whatever might be of use; which naturally led me to make observations, on the inclination and course of nature, in the propagation and growth of timber.

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[1] The European barbel is not native to America. Cartwright possibly refers to a sucker or to a horned pout.

[2] *Anguilla chrysypa.*

Whether it be owing to the climate, or to the soil of this country, I will not take upon me to say, but the fact is, that nature is disposed to clothe the ground with spruces and firs; intermixing a few larches,[1] birch, and aspens sparingly, along the edges of those woods which grow adjoining to the shores of the bays, rivers, brooks, and ponds; where only, they arrive at any degree of perfection. Although abundance of larches will grow upon the sides of the barren hills along the sea-coast, yet I never saw one, in such situations, which was of any value. If, through the carelessness of those who make fires in the woods or by lightning, the old spruce woods are burnt down, Indian-tea is generally the first thing which comes up; currants follow next, and after them, birch. As the plants of birch commonly spring up within three or four feet of each other, they are soon drawn up, and make most excellent hoops; about which time, the spruces and firs will be sprung up among them, to the height of two, three, or four feet, when the Indian-tea and currants will be nearly killed. The birches having now locked their heads so close that the sun cannot penetrate through the foliage and requiring more nourishment than the ground is able to give to each plant, they begin to shew consumptive symptoms, by the under branches dying; and as some few of the stronger ones rob those which are weaker, the latter decay altogether, and what remain grow to pretty stout trees: yet it is almost impossible to find one of them sound, by their not being thinned in proper time, so as to admit the genial rays of the sun, and a free circulation of air, to invigorate and fertilize the earth; and to allow each plant a sufficient portion of land for its support. At length the spruces and firs overtop, and kill the birches; and, when it so happens that they do not stand too thick and the soil suits them, they will arrive at a great size; particularly the white-spruce. Where there is a poverty of soil, and they grow close together, they are black, crabbed, and mossy; consequently of no value: but where the soil is pretty good, if they stand too thick, yet they run clear and tall, and attain substance sufficient for shallop's-oars, skiff's-oars, stage-beams, rafters, longers, and other purposes, for which length is principally required. Had not nature disposed them to shoot their roots horizontally, the adventurers in that country would have found a great difficulty in building vessels of any kind for it is from the root, with part of the trunk of the tree; that most of the timbers are cut; and no others will supply proper stems, and other particular timbers.

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[1] *Larix laricina.*

When a fire happens on a peat soil, at the end of a very dry summer, the whole of it is burnt away to a great depth; and will not only, produce no good timber again, but also, is both dangerous and troublesome to walk over; for great numbers of large stones and rocks, are then left exposed on the surface, and the Indian-tea, currants, &c. which grow between, often prevent their being discovered in time to avoid a bad fall: but if the fire happens early in the summer, or when the ground is wet, the soil takes no damage. The burnt woods are also very bad to walk through, until the trees are felled and pretty well gone to decay; but in how many years that will be, I had no opportunity to observe; I know it is not a few, and that it depends on particular circumstances.

When the woods are left to nature, the growth of the timber is very slow, for I seldom saw even a young tree, which sent forth an annual shoot above six inches in length; in general it was only one. Whereas, I always observed them to grow from twelve to eighteen inches in a year, wherever all the old trees had been felled, and the young ones were left at a considerable distance from each other; they also looked much more healthy and beautiful; which fully proves how absolutely necessary the sun, air, and a sufficient space of ground are to the growth of good timber.

Labrador produces but seven sorts of trees[1] which are worthy of that appellation: viz. black, white, and red spruce, larch, silver fir, birch and aspen; at least, if there be any others, they must grow on the confines of Canada. Those next in size, are willow, mountain ash,[2] and cherry;[3] the two former grow up in many stems, as if from old stools, and I never saw one thicker than a good hedge-stake; but the latter is a single standard, and I believe very scarce; for I met with them by the side of one hill only, where they stood in good plenty, and were about seven or eight feet high, but not more than three inches in circumference; the fruit was small, tasteless, and nearly all stone. The rest are mere shrubs; they are the alder, osier,[4] dog-berry, baked-pears,[5] juniper,[6] currants, raspberries, with a few others, and I once, if not twice, saw a small gooseberry-bush. The fruits consist of various kinds of berries, viz. currants, raspberries, partridge-berries, empetrum nigrum, baked-apples, baked-pears, whortle-berries of two sorts, cranberries,[1] and a small berry which grows in a gravelly or sandy soil, the plant of which resembles that of the strawberry, each producing but a single fruit, which is of a bright pink colour, granulated like a mulberry, and has a delicious flavour; but they are scarce on those parts of the east coast which I was upon, for I met with them on a few spots only in the neighbourhood of Sandwich Bay, but at L'ance a Loup they were more abundant; and there also, I saw tolerable plenty of scarlet strawberries[2] which were the only ones I ever observed in that country.

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[1] Most of the plants and animals given in this review of Cartwright's have already been mentioned, and may be found by referring to the index.

[2] *Pyrus americana* and *P. sitchensis.*

[3] *Prunus pennsylvanica.*

[4] A species of willow, *Salix*, or red-osier, *Cornus stolonifera.*

[5] The shad bush, *Amelanchier canadensis* var. *oligocarpa*, is sometimes called Indian pear and may possibly be intended.

[6] *Juniperus communis* var. *depressa* and *J. horizontalis.*

As to plants, since I am no botanist, I shall beg leave to say no more of them, than that I believe there is no very great variety, and but few, if any, which are not to be met with, in other northern countries.

The only vegetables which I found fit to eat, were alexander (or wild celery), fathen,[3] scurvy-grass,[4] the young leaves of the osier, and of the ground-whortleberry; Indian sallad, red-docks,[5] and an alpine plant, which the rein-deer are very

[1] Mountain cranberry, *Vaccinium Vitis-Idaea* var. *minus.*

[2] *Fragaria virginiana.*

[3] Fathen, pigweed or goosefoot. *Chenopodium*, species?

[4] Scurvy grass, a cress, *Cochlearia*, species?

[5] *Rumex*, species?

fond of. Fathen, however is no where to be met with, but where the ground has been dug.

The soil is mostly of a light kind, yet clay is common to be met with in most harbours, and in the beds of rivers, below high-water mark; though I met with a spot of strong, blue clay by the side of Hooppole Cove in St. Lewis's Bay, on which grew good birch and other trees.

That the mountains in Labrador contain some kinds of ores, I make no doubt; but none have yet been discovered, except that of iron which I believe is in great plenty, since iron-stone is very common along most of the shores; and I met with several small springs, which had a weak chalybeate taste, and tinged the ground red. Nor is there any great chance of ores being found, unless it should appear to the day, by the side of some cliff; most of which founder more or less every spring, by the crevices in the rocks filling with the drainage of the earth, and by the expansive power of the frost acting like so many wedges all the winter; in consequence of which many tons of rocks fall down as soon as the ice is thawed. White spar is very common; and several samples of that beautiful one called Labrador spar,[1] has been picked up by the Esquimaux, of which there is one large piece in the Leverian Museum: but have not yet been able to learn, that any but detached pieces, have been met with; all of which were picked up upon the land-wash.

The birds of that country, I presume, are common to most of those which border upon the arctic circle, they are the white-tailed eagle, falcons, hawks, and owls of various kinds; raven, white-grouse, ptarmigan, sprucegame, whistling-curlew, grey-plover, various kinds of sandpipers, and other waders; geese, ducks of various sorts, shags, gulls, divers of various sorts, swallows, martins, some few species of small birds, snipes, and doves; but the two last are very scarce, for I do not recollect ever seeing more than five snipes and two doves. It is rather singular, that nothing of the heron[1] kind ever visit that country, since the fresh-waters are so abundantly stocked with trout, and I have seen bitterns in Newfoundland.

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[1] Or Labradorite, a lime-soda feldspar.

The beasts are bears both white and black (of the latter I am told, there are two kinds, one of which have a white ring round their necks, and the Esquimaux say, "They are very ferocious," but I never saw one of them, or even a skin) reindeer, wolves, wolverines, foxes of various kinds, viz., black, silver, cross, yellow, white, and blue; martens, lynxes, otters, mink,[2] beavers, musquash, racoons,[3] hares, rabbits, and moles.[4] There may be other kinds, but they did not come within my observation.

The native inhabitants are two distinct nations of Indians; Mountaineers and Esquimaux. The Mountaineers are tall, thin, and excellent walkers; their colour greatly resembles that of our gypsies; probably occasioned, by their being constantly exposed to the weather and smokey whigwhams. In features they bear a strong resemblance to the French, which is not to be wondered at, since they have had an intercourse with the Canadians for so many years, but there are few, I believe, who have not some French blood in them. These people inhabit the interior parts of the country, which they traverse by the assistance of canoes, covered with birch-rinds, in the summer; and of rackets, or snow-shoes, in the winter. Their weapons are guns and bows; the latter are used only to kill moor-game, but their chief dependence is on the gun, and they are excellent marksmen; particularly with single ball. They are wonderfully clever at killing deer, otherwise they would starve; and when they are in a part of the country, in the winter time, where deer are scarce, they will follow a herd by the slot, day and night, until they tire them quite down; when they are sure to kill them all. I must not be understood literally, that they take no rest all that time, for, if the night is light enough, they rest only four or five hours, then pursue again; which space of time, being too short for the deer to obtain either food or rest, they are commonly jaded out by the fourth day. The Indians paunch and leave them, then go back to their families, return immediately with bag and baggage, and remain there until they have eaten them all; when, if they have not provided another supply elsewhere, they look out a fresh. But when deer are plentiful, they are quickly provided with food without much trouble, for, as two or three families usually go together in the winter time, some post themselves to leeward of the herd, while others go to windward, and drive them down; by which means, it seldom happens that they all escape. When they have good success among the deer, they also kill most furs; for then, they have leisure to build, and attend to deathfalls, in which they kill foxes and martens. Porcupine hunting is an employment assigned to the women, and is a good resource, where there are strong, fir woods.

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[1] Several different species of herons including the bittern, *Botaurus lentiginosus*, have occasionally been found on the southern coast.

[2] *Putorius vison.*

[3] The racoon, *Procyon lotor*, is unknown in Labrador.

[4] Star-nosed mole, *Condylura cristata.*

Beavers they can do nothing at in the winter, on account of the frost, but they kill numbers of them in the spring and autumn; and even all the summer through: but one good English furrier will kill more than four Indians, where those animals are numerous. They kill beavers by watching for, and shooting them; or, by staking their houses; the method of doing which, I will endeavour to explain: If the pond, where the beaver house is, be not capable of being drawn dry, they cut a hole through the roof of the house into the lodging, to discover the angles; they then run stakes through at the edge of the water, where the house is always soft, parallel to each other, across each angle, and so near together that no beaver can pass between. The stakes being all fitted in their places, they draw them up to permit the beavers to return into the house, (the hole on the top being covered up so close as not to admit any light) and then hunt with their dogs, backwards and forward round the edges of the pond, to discover where they have hid themselves under the hollow banks; taking especial care, not to go near the house, until they can find them no longer any where else. They then approach it very cautiously, replace the stakes with the utmost expedition, throw the covering off the hole, and kill them with spears made for the purpose. When they have a canoe, they will drive the pond in the manner already described, without disturbing the house; and, when they suppose the beavers are all in, they place a strong net round it; then making an opening, they kill them as they strike out of the house. They will also place a net across a contraction in the pond, where there happens to be one, and kill them there, in the course of driving. But, as it is seldom that the whole crew or family are killed by these means, hermit beavers are always observed to be most numerous in those parts of the country which are frequented by Indians. The Mountaineers are also very dexterous in imitating the call of every bird and beast, by which they decoy them close to their lurking-places. And as the destruction of animals is their whole study, there is not one, whose nature and haunts they are not perfectly well acquainted with: insomuch, that one man will maintain himself, a wife, and five or six children in greater plenty, and with a more regular supply than any European could support himself singly, although he were a better shot.

tentive reader must observe in perusing my journal. The winters are very long and severe, but the cold is of a pleasant kind; never causing a person to shiver, as it does in England; neither could I ever observe, that the sudden, and great transitions which are so often experienced, had any bad effect on the constitution; nor do I know of one endemical complaint. Agues I never heard of, although Physicians tell us, " They are caused, by stagnate waters and too much wood," both of which there are in the greatest abundance there.[1] A few miles from the sea, the weather, in the summer time, is quite warm, and the air has a remarkable softness in it; but the multitude of moschetos and sand-flies are intolerable grievances. On the sea coast, the air is much cooler, and it is very raw and cold indeed, when the wind comes in from the ocean; occasioned by the prodigious quantities of ice so immediately contiguous to the coast, whereby the water itself is always in a chilled state. Were it not for the immense quantity of fresh water, which is continually running into the sea from the rivers, brooks, and drainage of the land, caused by the melting of the incredible quantity of snow which falls in the course of the winter, that coast would long since have been inaccessible to ships; for the summers are neither long, nor hot enough to dissolve the ice; whereas, these waters raise the surface of the sea so much higher than that which lies nearer to the equinoctial line, that they occasion a constant current to the southward; by which means the ice is dragged along into a warmer climate, where it is dissolved.

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[1] **Although mosquitoes abound, malarial-bearing *Anopheles* do not occur.**

The immense islands of ice,[1] which are daily to be seen near the coast of Labrador, can be formed in the following manner only. The sea in the extreme north, is of such a depth, that navigators have often not been able to find the bottom with a line of an hundred fathoms, even close to the shore; the land is very high, and many parts of the shore are perpendicular cliffs; the face of the coast being greatly broken, numbers of bays and coves are formed thereby: and those are defended from any swell rolling into them from the sea, by the prodigious quantity of flat, low ice, which almost continuously covers that part of the ocean, and which, it may be presumed, prevents those bays and covers from breaking up for one, two, or more years together. The severe frost of one winter will form flat ice upon them, of an incredible thickness; that ice is deeply covered with the snows which are continually falling, and a thousand times more is drifted upon it from the adjoining land, until the accumulation is beyond all conception. On the return of summer, the sun and rains cause the snow to become wet and shrink together; when the frost from beneath, striking up through the whole mass, consolidates it into a firm body of ice. In this manner it keeps continually accumulating until the adjoining sea

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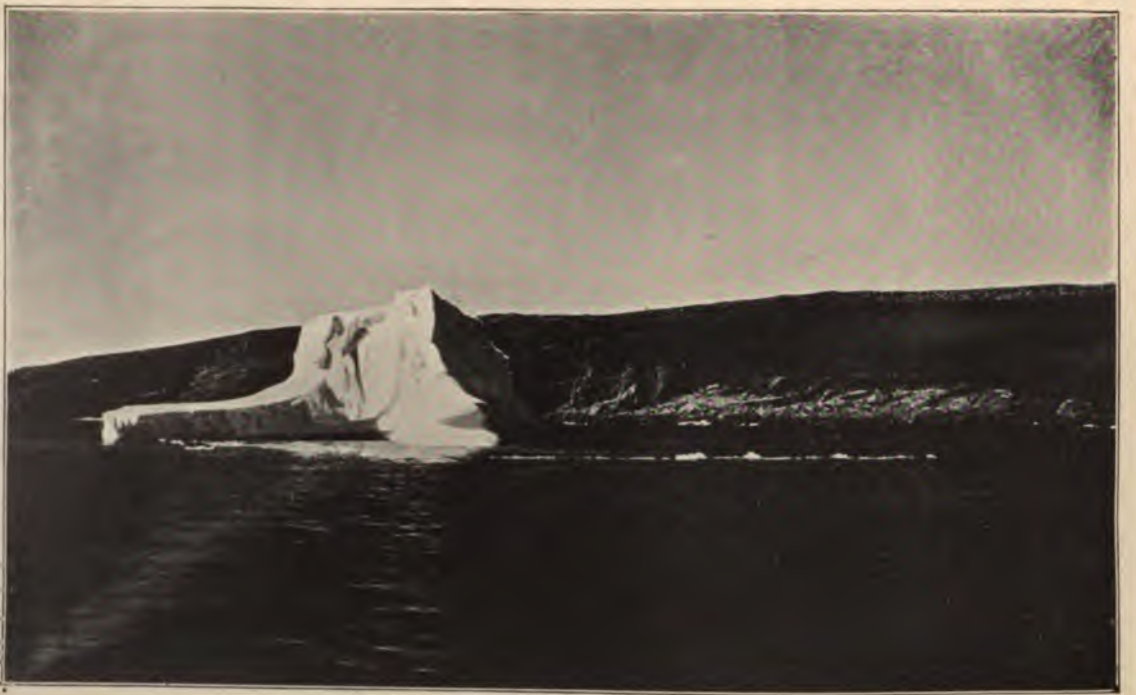
[1] Cartwright never uses the modern term "iceberg," and indeed the Labradorians at the present day speak only of "ice-islands."



" Island of Ice " at St. Francis Harbour

gets clearer of drift ice than usual, when a gale of wind happening from the southward, sends in such a swell as rips up the whole, and divides it into many pieces, resembling stupendous white rocks, which are slowly dragged to the southward by the current. As several of those islands may be some years before they arrive in a climate that is capable of dissolving them, it is more than probable, that in the mean time, they gain more in the course of each winter, than they lose in the intermediate summer.[1] When they have advanced some distance to the southward, they thaw so much faster under water than they do above it, that they lose their equilibrium, upset, and fall in pieces; otherwise, I verily believe that some of them would drive almost to the equinoctial line, before they were entirely dissolved.

The jam-ice[2] is formed upon the coast, by the freezing of the water on the surface of the sea, and by the snow which falls into it, and is driven together by the wind, until it is ten or twelve feet thick, and cemented, in the course of the winter, by the penetrating power of the frost; which, having formed the surface into a solid body, strikes through it, and acts with piercing vigour equally on what ever it touches below; and the water, at that time being as cold as possible to remain in a fluid state, gives but little resistance to the action of the frost. I am confirmed in this opinion, from having had the new ice cut through to creep for seal-nets, when we have found several feet of soft lolly underneath; all of which has been cemented into firm ice before it broke up in the following spring. The breaking up of Baffin's Bay, Hudson's Bay, the bays in Labrador, and the tickles between the numerous islands, all contribute their quota; and the sea is so completely subdued by it some certain winters, that I am of opinion, there is not a drop of clear water to be met with any where between Spotted Island and Iceland; nor on the north-west side of that line; for I have known gales of wind to blow dead on the shore, and to last for three days, yet the ice which joined to the land, had no more motion, than the rocks to which it was frozen; that was scarce possible to have happened, had there been any open water to windward.

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[1] This theory in explanation of the formation of icebergs is of course erroneous. Cartwright was ignorant of their formation by the breaking off of large masses from glaciers at their entrance into the sea.

[2] Floe.

Dews are so little known in this country, that I seldom observed any, unless there had been a fog in the night; and, during every hot day in summer, a vapour appears to skim along the surface of all open grounds, which resembles that of an intense, red hot fire, and prevents the distinguishing of an object at a distance. I do not recollect to have observed the same in England.

During the summer, travelling by land to any distant place, is not only very unpleasant, but it is almost impracticable. It must be performed on foot; the traveller must carry his provisions, hatchet, and what other things he has occasion for upon his back; his course will be continually interrupted by rivers, lakes, or large ponds; he will find the woods intolerably hot; he will find the ground, almost every where, give way under his feet, as if he were walking upon a bed of sponge; and he will be incessantly tormented by millions of flies. But it is excellent walking in the winter, with a pair of rackets; and there is no obstruction from water, as all waters are firmly frozen. The Esquimaux make use of a long sled,[1] about twenty-one feet by fourteen inches, the sides of which are made of two inch plank, about a foot broad; the under edges are shod with the jawbone of a whale, a quarter of an inch thick, fastened on with pegs made out of the teeth of the sea-cow;[2] across the upper edges, are placed broad, thin battens to fit and stow their baggage upon. They yoke a number of stout dogs to this sled, and travel at the rate of six or seven miles an hour upon the ice, or barren hills: but they cannot go into the woods, for the dogs would not only bog in the snow there, but the sled would sink too deep, and be always getting foul of the young trees. The Mountaineer method is the only one adapted for the interior parts of the country: their sleds are made of two thin boards of birch; each about six inches broad, a quarter of an inch thick, and six feet long: these are fastened parallel to each other by slight battens, sewed on with thongs of deer-skin; and the foremost end is curved up to rise over the inequalities of the

[1] Komatik.

[2] Walrus.

snow. Each individual who is able to walk, is furnished with one of these; but those for the children are proportionately less. On them they stow all their goods, and also their infants; which they bundle up very warm in deer-skins. The two ends of a leather thong are tied to the corners of the sled; the bright[1] or double part of which is placed against the breast, and in that manner it is drawn along. The men go first, relieving each other in the lead by turns; the women follow next, and the children, according to their strength, bring up the rear; and, as they all walk in rackets, the third or fourth person finds an excellent path to walk on, let the snow be ever so light.

The businesses hitherto carried on by the English, are the same with those on the island of Newfoundland. The exports are codfish, salmon, oil, whalebone, and furs; but the latter are much superior to any of the same kind which are killed upon that island, and few parts of the world produce better.

Notwithstanding the many disadvantages, which that country labours under, from poverty of soil, short summers, long winters, and severe frosts, yet I am clear, that art and good management are capable of making great improvements; and if the observations which I made on the effects of certain manures, in that country and Newfoundland, can be of any use in England, I shall think my time well bestowed in communicating them.

In one garden which I made, where the ground was a collection of sheer, fine gravel, without a particle of soil that I could perceive, the first crop was, what I thought a very fair one; but at the end of the summer, I had a quantity of rotten sea-weed dug in. The following summer, to prevent the ground being so much dried up as it had been the preceding one, I transplanted cabbages, cauliflowers, and lettuces, when very young, and carefully covered the whole of the ground between them, with fresh sea-weed, which had a most excellent effect; for, by that means, there was a constant moisture preserved, and the plants arrived at great perfection.

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[1] A misprint, evidently, for bight.

In another garden, where the soil was a hot, fine sand, the first year's crop was nothing to boast of; but, as I carried on a great salmon fishery at that place, I fallowed part of it the following summer, and covered it with the entrails of the salmon, which contain abundance of fat; in the course of three years, by manuring it in that manner, the sand was absolutely become too strong and adhesive.

All the sealing-posts now exhibit a very different appearance from what they originally did, from the great quantity of oil that has been spilt upon the ground every spring, and the putrefaction of the seals' carcasses in the summer.

On landing in the harbour of Catalina, on my last voyage from Trinity to Labrador, I observed a luxuriancy of herbage, which I did not suppose the soil, in that part of the world capable of producing; but on a closer inspection I found, the extent of that fertility was confined to those places on which fish had formerly been cured; some small degree of verdure appeared on the adjoining land, which I knew must have been trampled on; but beyond that, the earth exhibited its original barren state. I was consequently led into a belief, that the brine, which drained out of the fish when they were first spread, was the cause of so great an alteration: and I was confirmed in this opinion, on my arrival at Conch; where I found but few of the former fishing-rooms occupied, and all the rest bearing a burden of fine grass, which would not have disgraced the best meadows in England; while the surrounding land still remained as barren, as any other parts of the island.

All the old encampments of the Esquimaux, point themselves out to you on sailing along the shore. And the south-west point of Great Island, on which I had a cod-fishery for three successive summers, is now covered with grass, where nothing but heath formerly grew.

My garden in Isthmus Bay, which the reader would observe, produced excellent crops the first year, by being manured with sea-weed and offals of fish; and also by mixing a greater portion of the barren sand that lay underneath, among the peat soil on the surface, it has since, I have been informed, brought every thing to a degree of perfection, which had never been seen in that part of the world, in any former year.

Hence it appears to me, that nothing can so effectually improve and alter the nature of hot, barren sand, as unctuous, animal manures; since, by binding it, the moisture is retained much longer; and more food is obtained for the plants which are grown upon it. But the worst of it is, that such manures are to be had in England, but in small quantities only, and at a great expence, unless the refuse of the whale's fat, after the oil has been extracted, will have the same effect; but I should reject the skin, as a substance not likely to answer any good purpose. For the same reasons that I would recommend unctuous manures to dry sand land, I would not attempt to put them upon strong soils, lest they should become too adhesive.

The black peat, or car soil, I should suppose, would receive great benefit from an admixture of barren sand, assisted by the produce of the fold yard. But, as in England, that kind of land generally lies so low as to be very difficult to drain, little is to be expected from it, unless that can effectually be done.

END OF THE SIXTH VOYAGE.

LABRADOR:

A

POETICAL EPISTLE[1]

Well may you, Charles, astonishment express
To see my letter in poetic dress.
How can he, you will say, in Nature's spight,
Who ne'er found time to read, attempt to write?
Write verses too! and words to measure cut!
Unskill'd in cutting, save at Loin or Butt.*
No matter how; a project's in my head,
To write more verses, than I've ever read.
The whim has seiz'd me: now you know my scheme;
And my lov'd LABRADOR shall be my Theme.
The Winter o'er, the Birds their voices tune,
To welcome in the genial month of June.
Love crouds with feather'd tribes each little Isle,
And all around kind Nature seems to smile.
Now Geese and Ducks and nameless numbers more,
In social flocks, are found on every shore.
Their eggs to seek, we rove from Isle to Isle,
Eager to find, and bear away the spoil:
These in abundance, every hand picks up,
And when our toil is o'er, on these we sup.

The Furrier now the Fox and Mart gives o'er,
To trap the Otter rubbing on the shore.
The Rein-deer stag, now lean and timid grown,
In dark recesses, silent feeds alone.
The Willow's tender leaf, and various plants,
He fails to find not in those dreary haunts.
His fearful Hind, now shuns the Wolf's dire wiles,
And seeks her safety on the neighb'ring Isles;

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[1] See page 315 for an account of the writing of this poem.

* In his younger days, the Author had a remarkable good appetite.

Whether in Lakes, or near the Ocean's shore,
Cleaving the liquid wave, she ventures o'er.
Now pond'rous grown, she Nature's law obeys,
And on the ground her tender nursling lays.
O'er this she watches with maternal care,
Nor danger dreads, unless fell man comes there;
(Him, beast of prey, or Rock, or Wave ne'er stops)
For, mark'd by him, to him a prey she drops.
Fond, in the Summer, on young twigs to browse,
The social Beavers quit their Winter's house.
Around the Lake they cruise, nor fear mishap,
And sport unheedful of the Furrier's trap.

The Salmon now no more in Ocean play,
But up fresh Rivers take their silent way.
For them, with nicest art, we fix the net;
For them, the stream is carefully beset;
Few fish escape: We toil both night and day,
The Season's short, and Time flies swift away.

The Esquimaux from Ice and Snow now free,
In Shallops and in Whale-boats go to Sea;
In Peace they rove along this pleasant shore,
In plenty live; nor do they wish for more.
Thrice happy Race! Strong Drink nor gold they know;
What in their Hearts they think, their Faces shew.
Of manners gentle, in their dealings just,
Their plighted promise, safely you may trust.
Mind you deceive them not, for well they know,
The Friend sincere, from the designing Foe.
They once were deem'd a People fierce and rude;
Their savage hands in Human blood imbru'd;
But by my care (for I must claim the merit)
The world now owns that virtue they inherit.
Not a more honest, or more gen'rous Race
Can bless a Sov'reign, or a Nation grace.
With these I frequent pass the social day:
No Broils, nor Feuds, but all is sport and play.
My Will's their Law, and Justice is my Will;
Thus Friends we always were, and Friends are still.
Not so the Mountaineers, a treach'rous Race;

In stature tall, but meagre in the Face.
To Europeans long have they been known;
And all their Vices, these have made their own.
Not theirs the friendly visit; nor the feast
Of social intercourse; but like brute beast,
They greedily devour the reeking meal:
And then get drunk and quarrel, lie, and steal.

The Codfish now in shoals come on the coast,
(A Fish'ry this, our Nation's chiefest boast)
Now numerous Caplin croud along the Shore;
Tho' great their numbers, yet their Foes seem more:
Whilst Birds of rapine, hover o'er their Heads,
Voracious Fish in myriads throng their Beds.
With these our Hooks we artfully disguise,
And soon the glutton Cod becomes our Prize.
Not one stands idle; each Man knows his post,
Nor Day, nor Night, a moment must be lost.
The western Wind of low Ice clears the Sea,
And leaves to welcome Ships a passage free.
Yet huge large Isles of wond'rous bulk remain,
(To drive off which, the Wind still blows in vain)
In size, surpassing far thy bulk, O Paul! *
Immeasurably wide, and deep, and tall.
To Seaward oft' we cast an anxious eye;
At length th' expected Ship with pleasure spy.
Impatient Joy then seizes ev'ry Breast;
And till we've boarded her Adieu to rest.
Eager the News to learn, from Friends to hear;
The long seal'd Letter hastily we tear. —
The Cargo landed, and the ship laid by,
To Fishing straight, the jolly Sailors hie.
If you love sporting, go to LABRADOR:
Of Game of various sorts, no land has more.
There you may suit your Taste, as you're inclin'd,
From the fierce White-bear to the timid Hind.
Of Fishing too, you there may have your fill:
Or in the Sea, or in the purling Rill.
Of feather'd Game, variety you'll find,
And plenty you may kill, if you're not blind.

---

* Saint Paul's London.

If in the shooting Bears, or black or white,
If in this larger Game, you take delight,
In summer time, to some large Stream repair,
Yet mind no Salmon-crew inhabit there.
This savage Tribe, averse to social joys,
Frequent those parts, most free from Men and noise;
Save, where the Cataract's stupendous height,
Stops the fleet Salmon in their sportive flight.
Bears in abundance oft' frequent this place,
And noble Skins your Victory will grace.
Of the Black-bear you need not be afraid;
But killing White ones, is a dangerous Trade.
In this be cool, and well direct your Lead,
And take your Aim at either Heart or Head;
For struck elsewhere, your Piece not level'd true,
Not long you'll live, your erring hand to rue.
To kill this Beast, the Rifle I like best;
With Elbows on my Knees my Gun I rest.
For self-defence, the double Gun I prize,
Loaded with Shot, directed at his Eyes.

Or would you rather a stout Rein-deer kill,
(July now in) observe and climb some hill,
Environ'd by extent of open ground;
For there the Rein-deer at this time are found.
Nor walk about, but from a Station watch,
And soon his motions with your Eye you'll catch.
Be steady now; with cautious Eye explore
The Wind's true quarter, or your sport is o'er.
Nor less his Eye and Ear demand your care;
No Beast more quick can see, more quick can hear.
Yet oft' his curious eye invites his fate,
And makes him see his Error when too late.
With strict Attention all your ground survey;
To steal up Wind, then take your silent way.
Shoes with fur soles, the sportsman ought to wear;
Your lightest footsteps, else, he's sure to hear.
If unperceiv'd, you've work'd with toil and pain,
Lie still awhile till you your Breath regain.
A Deer in feeding looks upon the ground:
Then to advance the surest time is found.

When broadside to you, and his Head is down,
Aim at his Heart, but, and he drops your own.
Observe, no Ball will kill these Creatures dead,
Save such, as strike the Spine, the Heart, or Head.
Struck in those mortal parts, Death quick comes on;
But wounded elsewhere, sick, he will lie down;
There let him lie: anon, with cautious tread,
Steal softly up and shoot him through the head.
But shou'd it chance the Deer keeps open ground,
Where, to approach him, shelter is not found,
And, Night now near, you cannot longer wait,
Try this device, it may draw on his fate:
Full to his view, and motionless appear;
This oft excites him to approach you near.
He then will stop, to take a careful view;
Be ready with your Gun, and level true.
If the voracious Wolf shou'd please you more,
All sandy beaches you must well explore.
Chiefly, by Lakes, or by a River's side;
(In Summer, in the Woods themselves they hide;)
Be careful not to walk along the Strand,
But at convenient places there to land.
His tracts discover'd, seek some snug retreat,
And patient lie, till with your Game you meet.
A Wolf alone, is not your only chance;
Perhaps a Bear, or Deer may soon advance.
For various reasons, when the water's low,
All Beasts along the Shore delight to go.
If safely hidden, you have naught to mind,
But, that your Game shan't have you in the wind.

When August comes, if on the Coast you be,
Thousands of fine Curlews, you'll daily see:
Delicious Bird! not one with thee can vie!
(Not rich in plumage, but in flavour high)
Nor Ortolan, nor Cock, with trail on toast,
Of high-fed Epicures, the pride and boast!
Young Geese too now, in numbers croud the shore;
Such are the Dainties of our LABRADOR.

If you wou'd wish with Hares to sport awhile,
You're sure to find them on each barren isle:

But shou'd you there, the signs of Foxes trace,
Your Sport is o'er: No Hares frequent that place.
Grouse, Ptarmigan, and various sorts of Game,
With Birds and Beasts too tedious here to name,
You'll find in plenty through the Year to kill;
No Game-Laws there to thwart the Sportsman's Will!

September comes, the Stag's in season now;
Of Ven'son, far the Richest you'll allow.
No Long-legg'd, Ewe-neck'd, Cat-hamm'd, Shambling Brute:
In him strength, beauty, size, each other suit.
His branching Horns, majestic to the view,
Have points (for I have counted) seventy-two.
But do you think, you'll all this pleasure share,
And, when fatigu'd, to some good Inn repair;
There on a Chop, or Steak, in comfort dine,
And smack your Lips, o'er glass of gen'rous Wine?
No, no; in this our Land of Liberty,
Thousands of Miles you'll walk, but no House see.
When Night comes on, it matters not a Rush,
Whether you sleep in that, or t'other Bush.
If Game you've kill'd, your Supper you may eat;
If not, to-morrow you'll be sharper set.
Yourself, both Cook and Chamberlain must be,
Or neither, Bed, nor Supper will you see.
Drink you will want not, Water's near at hand;
Nature's best Tap! and always at Command.

Now Works of various kinds, employ all hands;
Each to his Post; for no one idle stands.
The Salmon now we pack; the next our care,
The Codfish for the Market, to prepare.
Crews to their Winter-quarters now we send;
Whilst some, the Firewood fell; Nets, others mend.
The Furrier now, with care his Traps looks o'er,
These he puts out in paths, along the Shore,
For the rich Fox; although not yet in kind,
His half-price Skin, our Labour's worth we find.
And when the Beaver lands, young Trees to cut,
Others he sets for his incautious foot.
On Rubbing-places, too, with nicest care,

Traps for the Otter, he must next prepare.
Then deathfalls, in the old tall Woods he makes,
With Traps between, and the rich Sable takes.

Now cast your Eyes around, stern Winter see,
His progress making, on each fading Tree.
The yellow leaf, th' effect of nightly frost,
Proclaims his Visit, to our dreary Coast.
Fish, Fowl, and Ven'son, now our Tables grace;
Roast Beaver too, and e'ery Beast of chase.
Luxurious living this! who'd wish for more?
Were QUIN [1] alive, he'd haste to LABRADOR!

Some new variety, next Month you'll find;
The stately Stag now seeks his much-lov'd Hind.
Grown bold with Love, he stalks along the plains;
And e'en, to fly from Man, now oft disdains.
If, in your Walks, you meet this noble Brute,
And with him wish his progress to dispute;
Be cool, collected; let him come quite near;
Then take your Aim well, and you've nought to fear.
If struck not dead, reluctantly he flies;
And soon grows faint; then trembling, falls and dies.
But shou'd a sudden panic seize your frame,
And fear misguide you, in your Point and Aim,
Your Error's fatal; 'tis in vain you fly,
T' evade the fury of your Enemy.

Now Eider-ducks fly South, along the shore;
In milder Climes, to pass the winter o'er.
At some fit Point, there take your secret stand,
And numbers you may kill, from off the land.

All this is pleasure; but a Man of Sense,
Looks to his Traps; 'tis they bring in the Pence.
The Otter-season's short; and soon the frost
Will freeze your Traps, then all your Labour's lost.
Of Beaver too, one Week will yield you more,
Than later, you can hope for, in a Score.

---

[1] An English actor, 1693 to 1766. One of his most famous parts was that of Falstaff.

In paths, the Foxes now, will nightly cruise;
But when snow'd up, no longer paths they use.

November in; the Ships must now be gone,
Or wait the Winter, for the Spring's return.
The Lakes are fast; the Rivers cease to flow;
Now comes the cheerless Day of Frost and Snow.
In chains of Ice, the purling stream is bound;
Black Woods remain; but Verdure is not found.
And Here we feel, the Tyrant's iron sway,
Till a more genial Sun, returns with May.
Seals now we take; which, when the Frost's severe,
In crouded Shoals, along the Coast appear.
Hamper'd in strong-mesh'd Toils, in vain they dive;
Their Freedom to regain, in vain they strive;
Strangled they die; and with their Skins and Oil,
Amply repay expence, and Time, and Toil.
By Christmas-Day, this work is always o'er,
And Seals and Nets, safe landed on the shore.

Now blows December with a keener blast;
And Ocean's self, in Icy Chains binds fast.
Ascend yon Mountain's top; extend your view
O'er Neptune's trackless Empire, nor will you,
In all his vast Domain, an Opening have,
Where foams the Billow, or where heaves the Wave.
A dreary Desart all, of Ice and Snow,
Which forming Hills, fast into Mountains grow.
So cutting cold, now blust'ring Boreas blows,
None can with naked Face, his blasts oppose.
But well wrapp'd up, we travel out secure,
And find Health's blessings, in an Air so pure.

Now to his Cave, the Black-bear hies his way,
Where, lock'd in Sleep, he spends both Night and Day;
Nor, till a milder Sun revives his Blood,
Wakes from his Dreams, to prowl abroad for food.
Not so the White one; ever on the stray
In quest of Seals, his present only prey.
This monster fierce and strong, you need not fear,
If that your Dog attack him in the rear.

There teas'd, he wields about his pond'rous Frame,
And gives the Sportsman time to take his Aim.
But shou'd your untaught Cur attack before,
Both Dog and Master soon will be no more.

To barren ground, the Fox-traps now we shift,
Where they can stand secure, and free from Drift;
Bait well your Trap; observe too how it lies;
And soon, a Fox, or wolf, will be your prize:
For Wolves, in plenty, on such ground appear,
Compell'd by Hunger, there to seek for Deer.
Oft have I seen this Animal display,
Much artful skill, in hunting down his prey.
The Herd descri'd, he slily creeps up near;
Then, rushing forward, singles out his Deer.
Greedy of Blood, and with keen Hunger press'd,
This he pursues, regardless of the rest.
With well strung Sinews, both maintain the Strife;
The one for Food — the other runs for Life.
If light the Snow, the Deer evades the Chase;
If drifted hard, the Wolf supports his pace.
Then, bold with fear, he turns upon his Foe,
And oft'times deals him a most fatal blow.
But oft'ner falls a victim in the fray,
And to his ruthless Jaws becomes a prey.

We'll shift the Scene, and to the Woods repair,
And see what various Works are doing there.
In yonder Birchen grove, there lives a Crew,
Employ'd in mending Casks, and making new.
This wood of Spruce, which rises to the sky,
The fish'ry's future Shipping will supply.
Some fell the Trees, and some saw out the Stock,
Whilst others form the Vessel in the Dock.
In these Employments, Winter's passed away;
No change is found, till near the approach of May.
Returning small Birds then the Country fill,
And Cock-grouse chatter on each barren Hill.
The Ice parts from the Shore, and now the Ducks
Their Northward course beat back in num'rous flocks.
Deer in small Herds the same route bend their way,

Affording pastime for your Gun each day.
All Animals their Winter-quarters leave,
And Ocean, now awake, begins to heave.
Ice rotten grown, in ev'ry Lake you'll see,
And swelling Rivers, from their Bonds set free.
The Woodmen now with Sledges, on the Snow,
Their Winter's Work draw out and homeward go.
What's yet to do, must instantly be done,
For other Work must shortly be begun.
Shallops now launched, the Crews no longer stay,
But in their Boats, bring all their Work away.
In such like Toils and Sports, the Year goes round,
And for each day, some Work or Pleasure's found.

FINIS.

GLOSSARY

Auntsary. A bird of the wading genus, resembling a redshank. [Greater Yellow-legs, *Totanus melanoleucus*. The name is still used in Labrador.]

Angle of a Beaverhouse. The entrance; it is always under water.

Baked Apples. The fruit of a plant so called, from the similarity of taste to that of the pulp of a roasted apple. [" Bake apple " or cloudberry, *Rubus Chamaemorus*.]

Barrens. Elevated lands, which will not produce timber.

Barricados. That ice which is formed upon the shore above low-water mark.

Beaver-Cuttings. A furrier's term for those trees or sticks which have been cut down by beavers. It is also used for the stumps which are left.

Block up a Boat. To place blocks, or logs of wood under her keel.

Bobber. A small piece of wood, which is made fast by a piece of line (called the bobber-line) to that corner of a shoal-net next to the land, which, by floating upon the water, shews where the net is.

Bridge of a Deathfall. A piece of board placed within a deathfall; one end of which is hung to a small stake by a piece of twine, and the other end is supported in an horizontal position by a peg (called a tongue.) When an animal treads on it, the peg is drawn out, which sets the cat-killer at liberty, and that falls upon the back of the creature and kills it.

Bridge of a Trap. A plate of iron in the centre of a trap for the animal to tread on, which then falling down, sets the jaws at liberty.

Bulk of Fish. A quantity of fish salted one upon another.

Bull. A small sea bird. I believe it is called the ice-bird. [Dovekie or little auk, *Alle alle*.]

Busk. A piece of board which is pointed at one end and broad at the other. When a furboard is not broad enough to spread a skin properly, the busk is introduced on the belly side to stretch it completely.

Callibogus. A mixture of spruce-beer and rum.

Caplin. A fish " Salmo Archcus " Pennant. [*Mallotus villosus*.]

Cat-house. A hut of boughs erected over a trap, to defend it from snow.

Chinsing. Filling with moss, the vacancies between the studs of houses, to keep out the wind and frost.

Codstage. A covered platform, which is built, projecting over the water, to split and salt codfish in.

Craft. A fisherman's term, signifying the whole of the implements they use; such as nets, hooks, lines, &c.

Crew of Beavers. The two old beavers, and all their young ones which have not yet begun to breed. If there are more breeding pairs than one in the same house, it is said to be inhabited by a double or treble crew.

Cross-fox. A fox which is bred between a silver and yellow. [A colour variety of the Labrador red fox, *Vulpes rubiginosa bangsi.*]

Cuffs. Mittens to wear upon the hands. They resemble those made use of by hedgers in England.

Deathfall. A trap made of logs. They are chiefly used to catch martens, but they will kill any beast, by erecting them in proportion to his size and strength.

Dillroom. The well in a boat.

Doater. An old, common seal. [Probably harp seal, *Phoca groenlandica.*]

Eddy Flaw. When the current of wind is interrupted by a hill or any other body, short puffs will often strike in a contrary direction; those are called Eddy Flaws.

Faggots of Fish. Small parcels of codfish, from a dozen to a score, laid one upon another, with their backs upwards to be defended from wet, during rain or the night.

Fall in a River. A small cataract.

Fish upon the Gangboards. An expression used by fishermen to denote a boat being completely laden with fish; to shew which, they bring in two or three upon the Gangboards.

Flakes. Sets of beams, which are supported on posts and shores, and covered with boughs. They are used to dry fish upon. They are of two sorts, viz: Broad-flakes and Hand-flakes.

Fleet of Nets. A number of nets, which are fastened to each other, in such manner as to form a pound, or pounds. A fleet of salmon-nets, commonly speaking, is but three. But there is no determined number for a fleet of Stopper-nets for seals.

Flight-time. The periodical migration of ducks.

Frostburn. A deep and serious penetration of frost on any animal substance. The effect of severe frost on animal substances being equal with that of fire, is the reason of that term.

Furboards. Boards to spread furs upon.

Ganging Hooks and Leads. To fix fine twine in a particular manner to fish-hooks, and small straps of line to leads, that they may be ready for immediate use.

Gigger or Jigger. A pair of large hooks fixed back to back with some lead run upon the shanks, in the shape of a fish. The Gigger being let down to the bottom, is played by sharp jerks, and such fish are hooked by it, as are enticed by the resemblance of the lead to a real fish.

GULLY. A Barrel with only one head in it, and a couple of large holes bored under the chime hoops of the other end, to introduce a stang to carry it upon. They are used chiefly to carry salt in.

HARP. An old seal of that kind called by Pennant, "Blackback." [Harp seal, *Phoca groenlandica.*]

HAUL A NET. Such nets as are constantly moored in the water are hauled by going out to them in a boat, laying hold of one end, and hauling the boat along by the head-rope to the other end, taking the fish out into the boat; the meshes being made large enough for the fish to entangle themselves in them. A seine is hauled, by shooting it, by degrees, out of a boat into the water, and hauling it on shore again by the two ends.

HOUND. A water-fowl rather larger than a teal. These birds migrate to the north in large flocks in the spring, and as they fly, make a continual noise, than which nothing can more resemble the cry of a pack of beagles when in chase. When, and how they return to the south again I am unacquainted. [Old-squaw, *Harelda hyemalis.*]

HUMMOC. A little hill.

JAM ICE. The low ice with which the whole face of the ocean is covered every winter, and until late in the summer.

JAR. The young of the smallest kind of seal; the old ones are called Double Jars. [Either the harbour seal, *Phoca vitulina concolor*, or ringed seal, *Phoca hispida*, probably the latter.]

JERK. To cure fish or meat in the open air without salt.

KILLERS OF A DEATHFALL, are three, viz. The Ground-killer; which lies upon the ground, across the front of the Deathfall. The Cat-killer; one end of which turns upon a nail which is driven into a strong stake, and the other is supported high up by a line which passes over a crutch on the top of a stake and then comes down to another at the bottom, under which one end of the tongue is fixed, while the other supports the bridge; which being pressed by the animal, disengages the point of the tongue, that sets the cat-killer at liberty and it falls down upon the ground-killer; consequently falls down upon the back of any animal, which may be standing across the latter. And the Main-killer; one end of which rests upon the ground and the other upon the elevated end of the Cat-killer, and falls with it; serving to keep the latter down.

KILLICK. A wooden anchor, made by nailing a pair of claws across each other, and fixing three rods to each claw; within which a large stone is placed to give it weight, and the ends of all the rods are tied together above the stone, to secure it in its place. [These are still used on the New England coast and bear the same name.]

KING-HAIRS. The long, glossy hairs in the skin of a beast, which cover the thick coat of fur.

KYACK. The Esquimau name for the canoe which is made use of by that nation.

LADY. A water-fowl of the duck genus, and the hen of the lord. [Female harlequin duck, *Histrionicus histrionicus.*]

LANCE. A small fish. The Sand-eel. [*Ammodytes americanus.*]

LANDWASH. That part of the shore which is within the reach of the water in heavy gales of wind.

LAYING - ROOM. Boughs spread upon the ground to dry fish upon. They are seldom made use of, except on the first establishing a cod-fishery, before there has been time to erect flakes.

LEDGE. Sunken rocks, and shoaly places in the sea, where the cod-fish resort.

LOBSCOUSE. A sea dish. It is a composition of minced, salted beef, sea biscuit broken small, together with potatoes and onions, pepper, &c. resembling a thick soup.

LONGERS. Poles, which, by being nailed top to but, are made use of for floors, instead of boards.

LOLLY. Soft ice, or congealed snow floating in the water when it first begins to freeze.

LOON. A large fowl of the diving genus. [*Gavia immer.*]

LORD. A water-fowl of the teal kind. [Male harlequin duck, *Histrionicus histrionicus.*]

MEW. A keeper's term, for deer casting their horns.

MINK. A small amphibious animal of the otter species. [*Putorius vison.*]

NITCH OF RINDS. Ten in number, or as many large ones, as a man can conveniently carry under his arm. Each rind must be six feet long, and as wide as the circumference of the tree on which it grew.

NORTHWESTER. A hood to cover the head and shoulders in severe weather. It is intended chiefly to defend the cheeks and neck.

PACK OF CASKS. A cask which is taken to pieces, first marking the staves, bundled up together and secured by four hoops.

PAN OF ICE. A piece of flat ice of no determined size, but not very large; the large ones are called sheets of ice.

PELT. The skin of an animal with the fat adhering to it. That term is made use of, for the skins of seals, and such other animals, the fat of which lies between the skin and the flesh. A seal &c. is said to be PELTED, when the skin and fat are taken off together.

PHRIPPERS. The fin-like feet of seals, and other amphibious animals.

PILE OF FISH. A large quantity of dry fish, built up in the form of a round haystack. When they are sufficiently cured upon the flakes, they are made up into a pile, in order to preserve them from wet; to get a gentle heat, and to make room for others.

PINOVERS. Bits of flannel, which are tacked to one side of the Northwester, and pinned to the other; one covering the nose, and the other, the chin.

PLANTER. A man who keeps servants of his own, and carries on business for himself; but who, by not having a vessel, buys his necessary supplies from, and sells the produce of his concerns to a merchant in the country.

Pooler. A salmon which has lain a long time in a river, but has not yet spawned. [*Salmo salar.*]

Post. A stout piece of timber, standing perpendicularly under a beam. A station from whence a fishery is carried on.

Pryor-pole. A long pole, which is fastened to that end of a shoals net that is farthest from the land, by a piece of rat-line; which, not being long enough to reach to the surface of the water, causes the top of the pole to appear, when the water is covered with ice or lolly.

Ptarmigan. A bird of the grouse-kind; it generally weighs about a pound, but seldom more. [The rock ptarmigan, *Lagopus rupestris.* The willow ptarmigan, *Lagopus lagopus,* Cartwright calls *grouse.*]

Punt. A small boat.

Raftering of Ice. Ice is said to rafter, when, by being stopped in its passage, one piece is forced under another, until the uppermost ones rise to a great height.

Rand of Fat. A sealer's term for a large piece of fat, just as it happens to be cut off the animal.

Rapid, in a River. Where there is a sudden declivity of the bed of a river, the stream runs quicker; such places are called *Rapids.*

Rattle, in a River. Where there is a succession of falls in a river (which are frequently to be met with in mountainous countries) the falling water makes a great noise; such a place is called a *Rattle.*

Rendering Oil. A sealer's term for melting fat into oil.

Rinding. The action of taking the bark from trees. In this part of the world, one length only, of six feet, is taken off the lower part of the trunk of a tree. The chief use of rinds is, to cover the roofs of houses and piles of fish.

Rode. A small tow-line, of four inches and an half; made use of by shallops, by way of a cable.

Round Seal. A seal which has not yet been either skinned or pelted.

Rubbingplace. A place by the water-side, which otters have frequently made use of to rub themselves on after fishing.

Rummage. A furrier's term for searching a country; particularly for beaver-houses, when nothing else is mentioned.

Saddle of a Hill. The low part between two elevations on a chain of hills.

Saddleback. The largest species of gull, "Blackback." Pennant. [Great black-backed gull, *Larus marinus.*]

Sculpin. A fish of the gurnet genus. [*Myoxocephalus,* species?]

Sewel. A device to turn deer; particularly applied to the feathered line.

Shellbird. A water-fowl. I believe it is called *honer* in England. [Sheldrake, red-breasted merganser, *Mergus serrator.*]

Shares. Men are said to work on the *shares* when they have a proportion of what they kill or make, in lieu of wages; their employer furnishing craft.

Shin. An instrument of wood, to take rinds off the trees.

Shoal-net. A net to catch seals in. It is generally forty fathoms long by two deep. The foot of it is brought to, on a shallop's old rode, and the head, on two fishing-lines; with corks between. It is set in any depth of water, not exceeding fifteen fathoms nor less than three, and moored by a couple of killicks, fastened by eight or ten fathoms of rope to the ends of the foot-rope, which by its weight keeps the foot of the net close to the bottom of the water, and the corks make it stand perpendicular. As the seals dive along near the bottom to fish, they strike into the net and are entangled; for the net is placed, with one end towards the shore, and the other right off. The Pryor-pole at the outer clew (corner) and the bobber at the inner one, shew where the net is. The sealers lay hold of either, and by their means bring the head of the net to the boat; they then haul their boat along to the other end, and take the seals out as they go.

Shoals of Seals, or Fish. A number of seals or fish being in company, are called *a shoal*. I presume the term arose, from the breaking of the water among them, appearing like the rippling of shoaly ground.[1]

Shoot in a River. A place where the stream, being confined by rocks which appear above water, is shot through the aperture with great force.

Shore. A stout post placed on the side of a beam in a reclined position, to prevent its giving way on that side.

Shoremen. The people who are employed on shore, to head, split, and salt the codfish.

Shore up a Boat. When a boat is placed upon the blocks, and set upright, several shores are placed on each side; to prevent its falling either to one side or the other.

Silver-fox. A black-fox, with white king-hairs dispersed on the back of it. [A colour variety of the Labrador red fox, *Vulpes rubiginosa bangsi*.]

Silver-thaw. When it rains and freezes at the same time.

Slink. A salmon which has spawned, and has not yet recovered itself by returning into the sea; till which time, it never will. [*Salmo salar*.]

Slip. A snare for catching deer, bears, or other large animals. They are made of various materials, accordingly as a man is provided.

Slot. The foot-mark of deer.

Spring Fish. A salmon which is in perfect season. [*Salmo salar*.]

Spruce-Game. A bird of the grouse genus. [Hudsonian spruce grouse, *Canachites canadensis*.]

Spudgel. A small bucket fixed to the end of a pole, to throw the water out of a boat, which has no pump.

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[1] The Century Dictionary says that *shoal* is the assibilated form of *school*, meaning a company, a multitude.

Spurshores. Very long shores, to support the wall-plate of the roof of a codstage.

Squid. The inkfish. [*Ommastrephes illecebrosus;* of the cuttle-fish family.]

Swing a net. A net is said to be at *swing*, when one end only of it is made fast.

Steady in a River. A part where the bed widens, inclining to a pond, and there is no perceptible stream.

Stint. The dam made by beavers across a stream, to raise the water to a height convenient for their purpose.

Stock of Timber. A piece of timber, intended to be sawed.

Stopper-net. A large net for catching seals, which is made to fit the place in which it is fixed; the foot lies upon the ground, and the head floats on the surface of the water, by means of buoys. The farther end is made fast to an island (where there is one) or to the head-rope of a long net which is moored parallel to the shore, and the near end is raised or lowered at pleasure, by means of capstans. Several of these nets being placed at certain distances from each other, form so many pounds.

Stouter. Very strong shores, which are placed round the head of a stage or wharf, to prevent them from being damaged by ships or boats.

Stranger. A water-fowl of the duck kind.[1]

Tail a Trap. To fix it properly for catching an animal.

Thwart up a Boat. To move a boat out of the reach of the tide, by the assistance of leavers, or bodily strength, when she is laid broadside to the shore.

Tickle. A passage between the continent and an island, or between two islands, when it is of no great width.

Tinker. A sea fowl, "Razorbill." Pennant. [Razor-billed auk, *Alca torda.*]

Tilt. A small hut.

Tilt-back. A Back-tilt is a shed made of boughs, resembling the section of a roof; the back part is placed towards the wind, and a fire is generally made in front.

Tom-cod. Young codfish. [This term is used loosely of several small fishes but is properly applied to the Atlantic tomcod or frost-fish, *Microgadus tomcodas*.]

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[1] The name *stranger* for a water bird is not used, as far as I can discover, on the Labrador coast at the present day, nor have I found the name among the vernacular names of water birds in use during Cartwright's day in England. Selby in his Illustrations of British Ornithology, 1833, Vol. II, p. 420, gives the name *strang* as one of the provincial names for the foolish guillemot, and Montague, in his "Ornithological Dictionary of British Birds," in 1731, 2nd edit., p. 502, also gives this word, spelt *straney*, for the same bird. It is perhaps not too far fetched to think that Cartwright refers to the same bird under the name of *stranger*, especially as it is common on the Labrador coast. The common or foolish guillemot or murre, *Uria troile*, and the very similar Brünich's murre, *Uria lomvia*, both occurred there in enormous numbers in Cartwright's day, and he does not refer to these birds on the coast unless under the name of stranger.

TONGUE OF A DEATHFALL. A peg, which is tied to the end of the line which supports the Cat-killer; the but end of which is placed under a fork or notch in a stake, and the point is inserted in a hole in the end of the bridge.

TONGUE OF A TRAP. A small bar of iron, which is placed on one side of the bed of a trap, and turns upon a pin: it passes over one of the jaws, and the end of it is fixed under the heel of the bridge, which it supports until that is pressed upon; when, being set at liberty, the jaws fly up.

TURN OF TIMBER. So much as a man can carry on his shoulders.

WATER-HORSE. Newly washed codfish, which are laid upon each other to drain before they are spread to dry.

WHABBY. A water-fowl of the diving genus. [Red-throated loon, *Gavia stellata*.]

WHIGWHAM. An Indian tent of a conical form.

WHITECOAT. A young seal, before it has cast its first coat, which is white and furry. [Probably harp seal, *Phoca groenlandica*.]

WHITEFISH. A fish of the Porpoise kind. [White whale, *Delphinapterus leucas*.]

WHITINGS. Trees which have been barked, and left standing.

WHITTLED-STICKS. Sticks from which beavers have eaten the bark.

WRAPPERS. Loose sleeve-pieces to button round the wrists, to defend them from the frost.

WRITH. The contents of the magazine formed by beavers, for their support in the winter.

YOUNGSTER. A novitiate; a person in the first year, or early part of his servitude; one who has his business to learn.

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